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MISS AIDA JENOURE.

"I will dance you, in season and out of season, like a leaf in the wind."

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THE THEATRE.

A Monthly Review

OF THE

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EDITED BY

CHARLES EGLINGTON.

NEW SERIES.

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COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.
From the painting by Miss Demain-Hammond.

Frontispiece to Vol. XX. of THE THEATRE.

THE THEATRE.

JULY, 1892.

A Letter and an Article.

The Letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEATRE."

Dear Sir,—

Passing down Arundel Street the other day, I saw upon the steps of Talbot House a thin roll of MS. Acting upon principle, I at once rescued it from a position in which it was liable to attract the attention of others, and finding upon examination that, apparently, it had something to do with "Stage-land," I now beg to submit it to you. The bearer has instructions to save you the trouble of transmitting through the post such sum as you may offer, as my movements are uncertain, and my stay in town may be concluded at any moment.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES AUTOLYCUS BATES.

The Article.

"THE GENTLEMAN OF MODERN DRAMA."

THERE are quite a few ways of telling the Gentleman—of modern drama—but his most distinguishing mark is his hat. A hundred years ago, you could tell him by his snuff box, or what he called a handkerchief—a piece of cambric about as big as a postcard, with a foot-and-a-half border of lace—which he flicked at the end of every sentence, just to show what a rake-helly dog he was. But only family lawyers, or very old bald-headed doctors, take snuff now-a-days, and as for handkerchiefs, no man (in drama) ever dreams of using *them*, unless he's comic, and comic people are never quite gentlemen, you know. You have to take life very soberly, if you want to be a gentleman.

The Gentleman's hat is different from everybody else's. It isn't that it's newer, or glossier, or curlier in the brim. Often, if he gets

very very poor (and he sometimes does that, for one act, or at most one-and-a-half, although he is a gentleman), it looks quite seedy, with patches of dust on it, as though he had spread it on with a bread knife. But it's different in this, that he loves it so. Of course our hats are very dear to us—if we buy them good. But they are never so dear as the Gentleman's is to him. He makes it his inseparable companion. When it is not on his head, hiding those crisp curls his sweetheart strokes so prettily, he holds it as near his heart as he can manage, or nurses it on his knee as a proud little mother nurses her precious infant. He will wear it as long as he possibly can, indoors as well as out, and will never consent to a longer separation than five minutes.

When he makes a call upon his friends, he does not dream of taking it off until he gets into the drawing-room. This is not because he scorns the mutely proffered hospitality of the hat-stand, or doubts the manners of the children of the house. It is purely sentiment; he cannot be happy without it. It soothes him when he is agitated; it revives his drooping courage when he's down. It is a kind of deputy good angel to him. When he has made some shameful proposal to the heroine, that they shall be married without her papa's consent, or some equally infamous and unpardonable thing, and she has replied—as we, who knew her excellent up-bringing, expected her to do—in tones of horror and indignant surprise, he has only to take up his hat and look into it, and at once a better feeling asserts itself. One glance at this faithful friend and monitor, and his repentance and remorse are complete, not to say abject. It whispers something to him, and he strives to tempt his love to crime no more. He says, and seems to mean it, that she is too good for him, and that she is always right (they are yet unmarried, remember), and that he will try—oh, how he will try—to become more worthy of her, and then he cries and goes out. And he is so humbled and abashed that he does not put on his hat until he has got right out of sight. He feels that he would not retain his self-respect if within a good quarter-of-an-hour he were to put such a friend and companion to its usual menial work.

It pleasantly distracts his thoughts, too, in trying situations, does that hat. When he is fairly nobbled, and has to ask her papa the fatal question, he would certainly break down but for his hat. Luckily, his agitation has not made him forget that, and using it as a concertina, drumming on the crown as if it were a key-board, it is wonderful to note how confidence returns to him. There is only one moment in all his life when he seems indifferent towards it, and that is when he is making love in the garden by moonlight (a full moon). The occasion certainly is privileged, but still we are sorry that he permits other considerations to have weight. In duels it is ever the last thing in his mind. With a solemn bow and a grave smile he hands it to his second, as though to say "If I fall, give it to my mother; it is all I have, and she, too, loves it." And if he can look after it carefully before putting himself in front of an ounce of lead,

when, if ever, a slight neglect would be pardonable, it is a little hard that he should treat it lightly, when he is merely going to ask a girl to answer yes or no to a very common question. But he does; in fact, he appears quite bothered by it. He takes it off and looks at it, and then he tries it first in one hand, and then in the other, but he only finds it an encumbrance either way, so at last he claps it on a garden seat, with quite a spiteful little smack too, and discovers that for once he can get on capitally without it. But this we are glad to observe is the only instance of ingratitude. He sticks to it like a leech at other times. He eats in it; he drinks in it; if he plays cards, he keeps it on the table by him; if he dances, he tucks it under his arm. His mind is not easy if he cannot feel it near him. It is our belief that, until the heroine is in a position to discuss the matter without the drawback of a bewitching maidenly reserve, he is addicted to sleeping in it.

There is another way to tell the Gentleman (of drama), and that is by his manners. They are so funny and original. We don't know how he writes his letters, beyond this, that he gets a vast amount into one page, for it never needs more than a glance at the first sheet for the heroine to learn quite a lengthy story. But we suspect he goes from the first page to the third and then back to the second, and on to the fourth, like a man we knew. He was such a nice, harmless man; had such a fund of anecdote; and could keep crying babies quiet when their own mothers were beginning to call them names—uncomplimentary names we mean. Well, he had a weakness for being thought original, and as his father made him a handsome allowance, and he had plenty of time on his hands, he thought he would let his originality break out in that direction. But just about then, his father presented him with a fine, dashing young step-mother, and the first letter he wrote to her was also the first on the 1, 3, 2, 4 principle. It was a very decorous letter. He often showed it to us, and with tears in his eyes explained how it had ruined him. And we think we shall do him no injustice in saying that it was an almost painfully decorous letter. But it was a characteristic letter, full of anecdotes and full of babies; and somehow page 2 did not look well when you read it immediately after number 1. Now his step-mother showed it to his father, and his father said that if that was the way his son chose to welcome his wife, the less they saw of one another the better, and that perhaps some of this "tomfoolery" would get knocked out of his head by work; and the long and the short of it was that our poor friend was docked of his allowance, and we no longer had the run of his excellent whiskey or his invaluable services as baby-tamer. It was a heavy blow to all of us, and thenceforth we begged our friends to steer clear of originality, unless they were willing to thoroughly prepare us for its symptoms and its outbreak.

The Gentleman's manners are very like that. They are so costly. One of his favourite amusements when he comes into a friend's dining-room or library is to put his feet on the leather chairs. Some

delicate feeling of restraint impels him to keep them on the carpet when he goes into the boudoir or the drawing-room, but they do have a good time elsewhere. So long as he is left alone, he refrains from indulging them. He might be left all day by himself, and the furniture would not be a bit the worse for it, but let someone join him, particularly a lady he wishes to impress, and there's no telling the damage he will do. Up will swing a foot straightway and settle itself on the Cordovan leather, like a bee upon a flower, while he will lounge against the chair back and do his best to loosen the frame. But he knows what he is about. It is a deadly method of attack on the female heart. We do not believe the woman exists who can suffer unmoved the advances of a man who can woo in this elegant and debonair fashion. She may feel that it is rough on her papa or her guardian (more probably the latter), treating his beautiful chairs like this, but then only a hero could be so lordly indifferent, so original, and in his capacity as hero she forgives him. We speak thus positively, because we have tried the plan and know.

Many years ago when we were young, we were determined to besiege a certain virgin citadel, and we adopted this method as an infallible resource. The furniture was not so new as we could have wished. We seemed to be doing far less harm than the typical Gentleman (of drama). However, we lightly fell into position, right foot firmly lodged in the chair seat, body gracefully bent forward, hands tightly clenched upon our knee, and poured forth the story of our young affections. And really it was quite ridiculous the ease with which our cause was won. There was a little unpleasantness about it afterwards. Her father entered the room while we were in this fetching attitude. We remarked that his greeting was cold, and we had occasion to wonder at his obstinate—we may say, pig-headed—refusal of his daughter's hand. It was not for some time that we learned the cause of his opposition. He had declined all discussion of the question, we were then informed, until he had assured himself that we were not, as he vulgarly expressed it, "some beggarly upholsterer fellow, faking a job." But then there was an excuse for him. He had never been in a theatre, poor man. He didn't know the ways of Gentlemen.

There are other little idiosyncrasies by which you may tell the Gentleman (of drama). One is the curious interest he takes in his finger-nails. Whenever anything serious is about to happen, when he is going to give himself up for something he never did—it's a way that Gentlemen (in drama) have—or when he is informed that his dying child desires to see him, and to bestow its forgiveness and its blessing, or when he is on the verge of a proposal, his finger-nails literally fascinate him. You can always make sure of the Gentleman at this point. He will slowly raise his right hand to his bosom, curl the fingers upon the palm, and gaze sadly and reflectively at them, as much as to say, "I should love to stay and have a good gloat, you must know that; but this idiotic business must be got through, you know." And then he will heave a deep, deep sigh and drop his hand and go doggedly to his doom.

No one but the Gentleman will ever do this. Others will trace mathematical designs with their walking-stick upon the gravel path, or fixedly regard with pathetic wonder the glowing end of their cigar, but only the Gentleman will make for his finger-nails. Perhaps in his younger days he was enamoured of some good and beautiful fashionable American manicure.

Another way to tell him is to watch him when he cries. There are many ways of crying. As a father of eleven children we can speak with some authority on this point. But there is only one way possible for the Gentleman. He must never shed more than two tears, and he must never use a handkerchief. He may be torn by such paroxysms of grief that he has to hurl himself into a chair and bang his poor head upon the table, and sob until his necktie gets above his collar and the buttons of his frock coat are loosed ; but he must restrict himself to exactly two tears, and not one drop more. This requires a little management, but even then half the battle lies before him, for he has to get them away, and this is a most delicate business. Mere common people can of course turn their backs and brush them off. The rustic, and even the polished old butler who has spent all his life in good families, may be allowed the back of a hand or a coat-sleeve, and we shall not complain. But we expect more of a Gentleman, and his education we are gratified to see is equal to the strain. He will place his third finger in the corner of his eye, and meditatively draw it across, allowing his first and second fingers to stroke his eyelid as he does so, and when he reaches the cheek bone he will round off the process with a lively little flick of the fingers that will give the operation a dainty prettiness that is all its own. No one but the Gentleman (of drama) will ever do it this way, so all you have to do to make quite sure he *is* a gentleman is to make him cry—and that's never a difficult job.

Perhaps, though, he will be debarred from disclosing himself in any of these ways. He may spend his life indoors, on a sofa, too weak to lift his hands, cut off from his hat, his friend's chairs, and his tears and finger-nails. In that case you must pay attention to what he says. If he really is a Gentleman (of drama) he will talk about it. He likes to let people know that there is one person about who is not a "bounder" or a "cad." And you may take his word for it that he is what he says he is. The Gentleman (of drama) never lies.

Playbills, Past and Present.

LIKE other things of this world, playbills have in the course of some three hundred years undergone many vicissitudes. Those of to-day are elaborate productions, scented and gilt, occasionally illustrated with scenes from the piece to be represented, or embellished with portraits of the principal performers, whereas the ancient Roman playgoers had to be thankful for small mercies, and glean their information from persons called *vexillators*,* who were in the habit of blowing a trumpet at street corners to attract attention, and then orally proclaiming name of piece, hour of performance, and other necessary particulars.

Even after the invention of printing, theatrical announcements were made by word of mouth, perhaps that they might appeal to the illiterate portion of the community. At holiday times, audiences often grew uproarious and refused in riotous fashion to sit out the whole of a single play, and this rough-and-ready fashion of criticism made the preparation of any special programme beforehand impossible. The luckless performers had to obey the wishes of the majority, and act comedy and tragedy by turns, frequently without change of dress. (Not that, with the wardrobes of the day, this much mattered). Any delay in the fulfilment of their demands, the patrons of the sixteenth and seventeenth century drama resented by hurling on to the stage stones and tiles, apples and nuts, till the theatre became a howling wilderness, wherein presided the goddess of Discord.

Printed bills came into vogue about the commencement of the sixteenth century. They gave only scanty information, and in their earliest form omitted both the names of the players and those of the *dramatis personæ*. Still, as in those early times the art of "making-up" was unknown, and no perruquier existed to lend yellow locks to the dark and black curls to the fair, it was doubtless easier to identify an actor than it is at present, while the attention of the audience not being distracted by scenic effects, was left free to follow the plot and settle who was who.

In 1587, a license for printing playbills was granted by the Stationer's Company to one John Charleswood, a privilege that evidently increased his income considerably, for some time later the Crown thought it not beneath its dignity to forbid any subject enjoying this source of profit.

At that period, members of *the* profession united the widely different *rôles* of billsticker and actor, and were, in fact, their

* *Vexillum* was the Roman flag, *vexillator* the flag-bearer.

own advertisers. But this was better than to run the risk of such a mistake as occurred on the occasion of a "bespeak" by a member of Mr. Crummles' company, when an ignorant person undertook the office of billsticker, and "posted half the placards sideways and the rest upside down." With praiseworthy humility, the actors put up their own bills, and did it in so business-like a manner, and with so much success that Archbishop Grindall, a sworn enemy to all "rogues and vagabonds" waxed exceeding wrath, and even addressed a complaint on the subject to the Court Secretary. Once or twice a week his ecclesiastical conscience might have endured, but he was outraged and shocked at daily advertisements.

There was a time when the arrival of any disciples of Thespis in a village made every housewife keep a sharp eye on whatever linen happened to be hanging out; a time when the theatrical lottery offered few prizes, when King (the original Sir Peter Teazle and Lord Ogleby) said with reference to the beginning of his career: "I remember that when I had been but a short time on the stage, I performed one night, while member of a sharing company, King Richard, sang two comic songs, played in an interlude, danced a hornpipe, spoke a prologue, and was afterwards harlequin, and after all this fatigue, my share came to threepence and three pieces of candle!"

Stage accessories were in those days beneath contempt. In lieu of scenery appeared a board, inscribed, "this is a hut," or "this is a palace," and it was not to be expected that playbills should fare better than either plays or players.

According to Ben Johnson, the *jeunesse dorée* of his day made a practice of taking small books known as writing tables to the play. These they employed to jot down the various jests with a view to subsequent "impromptus," just as young men a few seasons ago repeated incessantly the catch-phrase "De-u-know," immortalised by the Bath-buns-and-milk curate in the "Private Secretary."

Although playbills existed before 1663, the oldest specimen actually extant dates no further back than that year. It runs thus:

"By His Majestie's Company of Comedians
At the new Theatre in Drury Lane.
This day,
Being Thursday, April 8th, 1663
Will be acted a comedy called
"The HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT."
The King, Mr. Wintersel; Demetrius, Mr. Hart; Selevers [Seleucus] Mr. Burt; Leontius, Major Mohun; Lieutenant, Mr. Clun; Celia, Mrs. Marshall.
The play will begin at three o'clock exactly.
Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s."

All the members of this cast were well known, and with the exception of Clun, who was murdered* a year later, continued to amuse the public for many a season. "The Humourous Lieutenant" was written by the distinguished dramatists, Beaumont and

*Clun was robbed and murdered August 2nd, 1664, as he was returning after the play to his house at Kentish Town.

Fletcher, and though Pepys, in his Diary, accords it but faint praise, a revised version by Reynolds was brought out at Covent Garden as late as 1817.

Playbills of tragedies were usually printed in red, significant perhaps of the bloodshed distinguishing the offspring of the Tragic Muse, but the striking feature of old bills was the curious medley placed before the spectators, the intention no doubt being to gratify as many tastes as possible. For instance, a performance at the York Theatre in 1782 commenced with "The Muse's Looking-glass; or, The Methodist's Reformation," the *dramatis personæ* of which included "Roscius the actor," "Melpomene," "Thalia," "Satire," and "Mediocrity." Then came two acts from King Henry V; Foote's comedy, "Piety in Pattens"; a tragedy entitled "The Fatal Extravagance;" and lastly the farce of "The Virgin Unmasked." Such an *olla podrida* of dramatic fare ought to have satisfied the appetite of the most greedy pittite, and one feels curious to know how long it took to get through the programme, though it should be added that the occasion in question was a "theatrical fête," probably lasting for one night only.

At first managers received fees for letting their advertisements appear in the papers, and shopkeepers paid to be allowed to put bills in their windows. The date of the alteration in this custom remains unsettled, but for many years the messenger bringing the copy of a new playbill regularly received his shilling or half-crown.

Then, as now, dissensions in theatrical companies were neither few nor far between, and an actor with a grievance frequently aired it on the programme, or if distressed by poverty, converted the bill into an agony column, appealing for public support in the most pathetic language. Mr. P—— being imprisoned—probably for debt—announced his benefit in the following terms: "Mr. P—— should think himself extremely unworthy of the favour he has hitherto received were he to omit the present opportunity of acknowledging to the Manager and Company of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, whose weekly contributions since his arrival at Lancaster Castle have so materially tended to soften the rigours of his confinement; and as the future happiness or misery of his life depends on the profits of this night, he most humbly but earnestly solicits the patronage of a public ever remarkable for their spirited endeavours to succour the distressed, to countenance the only chance left him to procure (that Blessing so dear to every species of humanity)—his LIBERTY!" Whether this literary gem had the desired effect, or whether the hapless Mr. P—— continued to languish in Lancaster Castle, history does not relate; but for the honour of Humanity, (with a big H) it is to be hoped that the benefit was a financial success.

The first actor honoured by having his name in capital letters of unusually large size was David Garrick. No one estimated more highly the importance of Doctor Johnson's pupil than the pupil himself; yet with all his vanities and foibles he won so firm a hold on

the people's hearts, that when he died the mourning was sincere and deep, and a monody appeared representing Shakespeare's characters doing homage to him. But "large caps." did not end with Garrick. In 1754, the *Connoisseur* wrote: "The writer of the playbills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letters in which his name is printed." Needless to state, these distinctions caused a great amount of jealousy. Edmund Kean once threatened to throw up an engagement at Drury Lane because sufficient prominence was not given to his name. Dowton, the comedian, on the other hand, objected to his own or anybody else's name being particularised, and said it had a "nasty, disreputable look." Such unassuming mortals are rare, both on the stage and off. While Mossop, Garrick's rival, was manager of the Dublin Theatre, a showman came to the town, bringing with him a trained monkey, whose services he offered to Mossop at a large salary. The manager, glad of a novelty, closed with the showman's offer, and sent round placards with his own name and the monkey's blazoned in capital letters nearly two inches long. As those bestowed on the rest of the company were exceedingly diminutive, nothing could be seen but the words "Mossop, Monkey." The Irish enjoyed the joke, and it was some time before they ceased tormenting the too zealous manager about his awkward collocation.

Printed on coarse paper in heavy type of alarming proportions, with the ink often so damp that it came off on the reader's fingers, the playbill of the past possessed little merit from an artistic point of view. Special attractions in the way of properties were stated in conspicuous style. When "The Castle Spectre" was played at York in 1799, the bill enumerated the different items of horror and awe—"Portraits, Armoury, Sliding Pannels *(sic)*, Grand Oratory, Subterraneous Dungeon, Transparencies, etc." Who does not remember how Mr. Crummles, having bought a real pump and a couple of washing tubs, wanted a piece written for the express purpose of exhibiting them to all lovers of stage realism, and how he regretted that Nicholas Nickleby was unable to draw a woodcut of said pump and tubs, the sight of which might have attracted scores of patrons. Full details of the characters were given as "Flourish, alias Sir Simon, alias Charles, a young man of spirit, with a peculiar aversion to a Mill," and "Miss Betty Pringle, not out of her teens, but wishing to imitate mamma in everything," while the outlines of the plot were described in as sensational a manner as possible. Even that master of sensationalism, Mr. G. R. Sims, has never reached the heights attained in the next few lines; "The orphan of Geneva! Condemned to death for forgery! A thunderbolt strikes the pavilion which instantly bursts into flames!! The Countess is murdered! 'Twas I!! *Thérèse* with the fatal knife! Live *Thérèse*, Countess of Belmont!!"

The present generation may be superior in many respects to its predecessors, but in the matter of notes of exclamation it has decidedly gone back. At this identical moment there lies before

the writer the bill of a drama entitled "The Mariner's Venture; or, the Wife of Seven Husbands," in which the heroine wishes to murder Maartyn (two A's, please) Lessamour, her husband, and to that end conceals a pellet of lead up her sleeve. Having melted this in a crucible, she waits till Maartyn falls asleep and then approaches him with the intention of pouring the boiling lead into his ear, but being detected, dies from the effects of poison swallowed some time previously. The scene of this cheerful production is laid in London during the reign of Henry VII, and the mariner, the part played by Creswick, is told by gipsies of his future in the appalling lines given below—

> "Be cautioned, be warned, ere it be too late,
> For 'tis written, 'tis graven on the tablet of fate,
> Should you drunken and false to your home return,
> Your knell will be toll'd and your widow mourn."

At the date "The Mariner's Venture" held the boards, bleeding nuns, maniacs, ghosts, and similar uncanny personages were in high favour. The principal *rôle* of more than one old play was a dumb man, whose extraordinary antics and pantomimic signs must have greatly bewildered the spectators, and it is not so very long since Lin Rayne, at the now defunct Park Theatre, represented a maniac among the traditional straw and fetters. The general tragic effect was somewhat marred by the actor's obvious dread lest the post to which he was fastened should give way, a dread that obliged him to rave, as Bottom roared, "like a sucking-dove."

"Romeo by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage." "Audrey, by a young lady." These and similar expressions often occur on bills of a century or so ago, for thus anonymously, many a novice made his or her *débût*. If, in modern slang, they "fetched" the public, their identity was soon revealed, and no longer nameless, they rushed into popularity, while if, on the contrary, their histrionic efforts failed to please, they retired from the footlights with much less mortification than would have been felt had they appeared without this friendly concealment. As may be imagined, prices of admission have increased with the development of theatrical splendour. During Elizabeth's reign, a comedy or tragedy could be seen for the small sum of twopence, but at the Restoration the cheapest place cost a shilling; the dearest cost four shillings. In 1809, John Philip Kemble opened with "Macbeth" at Covent Garden, and by raising the charges so angered all the citizens that for three months ensued the notorious O. P. riots. Each night the clamour grew worse. "Give us" cried the mob, "our old prices!" The actors shouted themselves hoarse, but in vain. Nobody listened to a single word af the dialogue, till Kemble reverted to the original tariff, as the only means of quelling the storm—though not before the building had suffered somewhat from the rage of the populace.

Strolling managers were not above accepting kind instead of money. Indeed, Jimmy Whitely, a North of England celebrity, is reported, on nineteen villagers presenting a shad apiece, to have

told the twentieth ; "I beg your pardon, my darling, I am extremely sorry to refuse you, but if we eat any more fish, by the powers we shall all be turned into mermaids!" Box-offices are a comparatively recent institution, for at Garrick's benefit in 1744, ladies wishing to take seats were requested to send their servants not later than three o'clock. As the notices omitted any mention of the stronger sex, may not the worship of stage heroes even then have begun ?

As the price of admission has been raised, so also has the charge for a playbill. To pay sixpence, however, for the pleasure of reading how a certain enamel renders the ugliest home beautiful, and how the choicest brand of champagne is imported by So-and-so, seems a downright imposition, and enhances no one's enjoyment, albeit after some melodramas of the vice-vanquished, virtue-victorious type, a slight restorative might not be unwelcome. "Bill of the play, a penny!" was a common cry outside the theatre forty years ago. And for a penny, the pittite obtained a large, almost folio-sized sheet of thin paper, full of information about plays current and to come.

"Tom the Tinker," says the song, asked to have his beer with "a little more shirt and a little less frill," and really the modern playbill might with advantage and honesty be docked of its frilling of advertisements. The managers of some theatres, it is well known, renounce their control over this department, and dispose of the right of selling programmes to a contractor whose attendant harpies pounce down on you with a your-money-or-your-life air that is intensely exasperating.

Modern bills fall into two kinds, indoor and outdoor, the latter being generally called "posters." These may be either mere lists of the cast and characters, in fact, enlarged playbills, or pictorial representations in vivid colours of the exciting events in the play. Accuracy is scarcely a strong point with these "posters," for when seen on the stage, the crowds are not quite so fierce, the shipwrecks a little less awful, whilst the cliff down which the hero descends in immaculate garb (without crumpling his collar), proves at least a hundred feet lower than the cliff at which the street boys gaze, full of wondering admiration.

A collection of bills, though perhaps of comparatively recent date, possesses an indescribable attraction not unmixed with pathos. In looking through it half-buried memories are awakened, former associations revived, yet the pleasure becomes pain at the recollection of how many of the actors have passed to that bourne whence no traveller returns. Within even the last decade the stage has lost Chippendale, one of the cleverest members of a clever company, whose impersonations of Adam, Sir Sowerby Honeywood, and Mr. Dornton are still remembered by veteran playgoers ; John Clayton, over whom countless susceptible female hearts shed tears when as Hugh Trevor in "All for Her" he looked noble—and slim ; Maclean, who at the last revival of "A Winter's Tale" formed a link between the old school and the new ; and last but not least, Miss Glyn, the

only Cleopatra of modern times. Despite all the talk one hears about raising the art, these vacant places seem hard to fill; long runs have proved the ruin of a many a budding Thespian, and histrionic talent is impeded, not developed, when its owner fills the same *rôle* for six months or more without a break. It is interesting to notice the variety of characters portrayed by a single actor: David Fisher made a hit as the Abbé Latour when "The Dead Heart" was produced under Webster's management at the Adelphi in 1859, and was also successful as Andrew Aguecheek, King Hildebrand in Gilbert's comedy of "The Princess," and Hulks in "The Willow Copse." Or again to watch the course of a family like the Farrens, who have handed down the traditions of the stage from father to son, and shown that actors are born, not made. As Sir Peter Teazle, "old Farren" began his acquaintance with the London critics; as Sir Peter Teazle, he made his farewell bow to them, and his descendant, another William Farren, still performs Sheridan's creation. We have, then, some successors to former celebrities of the drama, but they themselves are gone. The actor's work dies with him; less fortunate than poet or painter, sculptor or novelist, he can leave the world only the memory of his talent. The audiences that applauded him to the echo and hung on his every word, they too must join the majority, and thus the favourite of one generation becomes a shadow to the next, until the sole record of his former labours is a mere "bill of the play."

N. L. PARKER.

An Old Glove.

WHAT is in that old glove lying there
That I prize it for ever and aye?
You ask with a quizzical air.
What is in that old glove lying there?
Well, nothing is in it, I swear,
But, the fact is, she gave me one day
What *was* once in that glove lying there;
So I prize it for ever and aye!

MASON CARNES.

How to Enjoy the Theatre.

I CONFESS that the idea embodied in the title of this paper is not strictly original. It was suggested to my mind by a lecture, entitled "How to be Rightly Amused at the Theatre." It struck me that the lecturer made a great mistake both in his title and his treatment of the subject. He did not strike at the root of the matter.

Before discussing "How to be rightly amused," it appears to me that there should be a preliminary discussion on how to be amused at all. This latter point being fairly and thoroughly settled, the other would follow in natural sequence. I am free to admit that the value of this paper will be greatly lessened by the previous discussion of the point which should have been allowed to stand over in the meantime. I cannot blame myself for the unfortunate mistake, indeed, I fail to see how it could have been avoided, since, as I before remarked, it was the second point which suggested to my mind the first one. I trust the British public will pardon my negligence in not being sufficiently premature, and impute the fault (if there be a fault) to the gentleman who has—so to speak—spoken out of his turn.

I have made a point of studying audiences. I may be in the audience myself, but I am not of the audience; I am there studying the British public in its own interest, and it is from this unassailable standpoint I wish to write. If the foregoing remarks appear to any reader to be egotistical, I would implore him to believe they are not so. Unless he believes this, he cannot thoroughly appreciate them.

As for their full enjoyment the different forms of theatrical entertainment require different treatment, it may be as well to enumerate these to begin with. There are three or four primary classes, each of which is shaded into the other by means of a series of nondescript performances, partaking of the good qualities of neither, and the bad ones of both. For instance, opera is shaded off into burlesque by a series of more impossible and absurd situations, as contained in opera bouffe, comic opera, etc. Burlesque slips imperceptibly into pantomime, and pantomime glides into variety entertainment. Tragedy slips into drama, and from thence into melodrama. Comedy, by easy stages, through farcical comedy into pure farce.

To thoroughly enjoy and appreciate all these varied forms, I maintain that each one must be taken individually, and treated according to its requirements. It is impossible, it is true, to alter the form of

an entertainment so as to suit every individual member of the audience in the natural state. But it is possible for every member of the audience to create within himself an artificial and purely temporary condition suited to the class of theatrical entertainment he is anxious to enjoy. He must train up to it. In order to make myself thoroughly clear, I think I cannot do better than give a few illustrations of what I mean. I will begin with burlesque.

The best time to enjoy a burlesque is after a good dinner. There must have been consumed just sufficient wine to cause the delusion that the libretto is smart and the music tuneful. Without some artificial exhilaration, the best jokes and puns of which any burlesque is capable cause but faint interest, while the worst ones give rise to a feeling of pity bestowed equally upon author, actors, and such portion of the audience as is unfeignedly amused thereby. Under the more favourable conditions, however, the whole thing is changed. The comparatively good jokes are superlative, and hidden beauties are seen in the bad ones, the existence of which was never suspected. The worse the burlesque, the more wine will be necessary. No entertainment of this description can possibly fail with an audience that has carefully prepared itself as I have indicated. The most suitable coign of vantage from which to witness a burlesque is the stalls. This for various reasons. If you have attended to the preparatory stage as given above, you are feeling very amiable and friendly to all concerned in your entertainment. You are anxious to feel at home, as it were, with the performers; and in the stalls alone can you realise your ideal in this direction. The occupants of the stalls are the persons to whom burlesque artistes invariably address their confidences. They hear those delightful *sotto voce* remarks which cause strictly professional laughter, that is, laughter on the stage and in the orchestra. It is the correct thing for the stalls to join in this laughter, but for the rest of the audience it is not considered etiquette to do so. In the stalls, you have the delightful sensation of feeling yourself almost part of the show, and of knowing that the rest of the audience is out of it. If this pleasure is but fleeting, and will not bear the morning's reflection, it is at least delightful while it lasts and harmless in its results.

Tragedy requires different treatment entirely. I should recommend to all intending tragedy-goers one or two cups of strong tea or coffee, and total abstinence from food for some hours previous to the performance. Wine would be fatal to the enjoyment of any tragedy, however good. Wine and tragedy in combination create sleep. To thoroughly enjoy tragedy the mind must be excited, the body asceticised. The feeling of hunger—the gnawing, aching void—is here an invaluable adjunct. It is necessary to feel austere and critical to a degree. The text of the play must be carefully conned, and an original reading of his own must be evolved by each and every member of the audience. By this standard, in so far as the tragedian realises or fails to realise such individual conceptions of

the part, each and every member of the audience must judge him. The audience must be perfectly familiar with the methods of every previous exponent of the part, and must know exactly where each one failed. The pit is the proper place from which to view a tragedy. Seats without backs are preferable, and every occupant must sit erect, with a book of the play handy for reference. Enthusiasm of any kind must be left to the more ignorant portion of the audience, who are sure to cheer whenever they feel dull. This generally occurs after a lengthy peroration by the principal actor. At such applause the intelligent playgoer must smile contemptuously, and reserve his approval, if he has any, for little points that no one else notices. There must be no identifying audience with actors, in tragedy. The performers must be held sternly aloof and viewed in a somewhat aggressive light. If these instructions are carried out, the tragedy-goer will come out of the theatre feeling that, although the entertainment in itself was not worth the money, he has derived a real pleasure from the exercise of his own powers of criticism and superior intelligence.

As regards melodrama, I have consulted the lady who cleans out my offices, and she unhesitatingly votes for "gin and the gallery." She votes for gin, because it is "a good liquor to cry on." She votes for the gallery because in that part of the house alone congenial melodramatic souls do congregate, and (accomplished weeper though she be) she finds that sympathetic company is a great help. I believe my respected char-lady is quite correct in her theory. To sit through a whole melodrama and thoroughly enjoy it, you must be emotional. If you are not naturally emotional, you must supply the want by artificial means. If you cannot do this, you had better not go. I know a newspaper critic (a most abandoned critic), who was personally induced to try the effect of artificial emotion on a melodrama of most virulent type. He went to scoff, but remained to weep. He said afterwards that it was a delightful sensation, such as he had not felt for many, many years, and that the only drawback was the terrible reaction, and the violent headache it left behind. I have never myself had the pluck to get up the necessary *afflatus*, and I am therefore in the unfortunate position of a man who has never enjoyed a melodrama. I have sat in the gallery and envied the sympathetic souls around me. I would have given a great deal to feel like my char-lady, of whom there were numerous types present. I yearned to sob when the heroine (with her back-hair down) was ruthlessly thrust from the doors of an unfriendly workhouse, to wander aimlessly about in the snow, and was sternly repulsed by severe old walking gentlemen, who threatened her with the police. I should have liked to be able to cheer madly when the friendly (but to my mind clearly bibulous) policeman, produced a brandy bottle from his coat-tail pocket and administered a generous dose to the unfortunate lady. Why does not my blood boil when the hero is sent to penal servitude, and the villain remains at home to enjoy his property and to persecute his friends and relations?

Why does not my heart bound with responsive gladness when the comic man puts everything right in the last act, and the hero and villain change places? I can only humbly confess that these delightful sensations are not for me, and look with longing envy upon those thrice-happy mortals who experience them. The fact is, I once saw a melodrama from the stalls. It was my first melodrama, and I have never got over it. I saw the carpenters waiting to push the raft on the stormy ocean. I saw the dead and dying men place themselves in positions of studied agony. I saw the wheels of the raft. I saw the dead man assisting, by a see-saw motion of his body, to keep up the oscillation, which all realistic rafts should experience on stormy oceans. To crown all, I distinctly saw the human composition of the stormy ocean itself. After this unfortunate insight into the hollowness and unreality of the situation, could I be expected to be enthusiastic when the British man-of-war sailed on to the relief, at a speed of twenty knots, stopping abruptly by the raft, as if by means of a vacuum brake? Not even although a brass band was on the poop (I believe it was the poop, but I am not sure of my seafaring terms) playing "Hearts of Oak!" But the occupants of the gallery were worked up into fearful excitement over the incident. From their lofty heights they had seen none of the mechanism which had destroyed my illusions for ever. I often think had it been my lot to first experience melodrama under their favourable conditions, I might now have been a happy, emotional, enthusiastic god, instead of a *blasé*, critical groundling. Be warned, all ye who would enjoy melodrama! Stay in the gallery and jealously guard your illusions. You require them all.

Opera requires more delicate handling. The element of romance must be present if an opera isto be thoroughly enjoyed. Unfortunately, the average man of the world has this element very effectually knocked out of him at a comparatively early stage of his career. This being so, artificial means must again be resorted to. It is not good for man to be alone, at least, not at an opera. Every male opera-goer must go accompanied by his most romantic lady friend. He must take a strong personal interest in her, and she must not be a relation. They must both feel, *pro. tem.*, that they are kindred souls, and created for each other. A dash of melancholy in the shape of a "'tis not to be" feeling may be introduced with advantage. Of course, I am not advising that the aforesaid conditions should be permanent or even prolonged. It must be a purely temporary arrangement; and the best plan is to make a point of never taking the same lady twice. By this means it will be found that the temporary romantic sentiment may be acquired with ease. And how delightful is an opera under such conditions! His companion sighs, and whispers, "How heavenly! I could listen to music all night," and he sighs, and whispers in return, "With *you* I could never tire." Of course they say *pro. tem.*, to themselves, but as the element of romance is only required *pro. tem.* this is as it should be.

I am afraid to say much of pantomime without explaining at great

length what pantomime really is. The pantomime of the present day must be treated as a burlesque. The former, however, differs from the latter in the respect that there is a stronger dash of "music-hall" in it. I do not think, however, that this element requires any special departure from the burlesque preparation previously mentioned. Adhere faithfully to the rules laid down, and I am ready to guarantee you will thoroughly enjoy burlesque or modern pantomime, or music-hall entertainments, or—anything! As regards the old-fashioned pantomime which we have all heard so much about, I confess utter ignorance. I never saw one. They all died before I was born. Another type of pantomime is the children's pantomime. I have seen several of these, and find that the managerial idea of what children enjoy is four hours of assault and battery, participated in by the whole of a very powerful (and they need to be powerful) company. The children of England are a bloodthirsty race. To enjoy a children's pantomime you must be a child, and like oranges. If you are not a child, and see no immediate prospect of becoming one, you must take a lot of children and plenty of oranges with you, and amuse yourself by watching the enjoyment of the children.

There are some further types of theatrical performance on which I frankly confess myself unable to give any reliable advice. I have tried them under all conditions, and have utterly failed to enjoy them every time. Personally I am not going to try any more. It will suffice to particularise two out of the number. The first is that hotch-potch of everything called the "musical play." It is in this play that the daughter says to her weeping mother:

> "Ah, mother dear, dispel your grief!
> A song and dance will bring relief,"

or words to that effect. The song and dance then take place, the subject being, say, "The darling little cowslips of the prairie," at the conclusion of which the woes of the mother and daughter are resumed. I have come to the conclusion that it is the amount of variety imported into these productions which renders it impossible to thoroughly enjoy them. The musical play contains melodrama, burlesque, tragedy, and comedy all intermingled. It will be seen that it is impossible for the audience to alter its conditions every time the style of performance undergoes a change; therefore some portions of the audience must be miserable, while only one portion can be happy at a time. This is regrettable, but unavoidable, and should be remembered in palliation of the offence by those critics who systematically condemn these performances.

The other type of theatrical performance, which it is difficult for me to imagine under favourable conditions, is the amateur performance. I have tried (Heaven knows *how* I have tried) to enjoy an entertainment of this description, but without success. I have had strong personal inducements to look favourably upon it. I have seen ladies in whom I had the strongest personal interest (*pro. tem.*) act,

and still I have derived no pleasure. Of course, I told them differently, but this is the free and irresponsible truth. The time I came nearest to enjoying an amateur performance was once when I myself took part. It really seemed to me that it had gone very well, much better than any performance I had ever seen before. All my personal friends told me it was the best thing they had ever seen, and my lady friends, in particular, told me I was "awfully good, really quite the best character in it." But a personal stranger, whom I met a day or two after, and who did not recognise me as having been a performer, confided to me such an open and candid opinion of the performance in general, and of my performance in particular, that it was gradually forced upon me that our performance was no better than the average, and that my performance was considerably worse. I thanked the personal stranger, and have confined myself strictly to criticism ever since. To sum up amateur performances briefly, I think that they are not intended for purposes of enjoyment, that is, so far as the audience is concerned. They are organised generally for purposes of charity. Therefore, let us bear with them, suffer under them, and extend to them that charity which they extend to the objects of their patronage.

JOHN J. WOOD.

I Wonder Why !

SHE tossed her head,
And frowning said,
"'Tis best that we should part!"
"I quite agree—"
Retorted he,
"Agree with all my heart."
Decided thus, *I wonder why*
They thought it worth their while to sigh?

She walked away,—
Returned to say,
"I think at least you might
Have said good-bye;
For if I die,
You'll wish you'd been polite."
"Your views," said he, "I quite endorse,"
I wonder why she looked so cross!

She lingered still,
"Perhaps you will
Just like to shake my hand?"
Quoth he, "I'm sure
We might do more,
Ahem—you understand?
One last embrace cannot be wrong!"
I wonder why it takes so long!

"Well—if I go,"
She sobbed, "you know
I'm sure to pine away."
"May I suggest,
You do not test,
Your strength" said he, "but stay."
"Your wish, of course, is law," sighed she.
Why did he smile so doubtfully?

B. M. MADDICK.

Our Portraits and Biographies.

No. CCXCII.—MISS AIDA JENOURE.

THE attractive young lady who has lately made such a success as Nita in "The Mountebanks," and who forms the subject of our first photograph, is English by birth, and not American as is supposed by many. Miss Aida Jenoure, was educated principally on the Continent, and speaks French and German fluently, as well as Italian. Intending originally to become a concert singer, Miss Jenoure studied at the London Academy of Music under Signor Alberto Raimo, and appeared successfully on the platforms of the St. James's and Prince's Halls. The lyric drama held out greater attractions, and some five years since Miss Jenoure joined Mr. D'Oyly Carte's forces, and played in his companies in America—where she obtained a most favourable recognition, and notices in several parts, such as Yum-Yum (Mikado), Josephine (H.M.S. Pinafore), Rose Maybud (Ruddigore), &c.—and also subsequently appeared successfully in Germany and in England. Miss Jenoure then returned to America to fill a round of characters, and remained there till last summer. One part in particular, *Fleur de Thé*, in Lecocq's opera of that name, made her a great favourite everywhere in the United States. Miss Jenoure then obtained her present engagement with Mr. Horace Sedger at the Lyric Theatre, London, and by her clever acting and singing and graceful dancing (of which art she is passionately fond), materially aided in the prosperous run which "The Mountebanks" is now having.

No. CCXCIII.—GROUP FROM "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

THE second subject of this month's photographs is furnished by the gentlemen appearing in that most successful play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," now running at the St. James's Theatre. A biography of MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER up to date was given in the January, 1891, number of the THE THEATRE. Since then, Mr. Alexander has successfully impersonated the following characters, all at the St. James's :—Sir Harry Lovell "The Gay Lothario," January 31, 1891 ; Mark Cross, "The Idler," February 26th ; the title-*rôle* in "Molière" July 17th ; Rupert Lee (José) "Lord Anerley," November 7th ; Edmund Hamilton, "Forgiveness," December 30th ; Lord Windermere, "Lady Windermere's Fan," February 20th, 1892.

Mr. J. NUTCOMBE GOULD dates his connection with amateur theatricals as far back as 1875, and in 1876 he played Horatio in "Hamlet," under the pseudonym of Mr. Gee. He relates amusingly his establishment of a theatre in an old tithe-barn on the borders of Dartmoor in 1879, giving performances sometimes for a week together ; but the expenses far exceeded the receipts. In the spring of 1884, Mr. Nutcombe Gould played Joseph Surface and Pygmalion at Torquay, with a company that included amateurs and professionals ; but he may be said to have commenced his work in earnest during the autumn of the same year when he toured with Mr. T. C. King, a good tragedian of the old school, who was received with favour when he first appeared in London at the Princess's under the Kean management, as Bassanio, July 22, 1857. Under such a manager as Mr. King, a pupil could not help gaining valuable experience, and Mr. Gould profited by it in a round of legitimate characters, playing Mercutio, Cassio, Bassanio, Polonius, etc. He made his first professional appearance in London at an Olympic *matinée* of "The White Pilgrim," as Harold to the Thordisa of Mrs. Tree. Mr. Gould afterwards took out a touring company of his own. During the second tour, he played "Hamlet" and "Jack Absolute." In 1867, Mr. Gould joined Mr. Tree's forces at the Comedy, and played Rheinveck in "The Red Lamp" throughout its run, and subsequently toured to support Miss Helen Barry, and was also a member of Mr. Ben Greet's company. The following is a list of the principal characters in

which Mr. Gould has since appeared: In 1888, Roger Willoughby, "Power of Love," Prince of Wales's, March 6th; Lord Petersfield, "A Patron Saint," October 17th; Lord Saxmundham, "Brantinghame Hall," November 29th, both at the St. James's, under Mr. Rutland Barrington's management. In 1889, Lord Saltash, "The Panel Picture," Opera Comique, March 28th; Prince Maleotti, "Forget-me-Not," Miss Genevieve Ward's *matinée* at same theatre, May 8th; Crossley, "Doubt," *matinée*, Strand, June 4th; Sir Percival Hope "Forgotten," Grand, July 5th; Mr. Basing, "Her Own Witness" *matinée*, Criterion, December 19th; Lambert Streyke, "The Colonel," *matinée*, Comedy, December 3rd; the Rev. Mr. Bream, "Man and the Woman," *matinée*, Criterion, December 19th. In 1890, Mr. Gould obtained his first engagement with Mr. George Alexander. At the Avenue he played Arthur Egerton in "Fool's Mate," February 1st, and remained there, with the exception of a short engagement at the Comedy, where he appeared at a *matinée* on February 14th of "The Home Feud," playing Captain Hargreaves, and on April 9th for a series of Wednesday and Saturday *matinées* as Lord Lacy in "April Showers." Other parts filled at the Avenue were Mr. Wriothesly, F.R.S., "Miss Cinderella," March 15th; Jacquemin "The Grandsire," May 21st; Vaillant "The Struggle for Life," September 25th; Dr. Latimer "Sunlight and Shadow," November 1st. During this time it was so arranged that he could appear at the Haymarket, commencing October 6th, as the Duc D'Orleans in "Comedy and Tragedy." When in 1891 Mr. Alexander became lessee of the St. James's, Mr. Nutcombe Gould accompanied his manager to his new theatrical home, and appeared as General Merryweather in the "Idler," February 26th; as the Earl of Edgehill in "Lord Anerley," November 7th; and as Sir Edward Ferrars in "Forgiveness," December 30th. On June 18th, Mr. Gould played Jaques to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Rosalind, Shaftesbury, *matinée*. On February 20th of this year he assumed the character in which he is portrayed, that of Lord Darlington. Mr. Nutcombe Gould's *forte* is aristocratic characters, and also genially cynical middle-aged gentlemen, and in the delineation of these he is without a rival.

Mr. BEN WEBSTER, who appears in the group as Cecil Graham, a part that he plays with remarkable skill, is a grandson of the celebrated Benjamin Webster. He was educated at the Stationer's School and at King's College; and was called to the Bar (Inner Temple) November, 1885. Previously to his donning the barrister's gown, Mr. Webster had played *en amateur* with Messrs. Hare and Kendal, Archie Hamilton in "The Scrap of Paper," and Le Beau in "As You Like It," during a six weeks' tour. This led to a professional engagement in 1887, in which year the young actor made his appearance, March 3rd, as Lord Woodstock in "Lady Clancarty." During the autumn tour he played Octave in "The Ironmaster." In 1888 Mr. Webster joined Mr. Edouin at the Strand, and played Dr. Easyman in "Katti," February 25th; Charles Grant in "Elsie's Rival," May 9th; and Montague Drury in "Run Wild," June 30th. On March 15th at an Olympic *matinée*, he appeared as Austin Tresham in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Mr. Webster was next engaged at the Criterion, and during Mr. George Giddens' illness played Talbot in "Betsy." On November 1st he was cast for Randolph Ferguson in "The Policeman," at Terry's. Mr. Webster was next engaged by Mr. Henry Irving to play Malcolm in the revival of "Macbeth," at the Lyceum, December 29th. The year 1890 saw this rising young actor at the Avenue with Mr. George Alexander, with whom he has remained up to the present time. In 1890 he played George Webster in "Dr. Bill"; Lord Raemore in "Miss Cinderella"; Pierre in "The Grandsire": Stanley Grant in "The Will and the Way," May 21st; Roly Reveric in "Punchinello," *matinée*, May 24th; Count Adriani in "The Struggle for Life"; Adolphus Bamfield in "Sunlight and Shadow." April 29th also saw him as Prince Hal in the performance given of "Henry IV" by the Irving Amateur Dramatic Club. At the St. James's in 1891 Mr. Webster played first Sparks, and afterwards Sir Harry Lovell, in "The Gay Lothario"; the Marquis in "Molière"; George Beaufort in "Lord Anerley"; and Cecil Graham in the piece now running. Also during 1891 at a *matinée* he created Rupert Cardwell, M.P., in "Our Angels," Vaudeville, March 3rd, and Captain Dornton in "Margaret Byng," Criterion, December 8th; and in 1892 was the original Norman Plowden in "The Plowdens," produced at a Prince of Wales's *matinée*, March 8th.

Mr. ADOLPHUS VANE TEMPEST is a cousin of the Marquis of Londonderry, and was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford. He is a staunch Conser-

vative in politics, and has fought two elections in the interests of his Party for Mid-Durham, at the General Election, 1885, and at a bye-election in 1890, but was unsuccessful on both occasions. For some years past Mr. Vane Tempest has been well known as an amateur actor. In 1890 he played Sir Harcourt Courtly in "London Assurance" at the Gaiety, and last summer Gustave de Grignon in "The Ladies' Battle," both of which performances were organised by him in aid of the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund. Mr. Vane Tempest joined the stage professionally in August of last year, when he played the Hon. R. Slingsby in Mr. Van Biene's touring company of "The Dancing Girl," and has since appeared with success as Lord Arthur Pomeroy in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" for a couple of weeks during Mr. Weedon Grossmith's absence. He was engaged by Mr. Thomas Thorne, at the Vaudeville, December 22nd, 1891, to play Amner, the detective, in "The Honourable Herbert," which character Mr. Vane Tempest filled most satisfactorily during the run of the piece. Mr. George Alexander specially engaged Mr. Vane Tempest for the part of Mr. Charles Dumby, in which character he is photographed, and is now appearing at the St. James's.

Mr. H. H. VINCENT (whose real name is Henry Hyam Vincent Barnett) was born February 24th, 1848. He was educated at the Liverpool Institute and Queen's College, and among his schoolfellows were Messrs. Brandon Thomas and Richard Edgar, and other well-known actors. Mr. Vincent was intended for the medical profession, but was compelled to relinquish his studies, owing to the sudden death of his father. Mr. Vincent had made an amateur actor's reputation with the Phœnix and Liverpool Cambridge A.D.C.'s, and he turned this to account. He obtained his first engagement at the same time as Mr. William Elton at the Theatre Royal, Bolton, and both made their *debût* August 31st, 1867, Mr. Vincent playing Oliver in "Felton; or, the Man of the People," a then very popular blank verse drama. The young actor rapidly improved his position, and later was engaged as stage-manager and for lead at the Old Queen's, Manchester. In the summer he went to the Grand Assembly Rooms, Blackpool, and performed twice daily, for weeks, Mr. Lynx in "Married Life," King Counterfeit and Harlequin in pantomime, and Iago, and the same parts in "Goody Two Shoes," at night. A different long comedy or tragedy was played at every morning and evening performance. From Blackpool Mr. Vincent went to the Tyne Opera House, where he remained three years. He then joined Mr. Knowles as leading man at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, then considered the best of all the provincial theatres, and there played Romeo, Faust, Bob Brierly, etc. Wishing to increase his experience, he next joined Mr. Newcombe at Plymouth, then had a winter season under Mr. Chute at Bristol, and was borrowed by Mr. R. H. Wyndham to support Mrs. Scott Siddons at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, playing twelve such legitimate parts in one week as Claude Melnotte, Master Walter, Orlando, and Petruchio. It was at this theatre that Messrs. A. W. Pinero and A. Elwood first appeared in 1873. The destruction of the house by fire, in 1875, brought Mr. Vincent's engagement to a close, and he then joined Mr. Wright at the Theatre Royal, Greenock, on a month's engagement, in which the actor proved so attractive that it was extended to four. A two years' engagement at Brighton with Mrs. Nye-Chart followed, where he played all the leading legitimate parts. He was specially engaged by Mr. John Ryder to play Romeo at a Gaiety *matinée*, November 17th, 1875, and on that date made his first appearance in London, at seven o'clock on the same evening playing Othello at Brighton to the Iago and Desdemona of Herr Bandmann and Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer. Mr. Vincent's first regular engagement in London commenced at the Globe, May 14th, 1877, when he appeared as Sir George Medhurst, in the revival of "After Dark." The success of the piece was so great that it was also produced at the Princess's, so that at one time two west-end theatres were offering the same programme. In Paul Merritt's play "Stolen Kisses," which was next produced at the Globe, Mr. Vincent was the original Viscount Trangmar (the part was afterwards played by Messrs. E. F. Edgar and W. H. Stephens, both deceased), but Mr. Vincent was compelled to relinquish his success to fulfil his engagement in Melbourne, where he opened November 15th, 1877, and played his best characters during twelve months, without missing a single night, then accompanied Mr. Creswick on tour through New Zealand, and on the return trip was with Mr. George Rignold. A special engagement at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, followed with Mr. Arthur Garner. In March, 1883, Mr. Vincent took a well

deserved rest, visited the Sandwich Islands and America, returned to London, and after an engagement at the Olympic, again visited Australia. Whilst at the Antipodes, this versatile actor played every range of part from Dicky Dugg in "Milky White" to Leonatus Posthumus in "Cymbeline," from Myles-na-Coppaleen to Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra," from Sam Gerridge to Sir Harcourt Courtly. Mr. Vincent then retired from the stage, but he took to it again, and was engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham to play Max Harkaway in the revival of "London Assurance" at the Criterion, November 27th, 1890, and afterwards Sir Oliver Surface ("School for Scandal" revival, April 1st, 1891). Mr. Vincent then went to the Garrick, to play Dr. Sutcliffe in "School," September 19th, 1891. On December 30th of the same year, Mr. Vincent joined Mr. George Alexander's Company at the St. James's, and appeared as the Rev. Maitland Muir in "Forgiveness," and has since been retained to play "Tuppy" (Lord Augustus Lorton) in Oscar Wilde's play, now running. On the merits of an actor who has such a record there is no occasion to dilate.

Reviews.

"*Frivolous Verses*," by Anthony C. Deane. (Cambridge: Redin & Co).

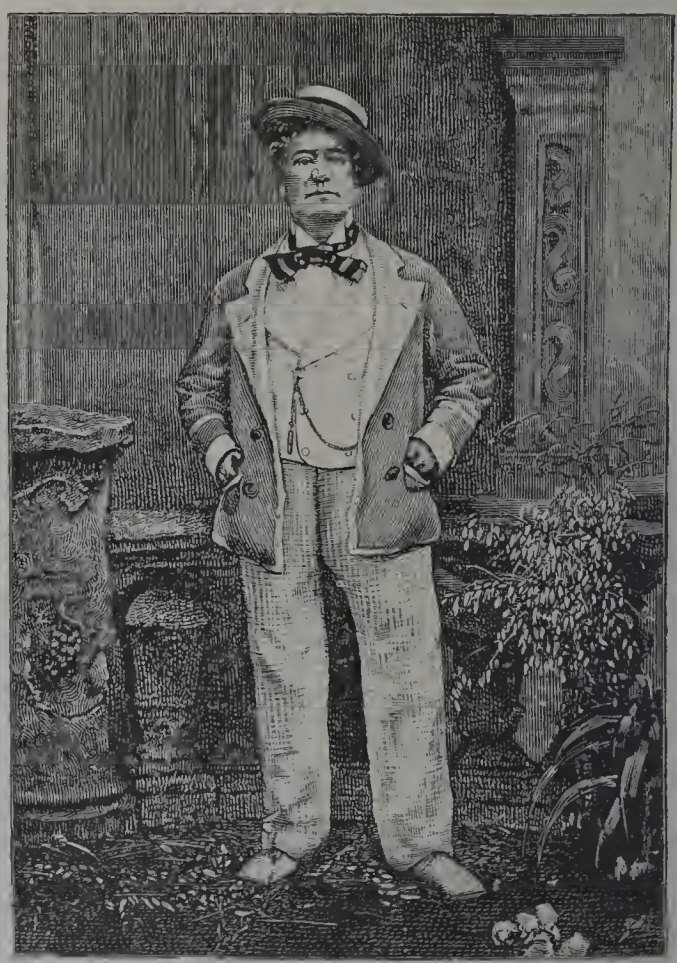
A by no means unworthy heir to the little succession of Cambridge humorous versifiers is the author of "Frivolous Verses." And if Calverley was in his own way inimitable, they yet have all somewhat in common in this, that sense of poetry—the poetry of cultivation, perhaps—is seldom with any one of them sacrificed to the exigencies of farce. Of course the author of "Fly Leaves" leads the dance, a good way ahead. Mr. Deane, in common with the late Mr. Stephens, would probably be very willing to acknowledge this. So much granted, it may nevertheless be asserted that in the work of each is something distinctive, a scent of sentiment apart from the general blend of happy rhymes and breezy comedy—like the whiff of cut clover about a hayfield. Mr. Deane's distinction is undoubtedly of the day, modish. He is more cynical than his predecessors, and a little harder in his laughter. But it is laughter for all that, and we find ourselves joining in cheerily. Who would not over such capital poetic fooling as runs riot in "Injured Innocence," "A Scientific Plaint," "The Potent Potential," and "The Etiquette of Laughter" itself? Mr. Deane is no despicable experimenter in the Rondeau form of verse. Indeed, the little volume contains one or two excellent examples of this difficult metre, which Austin Dobson has done so much to popularise with our phlegmatic countrymen. To a study of that poet Mr. Deane evidently owes something of inspiration, more particularly in a certain "Ballade" which follows pretty closely the lines of Mr. Dobson's "Ballad of Heroes." A specimen of our author's capability in the Rondeau form has appeared in the pages of THE THEATRE, from which magazine one or two of the poems in the present volume are reprints.

MESSRS. J. E. GARRATT & CO. are publishing for Mr. Duncan C. Dallas a reduced *fac-simile* of the first folio Shakespeare. The work is to be issued in fifty-seven parts, and will be complete, the publishers hope, in about two years' time. The only other notable reproduction—Staunton's—being long out of print and valuable (a cut copy recently figured in a well-known bookseller's catalogue at £4), this enterprise, which will place the 1623 edition to all intents and purposes within the reach of whatsoever student may desire it (special terms, indeed, being arranged for such), is much to be commended. Judging by

the specimen sent us, the work is being done—by the Dallastype process of photography—in admirable style, and the numbers are issued on good paper at a really moderate price. We cordially approve so praiseworthy a venture. By permission of Mr. Dallas and the publishers, we give a reproduction of the title page, than which no better proof is wanted of the excellent manner in which the work is being accomplished.

"*Reminiscences of J. L. Toole.*" Chronicled by Joseph Hatton. (London: G. Routledge & Sons).

This is a cheaper, one volume edition, abbreviated from the original "Reminiscences." There was plenty of room for such an issue, which will be welcome to those many admirers of the cheery comedian whose means would not run to the former volumes. Mr. Toole overflows with anecdote and high spirits, and a second gallop through the pages of this gossipy record is a



MR. J. L. TOOLE, AS "WALKER, LONDON."

breezily pleasant experience. The book contains a number of amusing character illustrations, one of which we reproduce above.

Messrs. MACMILLAN & CO., of New York, have published for Mr. Augustin Daly a Souvenir edition of "The Foresters," by Lord Tennyson, as produced at Daly's Theatre, in New York, during the month of March. The book is excellently printed and bound, and will prove well worthy the attention of bibliophilists. It is enriched with a portrait of Miss Rehan as Maid Marian.

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

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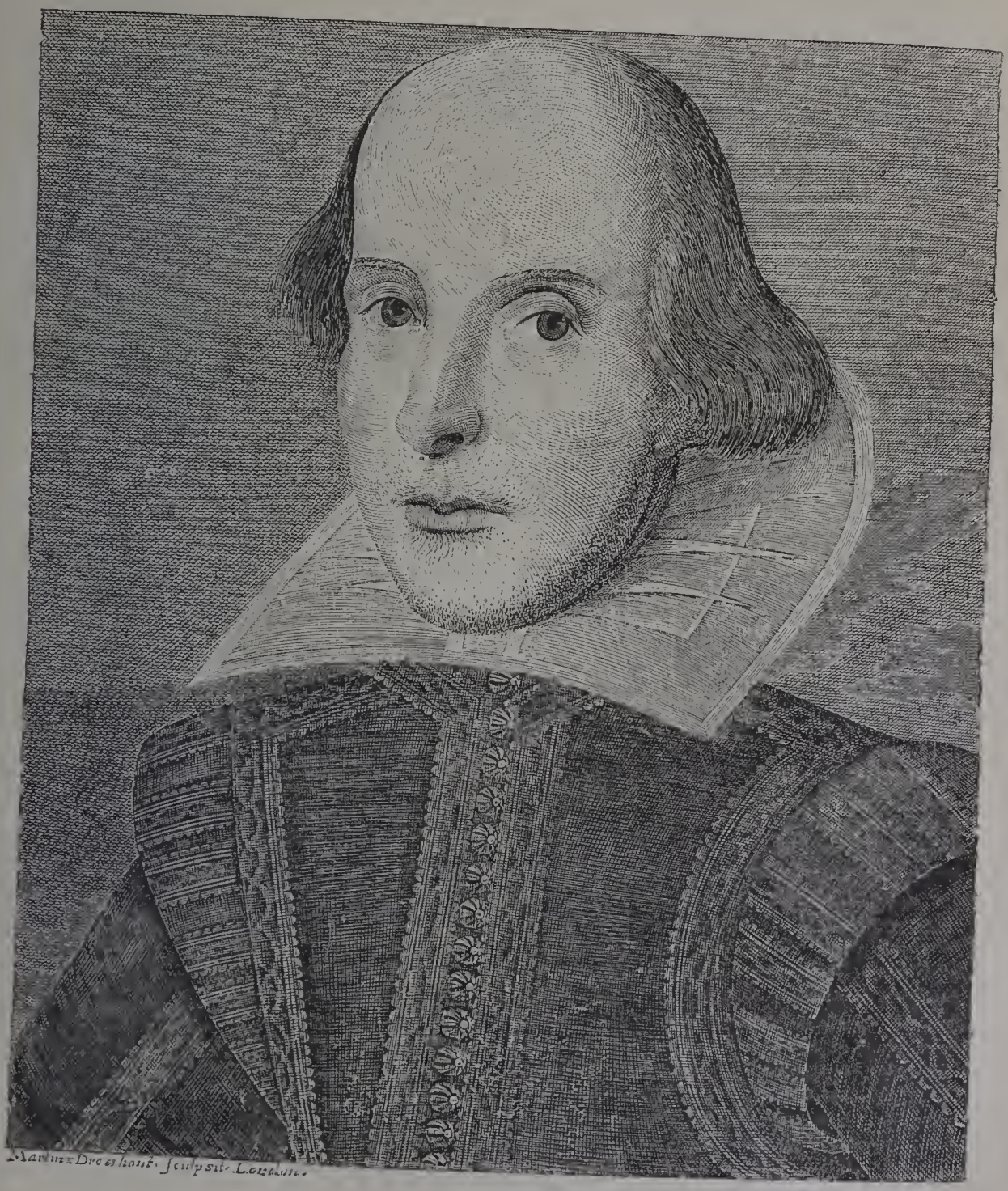

LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

REDUCED FAC-SIMILE TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST FOLIO SHAKESPEARE.

Our Play-Box.

"AGATHA."

Play, in three acts, by ISAAC HENDERSON.
First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, May 24th, 1892.

Filippo, Marchese Loreno	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
Agatha, Marchesa Loreno	Miss WINIFRED EMERY
Costanza, Contessa Faviola	Miss ROSE LECLERCQ.
Gaeta Faviola	Miss MARY MOORE.
Colonel da Vigno ..	Mr. HERBERT WARING.
Mercede da Vigno ..	Miss O. NETHERSOLE.
Leo da Vigno	Miss MINNIE TERRY.
General Ricci	Mr. C. FULTON.
Signor Sebasti	Mr. L. CAUTLEY.
Giuseppe	Mr. J. MONTAGU.
Antonio..	Mr. F. WATSON.
John Dow, U.S.A. ..	Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.

With such a cast as the above, it was next to impossible for Mr. Henderson's play to be anything but a success. Yet, clever as it is in many respects, and in parts exhibiting much literary grace, it may be questioned whether with an ordinary cast, instead of one made up of leading representatives of our best theatres, the verdict passed upon the play would have been so favourable. In this every actor or actress was selected as being specially fitted for the character intended to be represented. At a *matinée* this is, as a rule, impossible. Expense has to be considered for one thing, and, besides, several managers object to members of their companies appearing at any other theatre than that for which they are engaged. Mr. Wyndham was fortunately able to overcome both these difficulties, and the whole performance was such as is seldom seen. The plot of the play bore a considerable resemblance to that used by Mr. B. W. Findon in his "Primrose Path." Filippo, Marchese Loreno, has in his wife Agatha everything that can be admired in woman,—youth, beauty, and devoted affection. Perchance these pall upon him; for under the disguise of a Platonic friendship he devotes himself to Mercede da Vigno, a handsome, intriguing creature, whose one redeeming quality is the love she feels for her little son Leo. For some years she has separated herself from her husband, Colonel da Vigno, on account of his gambling propensities; and throwing morality to the winds, she determines to make Filippo all her own. He is to be sent on a diplomatic mission to Athens, and Mercede arranges to accompany him. She draws him on till, in an unguarded moment, he declares a passion for her which he does not actually feel. Her husband, who has retrieved his past, overhears this, and is about to shoot Filippo when he is diverted from his purpose by Agatha, who tells him that the man who stands before him has saved his life—which in fact he has actually done, unknown to the Colonel—at the risk of his own. Mercede perseveres in her designs upon Filippo until she learns that her child Leo owes his recovery from cholera to the courageous devotion of Agatha, who nursed him through an attack when everyone else had fled before the pestilence. The woman's heart is touched, and she kneels at Agatha's feet. John Dow, who has taught Mercede the debt she owes, also brings about a reconciliation between her and her husband; and Agatha, faithful and loving through all the neglect she has suffered, is comforted by Filippo once more holding her in his arms. The character of Agatha is almost an ideal one in its perfect trust and submission, in its belief that sooner or later she will win back her husband from his passing infatuation, and was exquisitely conveyed by Miss Winifred Emery. The warnings of the worldly-wise Contessa Faviola, admirably represented by Miss Rose Leclercq, could not influence her. Mr. Lewis Waller handled his character well, showing the vacillation and weakness of one who was for a time under the spell of a beautiful, unscrupulous woman; and Mr. Herbert Waring was not only earnest, but exhibited much feeling in his scene with Leo, his little boy, who, ignorant of the relationship they bear to each other, questions him as to his past. Mr. C. Fulton was an aristocratic, soldierly General Ricci. Mr. Laurence Cautley was fiery and impetuous as a jealous

lover of Gaeta Faviola ; and Miss Minnie Terry was delightfully ingenuous and boyish as Leo. The perfection of the cast was shown in the two servants, Giuseppe and Antonio, which characters, as played by Messrs. Montagu and Watson, became absolutely of importance. In the first two acts Miss Nethersole might have been a little more seductive perhaps, but in the last her acting was the perfection of art ; her self-abasement and repentance were conveyed not so much by words as by her marvellous expression of feature, and even her very form seemed to shrink and collapse under the excess of her emotion. It was a great triumph for the actress, and recalled memories of another success in a Bernhardt-like character. One of the most delightful scenes in the play was that in which Mr. Charles Wyndham as the out-spoken and shrewd American, John Dow, proposes to Gaeta ; and seldom have we had a more charming *ingénue* than we had in Miss Mary Moore. The acting of the two was the perfection of light comedy.

"THE NOBLE ART."

Farcical play, in three acts, by EILLE NORWOOD.
First produced at Terry's Theatre, Wednesday afternoon, May 25th, 1892.

Andrew Fullalove, J.P.	Mr. A. WILLIAMS.	Call Boy	Master MANSFIELD.
Charles Fullalove ..	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.	Gertie Fullalove ..	Miss MAY WHITTY.
Bulwer Brady	Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH.	Winifred Tiverton ..	Miss KATIE LEECHMAN.
Professor Tranz	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Tilly Du Val	Miss LILLIE BELMORE.
Peter Sledge	Mr. S. VALENTINE.	Jenny	Miss B. GOODCHILD.
Waters	Mr. SIDNEY STUART.		

This play has no very great pretentions to literary merit, but as a farcical comedy is decidedly amusing. Charles Fullalove has inherited certain monies, £1,000 of which is handed to him at once, the balance to be given to him when he shall have proved to the satisfaction of Andrew Fullalove that he will make a good use of it. With the £1,000 he buys an interest in the Apollo Music-hall, of which he becomes manager in conjunction with his friend, Bulwer Brady. His constant absences of an evening to superintend the working of the hall excite the suspicions of his wife and of his trustee, Andrew Fullalove. The latter is a believer in hypnotism, and so employs Professor Tranz to exercise his power over Charles in order to bring him home every evening at a proper time. Tranz, being employed as a conjurer at the Apollo Music-hall, Charles becomes aware of the design upon himself, and therefore bribes the professor to hypnotise his uncle Andrew, and whilst in the hypnotic state the old gentleman pays far too much attention to Tilly Du Val, the betrothed of Peter Sledge, a champion light-weight, who in the end punishes him severely for his flirtation. An exhibition of the "noble art" is to take place at the music-hall. Peter Sledge's opponent meets with an accident and is unable to keep his engagement, and there is every prospect of a riot, when the professor's art is again called in, and Andrew Fullalove, a Justice of the Peace, is forced to appear in fighting costume and submit to a severe mauling at the hands of Sledge. The idea of utilising the professor's power originates with Winifred Tiverton, Charles Fullalove's sister-in-law, a very sprightly girl, full of fun and mischief, one of the best-written parts in the play. The parts were all well acted, but the excellence of Mr. Sydney Valentine, the humour of Mr. Julian Cross, and the sparkle of Miss Katie Leechman—a new-comer—should be noticed, as also the wonderful *aplomb* of Master Mansfield, a very small boy but quite a great actor. "The Noble Art" was put into the evening bill at Terry's Theatre, under the management of the author, on Wednesday, June 22nd.

STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, author of "Deborah" (produced at the Avenue February 22nd of this year), and of some other plays which have only been seen in America, gave a *matinée* at the Strand Theatre on Thursday, May 26th, 1892, to introduce three short plays written by himself. The first of these, "Don Pedro," was a disappointment. It suggested a bald translation from the Spanish, and was uninteresting in plot. The following was the cast : Don Pedro, Mr. Herbert Ross ; Don Luis, Mr. Ernest Hendrie ; Don Juan, Mr. Ivan Watson ; Donna Jacinta, Miss Lizzie Webster. It was followed by

"IN THE SEASON."

Sir Harry Collingwood	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Sybil March..	Miss MAY WHITTY.
Edward Fairburne ..	Mr. BERNARD GOULD.		

Here we had a human play, couched in good language, and thoroughly interesting. Edward Fairburne and Sybil March have been almost engaged, but he is fastidious and rather suspicious and exacting. He pays too much attention to rumour, and is led to believe that instead of the pure-minded being he has imagined Sybil to be, she is a French-novel-reading, worldly girl, who has encouraged the attentions of a divorced man and notorious libertine. Sir Harry Collingwood, a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, remonstrates with his friend Fairburne, and gives him to understand that if he does not appreciate Sybil's real worth, there are others who do so, and warns him that he may lose her. Fairburne, irritated, persists that he does not love Sybil, and so the baronet proposes to her himself. Very tenderly Sybil refuses him, and he gathers that her heart is Fairburne's. So Sir Harry brings them together once more, mutual explanations as to the return of letters and presents lead to mutual confessions of faults arising from pride and jealousy, and the lovers are re-united. The three parts were so well played, according to their several requirements, that the little play afforded the greatest pleasure, and should be eagerly sought after by managers in want of a first piece. The third play was entitled

"RUTH UNDERWOOD."

Richard Underwood..	Mr. CHAS. DODSWORTH.	Ruth Underwood ..	Miss MARION LEA.
A Soldier	Mr. BERNARD GOULD.	Elizabeth Underwood	Miss F. HAYDON.
A Captain	Mr. HERBERT ROSS.		

In this Mr. Mitchell gave us almost a tragedy in little. Ruth Underwood is engaged, in opposition to the wishes of her father (a stern old Quaker) to a captain in the Northern army. It is immediately after the fight at Gettysburg; and Underwood, discovering that a soldier who seeks shelter has been present at the encounter, and served in the captain's company, endeavours to induce the soldier to vilify his officer. The soldier pities Ruth in her anxiety as to her lover's fate, and speaks in the highest praise of his officer's bravery and loyalty, but gently breaks the intelligence that he believes him to be dead. Poor Ruth is heartbroken at the news, when a shout is heard, and her lover is assisted in, weak and faint from loss of blood, but restoring happiness to his sweetheart. Miss Marion Lea showed much tragic power, and Mr. Bernard Gould has never been seen to greater advantage than as the rugged, noble-hearted soldier. The little play is very well written and most interesting.

"THE COUNTY."

Play, in four acts, by ESTELLE BURNEY and ARTHUR BENHAM.
First produced at Terry's Theatre, Thursday afternoon, June 2nd, 1892.

Duke of Allonby ..	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Lady Cynthia Graeme	Miss ANNIE HUGHES.
Harrington Harrington Price	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Mrs. Harrington Price (Margot)	Miss ESTELLE BURNEY.
Dick Rawdon	Mr. H. V. ESMOND.	Mrs. Algernon Soames	Mrs. HERBERT WARING.
The Hon. Algernon Soames	Mr. HERBERT ROSS.	Miss Lucy Price.. ..	Miss H. COWEN.
Colonel Sumner	Mr. A. COURTENAY.	Ann	Miss LILIAN LEE.

The joint authors of "The County" are wonderful upholders of woman's rights, and instead of doing that which they maintain the world does, utterly crushing the woman who has erred, they reward adultery with a ducal coronet. They, however, produced a play which kept the audience interested, notwithstanding that at times much of the dialogue might with advantage have been entirely cut out. As a set-off against this, they had drawn the characters of the *parvenu* husband, Harrington Price, and his cultured and artistically-natured wife, in a masterly manner, and a better picture of the selfish, clever woman of the world than Mrs. Algernon Soames has not been seen in any comedy. There was also much daring in the proceedings of their puppets. Briefly told, the story of the play is as follows:—Harrington Price is a man who bullies the weak and cringes to the great. He is very wealthy, and his great aim is to be accepted by society. He encourages the visits of the Duke of Allonby, and even makes excuses for him when the Duke has outraged Mrs. Price's refined and sensitive nature by an avowal of admiration. Dick Rawdon, a young artist who is living in the house, painting Mrs. Price's portrait, appears to be a man

of culture, and has attracted her by his talk of art and poetry; and when he seizes the moment of her unhappiness to declare his passion for her, she responds to it, and begs him to take her away. The lover, however, has as little real nobility of character as the husband, and soon tires of his fancy for the woman he has enticed away and she too proud to remain with a man whose passing affection for her has waned, leaves him and goes on to the stage. She is succeeding there, and Harrington Price, who in the meantime has obtained his divorce and is married to Lady Cynthia Græme, is in dread that she will make some conspicuous hit, and the old scandal connected with his name may then be raked up. He therefore gets Mrs. Algernon Soames to visit his divorced wife and offer her any pecuniary terms if she will cease to follow her profession, and here comes the daring of the authors. Whilst this interview is taking place, the Duke of Allonby is announced, and he takes the earliest opportunity of renewing his proposals. Mrs. Price at first imagines that they are dishonourable, but he soon undeceives her. He wishes to make her his Duchess, and he does so, and in the last act he takes her back to "the county," where those who but a few weeks before would have passed her by with contempt, now are at her feet, and she takes the opportunity of reading her former husband a lesson in which she shows the contempt she felt for him and his conduct, and this being also enforced by some cutting words from His Grace of Allonby, Mr. Harrington Price sneaks off like a whipped cur. Miss Estelle Burney was at her best in her pathetic moments, in which hitherto she had been weakest. Perhaps the fact of her being authoress, as well as the actress of the principal part, on this occasion, may have caused her to lose her self-possession in the declamatory episodes, which she in fact made too forcible, but taken altogether her acting confirmed the favourable judgment which had already been expressed. Mr. Herbert Waring, by judicious discretion, made the Duke of Allonby a possible character. Mr. W. L. Abingdon, who had a most despicable character to represent, was at first too much a copy of a well-known actor, but later in the piece he adopted a method of his own, and was very successful. Mr. H. V. Esmond feigned a passion for Mrs. Harrington Price with an earnestness that would have beguiled any woman, and afterwards cleverly showed the selfish egotism of the man. Miss Annie Hughes was for the nonce a cynical young lady, who considers £50,000 a year a fair exchange for her title, and evidently means to profit to the full by the enjoyment of the revenue. Mrs. Herbert Waring may at once be classed as one of the best representatives of the *fin de siècle* society lady, and her performance might be termed brilliant. Miss Henrietta Cowen appeared as one of those gentle, tender-hearted, good women that she can so well represent; and a good word must be said for Miss Lilian Lee. "The County" was very favourably received, and as it is the first work of these two young authors, they may be encouraged to persevere. On the same afternoon, "Miss Impudence," by E. A. Morton, was played, and could scarcely be looked upon as a very great effort of genius. Miss Annie Hughes represented a young lady artist who is mistaken for her own servant by a picture dealer, who when he discovers his mistake, becomes a liberal purchaser of her pictures, and also tries, not unsuccessfully, to win her heart.

"HERO AND LEANDER."

Poetic play, by Kyrle Bellew.
First produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Thursday evening, June 2nd, 1892.

Hero	Mrs. Brown Potter.	Naukleros	Mr. Yorke Stephens.
Ianthe	Miss Edith Chester.	Aneros	Mr. Lewis Waller.
Zoe	Miss Nellie Murray.	Zosta	Mr. E. Giradot.
Meta	Miss Daubeney.	Diros	Mr. G. Bellamy.
Zela	Miss Friend.	Knater	Mr. Fred Epitaux.
Leander	Mr. Kyrle Bellew.	Charaz	Mr. Walford.

As far back as 1663 Sir Robert Stapylton published a tragedy on the subject of, and entitled, "Hero and Leander." Though there appears to be considerable doubt as to whether it was ever acted, the prologue and epilogue imply that it was performed, but it can have made no very great mark. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who admits his indebtedness to Grillparzer's "Des Meers und der Lieben Wellen" in his adaptation of this beautiful legend, has scarcely used it to the best advantage, so far as the principals are concerned, nor is his verse of the very highest class. In order to give weight to the characters

of Hero and Leander, he has given them several long speeches which become wearisome, and the second act decidedly wanted relief of some sort. The play, however, was rendered interesting and attractive by the delicate music which Mr. William Robins has composed, and specially should be mentioned a charming hymn to Phœbus, accompanied and followed by an exquisitely graceful ballet, the melody to which it is danced being of very high order. There is little to tell of the story itself. Hero becomes a priestess of Aphrodite, and almost immediately prior to her taking the final vow, she sees Leander and loves him. By a stratagem she is induced to accept him as a husband before the statue of Hymen, but Zosta, the janitor of Aphrodite's temple, discovers Leander's visits to her. He informs Aneros, the High Priest, of this, who extinguishes the beacon that is to guide Leander in his swim across the Hellespont. A storm arises, and the lover is thrown up dying on the sea shore, and Hero, who is to be punished with death for breaking her vows, prefers to end her life in another form, and so casts herself from a high rock into the sea, and joins Leander. Mrs. Brown Potter has improved during her absence from England, but her acting is not quite up to the London standard ; there are tricks of pronunciation which jar upon the ear, and in the more powerful passages the actress raises her voice too much. In appearance, however, Mrs. Brown Potter is an ideal Hero, and in the gentler passages was winning. Mr. Kyrle Bellew was a heroic Leander, and expressed his passion well. Mr. Lewis Waller acted with due solemnity and dignity the part of the High Priest, and there was some originality in Mr. Giradot's Zosta. The play was well worth seeing, if only from the delicate and beautiful manner in which it was mounted. As a first piece was given "A Play in Little," written by Mr. Ian Robertson, who appeared as Monsieur Gerrard, a fencing master, who has adopted Marianne, a young girl who has learnt his art from him, and turns her knowledge to account by giving lessons to ladies. A young English nobleman, the Marquis of Ripton, is fascinated by her, and comes to the school and there makes dishonourable proposals to her. Marianne will not tell this to her reputed father, but defends her honour herself. She challenges the Marquis to a duel then and there, they fight, and she wounds him severely. The loss of blood it may be supposed brings about a change in his intentions, for he offers her marriage. In the *dénoûment* Marianne is proved to be a relative of his. The little play was received with favour, thanks to the excellent acting of Miss Adrienne Dairolles, ably seconded by Mr. Philip Cuningham as the Marquis of Ripton.

"MARRIAGE."

A new three-act play, by BRANDON THOMAS and HENRY KEELING.
First produced at the Court Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, June 7th, 1892.

Sir Charles Jenks ..	Mr. ELLIOT.	Lady Belton	Miss E. TERRISS.
Sir John Belton, Bart.	Mr. BRANDON THOMAS.	The Hon. Mrs. Dudley Chumbleigh	Miss G. KINGSTON.
The Hon. Dudley Chumbleigh	Mr. C. P. LITTLE.	Quayle	Mr. F. VAUGHAN.

Some idea of this, in many respects, very cleverly written play may be gathered from the description which the authors append to each of their characters in the programme. Sir Charles Jenks, a solicitor, "a wise person," is a shrewd man of the world that thoroughly understands his fellow beings, he sees through their motives at once. Seated in his office, comes to him Sir John Belton, "an impulsive person," who seeks his advice as to forcing Lady Belton, "a wilful person," to live with him, or else being freed from the matrimonial tie. Immediately after the ceremony, Lady Belton has left her husband from pique, and the jealousy she feels on hearing of certain attentions that Sir John Belton has paid to another lady. Presently enters Lady Belton, who has come to consult the solicitor as to her obtaining a divorce. He points out to her that there are no grounds on which she can gain her suit, but as she persists he says that the affair may be managed, and so both parties will gain their desire. He despatches the husband on a voyage to Australia and back, for though the lady who has caused the jealousy is now the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Chumbleigh, "a self-possessed person," Lady Belton cannot overcome her dislike or impressions. Mrs. Chumbleigh has brought with her her husband, "an equanimous person," who has come to settle all his property on her previous to his departure on a shooting expedition in South Africa. A

year is supposed to elapse. Through the aid of an unscrupulous inquiry agent Lady Belton has obtained her divorce. Mrs. Dudley Chumbleigh is supposed to be a widow, her husband having been eaten by a crocodile. She and Sir John Belton are thrown together again, and he proposes to her and is accepted, but just at this time he meets Lady Belton. She acknowledges that she has been in the wrong, and so he makes the *amende* and proposes in writing to remarry her. Then she discovers that he has asked Mrs. Chumbleigh to be his wife, and so Lady Belton determines to stop this, and sue him for breach of promise of marriage. The Hon. Dudley Chumbleigh has not been eaten after all—it was his brother who was killed—and when the Hon. Dudley returns to England, he takes up the title of Lord Powescourt. From change in his appearance, having grown his beard, etc., he is not recognised even by his wife, and appears to think even more highly of her for having been able to twist another man round her little finger. In the event, the clever lawyer points out that the *decree nisi* not having been confirmed, awkward questions may arise as to the means by which it was obtained, so Sir John and Lady Belton determine that they will try and live happy ever after, and the self-possessed lady is well satisfied to find herself a peeress. There is an amount of topsy-turveydom in this play that is highly amusing, but the authors should have kept to that vein, instead of introducing melodramatic scenes between Sir John and Lady Belton. The latter character has some extremely long speeches. Miss Ellaline Terriss was very charming, and displayed unexpected power in the delivery of what might almost be called tirades: it was not her that fault they were unsuccessful and tiring. Mr. Elliott played his part to admiration, and certainly won the success of the afternoon, or at least shared it with Miss Gertrude Kingston, who represented to perfection the charming woman who can fascinate everyone, without possessing one particle of heart or feeling. Mr. C. P. Little added greatly to the humours of the performance by his quiet imperturbability, and Mr. F. Vaughan was irreproachable as the taciturn clerk, Quayle. Mr. Brandon Thomas was so painfully nervous that it would be unfair to say more than that he was unable to do justice to the character of Sir John Belton.

"STRATHLOGAN."

Original modern Irish drama, in five acts, by CHARLES OVERTON and HUGH MOSS, First produced at the Princess's Theatre, Thursday evening, June 9th, 1892.

John, Seventh Earl of Strathlogan and Castle Kyrle .. .. .. Kenneth Kyrle	Mr. HERBERT WARING.
The Hon. Fred Thistleton	Mr. J. R. CRAUFORD.
Col. Desmond	Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP.
Cornelius Roach, Esq., J.P.	Mr. T. P. HAYNES.
Dr. Grieg, M.D., J.P...	Mr. LEWIS WARNER.
Maurice O'Mara.. ..	Mr. H. REEVES SMITH.
Derrick O'Keefe.. ..	Mr. H. FLEMMING.
Phil O'Hagan	Mr. H. BEDFORD.
Larry McQuirk	Mr. W. E. SHINE.
Inspector Robins ..	Mr. CHARLES STEUART.
Sergeant Horrocks ..	Mr. TOM MOWBRAY.
Moolyeen	Mr. DAN FITZGERALD.
Constable	Mr. GEORGE AUBREY.
Dan Brady	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.
Barney Oge	Mr. ALFRED PHILLIPS.
Simmons	Mr. CLIFFORD.
Claire O'Mara	Miss OLGA BRANDON.
Norah McShane.. ..	Miss DOROTHY DORR.
Vere Desmond	Miss ADA FERRAR.
Kitty	Miss LOUISE LITTA.
Sister Margaret	Miss E. BESSLE.
Hospital Nurse	Miss ETHEL DAYMOND.
Servant	Miss IDA SALA.

Mr. Herberte Basing, in the selection of his cast and the lavish manner in which he mounted his fresh production at the Princess's, did all that lay in his power to make the piece a success. "Strathlogan" was received with considerable favour on the opening night, and would have been even more appreciated had three-quarters of an hour of the dialogue been cut out, and had there been substituted for some of the long-winded speeches (the sentiments of which could have been expressed in a few words) a little more comedy and relief. The hero, Maurice O'Mara, is connected with the Fenian brotherhood. He wishes for Ireland's freedom, but does not countenance outrage and violence. Without knowing what it entails upon him, he draws the ace of spades, which commits him to the murder of the Earl of Strathlogan. On discovering the duty imposed upon him, he determines to fly the country, and the Earl being an old college friend of his, lends him his yacht, without enquiring for what purpose he requires it. O'Mara is engaged to Norah McShane, whom the Earl also wishes to make his wife, and to whom he makes a valuable present. O'Mara misconstrues this gift, and goes to demand an explanation of

the Earl, and the visit brings on him all his trouble. Derrick O'Keefe, the Earl's agent, has been detected in grinding down the tenants, raising the rents, and bringing hatred on his employer. His consequent dismissal from his post, and the return of O'Mara, which puts an end to his hopes of winning Norah—for whom he also entertains a mad passion—render him desperate. He therefore plots with Phil O'Hagan, a bad character, and the two fall upon the Earl unawares, and stab him to death. O'Mara has been the last person seen to leave the house, and is in consequence accused of the murder and has to fly the country; although, in fact, upon the Earl's explanations the two have parted good friends. To fully detail the plot would occupy too much space, but an idea of its workings may be gathered from its being stated that the Earl of Strathlogan is succeeded by his brother, Kenneth Kyrle, who, under the disguise of a poor artist, wins the love of Claire O'Mara, and marries her. He then reveals his identity, but she is afraid to tell him of her relationship to Maurice, as her husband has vowed to be revenged on his brother's murderer. O'Mara, returning to Ireland, has interviews with his sister, and, through the spite of Vere Desmond, these interviews are brought to the notice of Kenneth Kyrle, who imagines that his wife meets a lover. Phil O'Hagan, out of revenge for Derrick O'Keefe's treatment of him, determines to betray the latter. O'Keefe learns this and makes an attempt to murder him, which is witnessed by Norah M'Shane, who has gone to meet her lover. O'Keefe, that she may not appear as a witness against him, throws her into a rushing stream, from which she is rescued by the timely arrival of O'Mara, whose innocence is eventually proved through the clever working up of his case by the Hon. Fred Thistleton, a briefless barrister, aided by Moolyeen, a wily member of the Irish Constabulary, and the dying confession of Phil O'Hagan. The cast is too long to individualise; its weakness lay in two of the ladies. Miss Olga Brandon, though very tender, was rather lachrymose; and Miss Dorothy Dorr lacked power for such a melodramatic character as that of Norah M'Shane. Miss Ada Ferrar was, however, excellent as the vindictive and envious Vere Desmond; and Miss Elizabeth Bessle filled the small part of Sister Margaret admirably. Mr. Herbert Waring, as will be seen by the programme, doubled two characters, and was equally effective in both. Mr. Reeves Smith was a gallant, brave lover; Mr. J. R. Crauford was light and breezy in his part; and it is to be regretted that Mr. Wilfred E. Shine had not more to do, for he thoroughly enlivened the performance. Mr. Dan Fitzgerald displayed much subtlety as the detective. But the honours of the evening fell to Mr. Henry Bedford for his splendid performance of Phil O'Hagan—his dying moments were realistic and moving to a degree. The different scenes were exquisitely painted, and several of them elicited the very warmest applause.

Our Amateurs' Play-Box.

"A TRIPLE BILL" AT THE COURT THEATRE, EAST HARPTREE.

With amateurs there are two kinds of performances; those that bore the actors and those that bore the audience. There is a third kind, which leaves everybody satisfied, but that is a *rara avis*, read about but not often seen. Therefore, for my purpose I will hold to the two, of which it was a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other at Mr. Kettlewell's lovely little theatre, away in the West. To "Uncle's Will" no one takes exception. It is a classic. One would as soon think of depreciating Spenser's "Faëry Queen," or Walton's "Compleat Angler," as this hallowed record of the waywardness of Florence and the calculated cheek of Charles. And, acted as it was by Miss Agnes Hill with a pretty mixture of timid impudence and kindling disdain, and by Mr. Hector Corbyn in true comedy temper, with a quaint old Barker too in Mr. Alfred Olphert, no tinge of contempt could be harboured, despite one's familiarity with every word and action in it. But the adventures of Scroggins in "A Cup of Tea!"—they are not to be excused, classic or no. I refuse, plump and pat, to believe that actors like Mr. Olphert, Mr. Clifford Leigh, Mr. Harry Kettlewell, and Miss Hill, could feel anything but martyred in such a piece, so thin and pitiful, so antique, and so very very foolish. They knew that it would please many of their unsophisticated patrons, I imagine, and butchered themselves to make a rustic holiday. But should such a reason weigh with true artists? Perish the thought. Such a course would lead to Jerome-ising the Scriptures, and commissioning Mark Twain to revise Shakespeare for the circus. Give only of your best, and if the people will not swallow that, let them go hungry till their minds are changed. However, the good was in a majority, even on this occasion; for Lady Arthur Hill's operetta "A Lost Husband," more than restored the balance. It was bright, clever, and natural; had a thread of plot strong enough to sustain interest; and disclosed a nice talent for neat and easy character drawing. And, sweetly sung and acted by Miss Hill, assisted by the actors named above, it was received with generous applause, every whit of which it deserved.

"THE SILVER SHIELD" BY THE WEST LONDON A.D.C.

One of the first truths a playwright should master, and as a matter of fact one of the last he ever does admit, is that woman on the stage is worth ever so much more than man. This Mr. Grundy discovered years and years ago, and this Mr. Jerome has from the first shown that he fully understood. But they are all. Shrewd writers by the dozen daily exhibit an utter incapacity to take this in, although a month's playgoing in the odd corners of London would prove the truth of it, up to the hilt. Take the "Silver Shield," for instance. It is made by Alma Blake. The play is Alma, and Alma is the play. You smile at other people, now and then. Lucy the Truant may, if she be simply and pathetically looked and spoken, cheat you of a tear. But the fount of interest is Alma, not because she is an actress, but because she is a woman. Pouting, pleading, wheedling, stamping, ramping, scolding, coaxing, bitter, gentle, loving, scorning, and all the while delightful, capricious, and lovable, she is woman, woman, woman, from brown-gold hair to Louis Quinze shoes; and having her we want nothing else, neither plot, nor characters, nor dialogue, nor situation. If an actress really plays Alma, and shows her as the twenty women, yet only one woman, that she is, she plays the whole comedy too. And consequently much virtue, not only in the if, but also in the choice of actress. The West London could hardly have done better than with Miss St. Lawrence. One or two phases, a few of Alma's many moods were not completely realised, but the portrait was life-like as far as it went, and the rows with Dick, the gentle subju-

gation of Sir Humphrey, the unblushing cajolery of the doctor, and the meeting with Tom, were managed with tact and effect. Mr. Cahill I liked greatly as Sir Humphrey. He was dignity itself. Tom Potter and Ned are two pretty men whom it is hard to get naturally toned. Mr. Smart and Mr. Hickman however did more than fairly well. Mr. Teversham, good actor that he is, made the D.D. very droll, without overplaying him (Miss Hounsell making much of Mrs. Dozey), and Mr. Rex Watney represented a rare specimen of the theatrical manager. Miss Eleanor Vivian pointed Lucy's pathetic lines with sweetness and feeling; and Miss Conyers and Miss Montague rendered useful aid. Mr. Jones's "Bed of Roses" preceded the comedy, and showed Mr. Talbot Smart, Mr. Scott, Miss Gibbs, and especially Miss Louie Herbert, to much advantage.

"THE LANCERS" AT FALMOUTH.

A military play with a military cast would be something to see, even if the gallant volunteers could not act; for at least we should get the uniforms right, the caps cocked at the proper angle, and no groggy knees, hollow chests, or rounded backs. To which irregularities attention is invariably directed at the average performance of "Ours," or "Toodle's Trotticum," or other dramas dealing with stern war. But the Falmouth warriors could act, decently at any rate, so there was much to be amused by, "The Lancers" being a capital piece, and much to learn from—the bearing of the soldiers being starchy correctness itself. Mrs. Freeman, as Madame Pomponne, the lively landlady, and Mr. Genn as Blanquet, were the most successful, the broad comedy suiting them well. But there were fire and tenderness in the love scenes of Mrs. Krieger and Mr. Cecil Broad; and Captain Freeman and Miss Rait acted with firmness and expression. Mr. Lawder Eaton was light and vivacious as Eugene, Miss C. Genn made a pretty Jeannette, and Mr. Bullmore as Moustache was to be counted among the merriest. The play was acted twice to overflowing audiences, and quite woke sleepy Falmouth up.

"THE TWO ROSES" AT THE ROYALTY.

Should the cabdrivers be regarded as objects of pity? Should they be acted for by charitable mummers? Being by nature retiring, and averse to sustaining, in public, the fire of abusive epithets which the tendering of a legal fare provokes, I always overpay my cabmen ruinously, and feel disinclined to patronise a show on their behalf. But if the end excites unfavourable comment, not so the means; for the entertainment was really capital. There is but one way to play "Digby the Deep," and that is Mr. Irving's way. It is not for all feet, being a way beset with pitfalls, but Mr. Seymour Hughes trod it with great caution; and if he slipped and stumbled now and then he never came utterly to grief, and reached the goal in safety. As Jack the Preaching Prig, Mr. Mackay was strong and earnest; Caleb, "the poor blind," was simply played by the Hon. Douglas Carnegie, an actor who knows the value of shedding every particle of affectation; and breezy Mr. Lionel Bethell was quite at home as Mr. Jenkins. Laughing Lottie and staid Ida, warm-coloured girlish figures both, were well within the scope of Miss Enid Ward and Miss Mabel Wilkinson; the ejaculatory lawyer Mr. F. St. John represented funnily; and Miss Ward made good capital out of Mrs. Jenkins and Mrs. Cups. A capable revival in all respects, and worthy of the three nights run that it enjoyed.

"TICKET OF LEAVE MAN" AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

An outlet for the "noble savage" in us is badly wanted, and melodrama hot and strong provides a pleasant and efficient safety valve. Its violent delights we know are not for the highly intellectual, for the highly intellectual have told us so. But we are not all, thank Heaven, in that hopeless state; and it is a genuine consolation to me to reflect that my blood can still leap at the prospect of a right down ruthless stage encounter. Therefore the revival of Tom Taylor's grand old crib from France aroused some expectations. Let me see, there is Bob's fight with the "tecs," and Tiger's furious onslaught and escape, and their spar in the third act, and the scrimmage between Sam and Melter Moss, and the grand fisticuff display between Tiger and Hawkshaw at

the end—a splendid programme. But, alas, it did not come off as expected. For all this a lot of muscle is wanted, and as ill-luck would have it, muscle was not forthcoming. Weight and volume were lacking all round, from the painstaking Bob of Mr. Gilligan to the halting Hawkshaw of Mr. Chapman. The Tiger of Mr. Rawles was appropriately fierce upon occasion; Mr. Hersee's Melter was artistically villainous and creepy; and May Edwards, weepy, starving, despairing May, was safe reposing upon the soft melting tones of Mrs. Ernest Renton; but generally there was much to seek, Mr. Colley Salter and Mrs. Scarvell, as Green Jones and the Widow with the wagging tongue, alone being irreproachable.

"THE PLEBEIAN" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, DUBLIN.

A play interpreted by amateurs should find its way into this "Box," I presume, although the intentions of its authoress are strictly professional. At any rate I put it in, and call special attention to it as a most promising piece of work. Adapted from one of Miss Mary Costello's tales, it bears the impress of a decided talent for dramatic work, and, reminding one though it does of Georges Ohnet's "Maître de Forges," boasts a certain strain of originality in treatment. In the rigid exactness with which people are represented, in the attention given to detail, and the severity with which irrelevance is pruned, it is obvious that Miss Costello has studied the realistic school with good effect. But some words too must be found for the acting. Miss Mary O'Hea revealed great force in a character the counterpart of Claire de Beaupré and Lady Clare, and Miss Tyrrell, a child actress, in a curiously devised character, gave promise of realising with extraordinary vividness Hawthorne's weird creation in the "Scarlet Letter." Miss Margarita Wilson did some very winning work as a comedy foil to the tortured heroine, and one of the strong sturdy heroes whom Mr. Charles Kelly used to play so perfectly was quietly and firmly drawn by Captain Hume. Less notable, but still admirable in their way, were the performances of Mr. Frank Williams, Miss Babington, an actress possessed of that priceless quality distinction, Mr. Stafford Echlin, and Mr. Crawford; and the completeness of its rendering would have won for the play a measure of success, even had its story been less absorbing, its dialogue less pungent, and its characters less truthful in design.

"THE PANTOMIME REHEARSAL" AT THE ROYALTY.

Poor human nature being what it is, a big rush to the Royalty was inevitable, when the chance of thus benefiting the National Lifeboat Institution was presented—and a live Countess's ankles were thrown in. Why Lady Russell in accordion skirts should be better worth watching than Miss Katie Seymour or Miss Letty Lind it would puzzle even Mr. Gladstone to explain, but the fact remains that she is, and that to see her ladyship elevate a small—but rather broad—foot (not in the light and airy fashion of the Gaiety embodiments of youth and grace, but crudely, lumpishly, and with more than a suspicion of effort) crowds besieged the Dean Street theatre for two nights. But if Lady Russell, and her sister Mrs. Dick Russell, were neither Nymphs nor Bacchantes, the gentlemen who danced with them, Messrs F. & C. Lambert, were lissom and lithe, and the Countess showed more than a spark of humour and talent in "The Pantomime Rehearsal." That this piece proved amusing was due however to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Leverson, really inventive players, whose heavy dragoon and flighty lady amateur were instinct with fun and brimful of cleverness. Mr. F. Lambert too was excellent in this. And Miss Lulu Kauffmann danced with a lightness and *abandon* that made amends for many little failings in this department at other's hands, or rather feet.

"DIPLOMACY" BY THE CRYSTAL PALACE A.D.C.

For this adroitest of modern comedies a star cast is wanted. Charles Coghlan at his best, Bancroft, John Hare, Fred Kerr, and George Alexander for the men: Miss Kate Rorke, Miss Rose Leclercq, and Miss Marion Terry, say, for the women. That is what you want (but do not get). And this being thus, where does the humble amateur come in? Well, as an item of informa-

tion, he comes in some distance in the rear. Not to beat about the bush, indeed, and delay the truth, only two or three societies are justified in attemping this neatest of drawing room dramas. The Strolling Players attempted it, and came through with flying colours. The Windsor Strollers followed, and didn't. Now the Crystal Palace have made for it, and carried it by brilliant assault. But, please, no more! Their example is not to be followed by the million and one amateurs who submit on principle to no discipline. Even the C. P.s could not have done it had they not passed the word round "United we stand &c.," and pressed into the company every tried man they possessed. As it was, the surface was not smooth; the composition was faulty. One or two pegs, blandly bevelled, were set to fill angular spaces, and *vice-versa*; the Orloff should have been the Stein, the Russian should have figured as the English diplomatist, and the Elder Beauclerc should have filled Orloff's emotional shoes. However, not with possibilities but actualities I am concerned, and let the sluice gates of praise be lifted. First, praise for the Julian and Dora, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frankish, who played with a grip on the scene and a hold of the sympathies that few amateurs could equal, none surpass. Then for the Stein of Mr. Boulton, a beautifully graduated piece of acting, faultless but for a tendency to leave his gestures incomplete. Next, for the easy assurance and suavity of Mr. Aste as Henry Beauclerc, and the vigour and sincerity of Mr. John Bathurst's strained and severe Count Orloff. A word too for Mr. Thornton's Markham, another for Mr. Beaumont's frivolous young attaché, and several for Mr. Grout's orotund and portly Antoine. Lastly, Miss Haydee Becker deserves a whole paragraph, with Miss Annie Condy, for the liveliness and humour of the Lady Henry and the Marquise, and if Miss Kathleen Bristowe a little over deepened the shadow in Zicka, she erred on the right side, seeing that neutral tints are still unpopular in suburban parts. For the representation as a whole, indeed, there was nothing but praise to be given, and the four nights' run established the drama's reputation as the best play the club had ever staged.

"THE HEIR AT LAW" AT THE ROYALTY.

Anything will do for the cause of the Waifs and Strays, provided that good social names be in the bill, and Colman's old comedy is certainly as good as any other. But that does not mean that it will of necessity be amusing. To attain to that, it requires a Dr. Pangloss, and where is one to find him? In Mr Arthur Roberts or Mr. Edward Terry perhaps, but then they are not available for amateur efforts on behalf of Homeless Waifs. Mr. Skilbeck, the actor who, in critical language, "essayed the part" (or should it be *rôle*) got much of his comicality home; but it was not the Panglossian humour. Nor was Mr. G. T. Skilbeck vastly more successful as Duberly, bold and well-coloured though the sketch of the little vulgarian was. Mr. Mackay was capable and graceful, and threw in a spice of the rake-helly gallant as Dick; the Hon. Douglas Carnegie made a handsome Henry Morland; Steadfast and Kenrick were brought to the front by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Lionel Bethell; and Zekiel of the dialect Mr. Frank Weber played soundly, if rather stolidly. Deborah gives the stage "old woman" a capital chance, and Miss Cowper Coles assumed her bridling airs and ludicrous graces with great good humour. Caroline was prettily looked—there is next to nothing to play—by Miss Beatrice Ward. And the tearful sorrows of sweet Cicely were turned to charming account by Miss Violet Goetze, who in her wimple and homespun made a placid picture of innocent grief, all tender tints and nothing "Thank goodness"—as the anti-Ibsenite has said—"stern and horrid."

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GROUP FROM "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

Mr. Geo. Alexander, Mr. H. H. Vincent, Mr. Nutcombe Gould, Mr. A. Vane-Tempest, and Mr. Ben Webster.

"What's the difference between scandal and gossip?"

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN, Act III.

Eglington & Co., Publishers, London.

Art Notes.

THE HERKOMER EXHIBITION.

The accomplished and versatile Professor Herkomer, who only a little while ago was lecturing scene painters and stage managers concerning the errors of their ways, has been showing, at the room of the Fine Art Society, a collection of pictures and studies executed entirely by the pupils working under him at the famous Bushey schools. To strengthen the show the Professor supplemented his pupils' pictures by a number of his own paintings and studies, thus making the exhibition collectively both interesting and instructive. The portrait of Mr. Ruskin, one of Professor Herkomer's most successful achievements in watercolour, commanded attention at once by the dignity and power with which it was treated. The gigantic portrait of the Poet Laureate which hung at the end of the gallery, in the place of honour, was not by any means so satisfactory. The excellent little study of a man's head (14); "He and She" (3), a pair of rustic lovers, sitting on a stile; and the quaint little picture of a pork-butcher's shop with a row of pink pigsheads and slab, all showed the artist at his best so far as watercolours were concerned. The Professor's works in the stronger medium were not so successful; evidences of haste and want of completeness were to be observed in nearly all of them. The amount of strong work and the variety of method to be seen in the student's exhibition came as a surprise to many people. Of course some of Mr. Herkomer's pupils are already well known to the public, either by their black and white work, or by their pictures at the Academy and other galleries. The names of Mr. Wehrschmidt, of Mr. Trevor Haddon, of Mr. C. L. Burns, and of Mr. Lockhart Bogle, are familiar enough to the visitors to picture galleries. "The Story of the Head of Orpheus" (125), Mr. Wehrschmidt's chief exhibit, though it does not sufficiently explain its meaning, is in parts very finely painted, particularly the sea and sky; some other clever studies by the same painter were also shown, of which perhaps a rough but truthful sketch of a sunrise, "Towards the East" (163), was the best. "Phyllis and Corydon" (99), a large picture by Mr. C. L. Burns, was rather over ambitious, and exceedingly weak in composition; but there was some capital work in it and some refined and delicate colour; altogether the picture, in spite of its incompleteness, argues well for the painter's future. "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest" (161), a lamplight study of a Salvation army meeting, by Mr. Borough Johnson, was very dramatic and impressive; the "Primitive Methodists," of Mr. W. H. Titcomb (120), was another not quite so successful picture with the same motive. Other students whose work should be noticed are Miss Amy Sawter, "Evoe! Io Bacche" (72); Mr. Arnesby Brown, whose grey landscape deserves special praise. Mrs. Wehrschmidt, "Birdsay Links, Orkney" (130); and Mr. Trevor Haddon, whose capital portrait of Professor Herkomer was one of the most noticeable works in the central room.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

The present exhibition of this Society cannot with any truth be described as a success. To those who remember the Dudley Gallery in its halcyon days of fifteen years ago, it seems lamentably weak. The strongest contributor to the present show is Mr. Claude Hayes, who sends one of those pictures of winter landscape which he paints with so much success. The snow-covered road and desolate country under a lowering grey sky, and the ragged Bohemians, with their picturesque vans, are all painted in a masterly manner in Mr. Hayes' "Gipsy Life" (272). Mr. Rupert Steven's landscape, "March" (281), which hangs close by, has some good points about it. Appended to the title of another of Mr. Stevens' pictures, "A view of Maldon, in Essex" (73), is a curious foot-note, which tells us, whether correctly or not, we do not know, that there is an

old law, still unrepealed, which provided that on account of the extreme plainness of the maidens of the town, any man who was bold enough to marry one of them had conferred upon him the freedom of the city, which carried with it certain valuable privileges, such as the right to free beer, mead, &c. Mr. L. Block, whose patient, faithful studies of still life will be remembered by visitors to previous exhibitions at the Dudley, is represented by several pictures, while another really excellent work of the same kind is "The Old Clock" (139), by Mr. H. G. Sketchley. A good spring landscape is the "March Morning," a study of some picturesque farm buildings, by Mr. C. J. Adams. while other good landscapes are contributed by Signor Giampetri, "House of Romulus, on the Palatine, Rome" (217), and by Mr. T. Marjoribanks Hay. The figure studies are almost without exception weak, and do not call for particular notice.

MADAME RONNER'S "CATS AND KITTENS."

The talented Belgian artist, Madame Henrietta Ronner, perhaps with the single exception of Mr. Lambert, the ablest painter of cats now living, has been showing at the Goupil Galleries a collection of thirty-one of her pictures of the feline race, including the "Amateurs of Jewels" from last year's Academy. The work at Messrs. Goupil's displayed remarkable knowledge of the anatomy and the outward form of one of the most graceful and at the same time treacherous of animals. They also showed power and freedom of execution, remarkable indeed when we consider that the artist is a woman over seventy years of age. The kittens, of course, made the most charming of the pictures, painted as they were in every possible position, asleep, rolling over one another in play, or up to some of the mischievous yet delightful little tricks peculiar to them alone. Madame Ronner's knowledge of cats is so complete that in the very fluffiest of her kittens one never loses sight of the fact that there are bones and muscles—and possibly claws—underneath that almost shapeless ball of the fur. Where all the pictures are so good it is difficult to particularise, but among the best of the canvases may be mentioned the "Coqueterie" (19); "A Quarrel" (21); "The study of white Persians" (26); and "Banjo and his Brother" (3).

THE DOWDESWELL GALLERIES.

A remarkable collection of pastel drawings by one of the greatest pen and ink artists who ever lived, the late Charles Keene, is now being shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's. The same subtle, genial humour that brightened for so many years the pages of *Punch*, reveals itself in these studies, combined with an accuracy of drawing which by itself would make them remarkable. Who but Charles Keene could have designed and drawn the delightful burlesque of the "Scene from 'The Tempest'" (17) with wonderful pirates, of the penny plain and twopence coloured order, on board a channel steamer in a gale? Perhaps, even better than this is the picture of the Common Councillors first trying on their gowns (29), in which, apart from the humour and the quality of the drawing, a fine feeling for colour is to be observed. Other capital drawings are the "Scene from 'Timon of Athens'" (16); "Sertorius (as a Spy), having assumed a Gaulish habit, mixes with the Barbarians" (31); and the "Scene from 'Coriolanus'" (33). On the same wall with the Keenes are hung some drawings of the same kind, made to a certain extent in conjunction with that artist, by Mr. John Tenniel, another great pillar of *Punch*. They are drawn in that very characteristic manner so familiar to readers of our great comic journal, and are full of good-natured fun and banter. Among the best of them are the "Scene from the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona'" (45); and the "Mediæval Gents" (56). In the adjoining gallery are some paintings and drawings of Venice, by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, an artist whose work is usually shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's. There are some pretty little pictures among them, and no doubt they possess, from their exceedingly careful drawing, considerable topographical interest. The colour, too, is very charming in some of them, but in point of painting they do not take very high rank. Mr. Menpes is evidently more at home with the etcher's needle than the brush. "The Wheelbarrow" (20); "A side street, Chioggia" (26); "Drying clothes" (45); "Girls stringing beads" (46); "Venice: evening" (12); and "La Salute from the Giudecca" (18), will all be found worthy of examination.

"THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR."

Mr. W. C. Wyllie's huge picture of the great sea fight, at the Fine Art Society, is a very fine one of its kind. The Spanish, French, and English three deckers and frigates are all (at the moment the artist has chosen for his picture) in the very throes of the fight. Nelson's flagship, the "Victory," backed to the French "Redoutable," occupies the centre of the canvas, while on either side stretch the long lines of the contending fleets. The pleasant colour of the picture, with its blue waves and summer-like sky, makes it very attractive, while as a truthful record of, perhaps, the greatest naval action the world has ever known, it will be sure to be very popular. Some water-colours by Mr. Henry B. Wimbush, illustrating the scenery of Devonshire, are also on view here.

M. COQUELIN'S PICTURES.

The collection of pictures painted by M. Coquelin should prove extremely interesting to his professional brethren in England. The pictures (which are to be sold) are now at Mr. Bernheim's gallery in Piccadilly, and include a number of excellent portraits of the great French actor in many of his favourite characters. M. Friant, a young painter of great talent, is responsible for a number of these portraits, including the exceedingly clever studies of M. Coquelin as Annibal in "L'Aventurière"; as Figaro in "Le Barbier de Seville"; and as Crispin in "Le Legataire Universel." One of the first of living painters, M. Dagnan Bouveret, is represented by a portrait of the famous comedian as La Bussiere in "Thermidor"; while other studies of M. Coquelin in different parts are shown, painted by such well known artists as MM. Détaille, Jacquet, Leloir, Madrazo, Jean Beraud, Boldini, Charlemont, and Madame Madeleine Lemaire. The general collection, apart from the character portraits, is exceedingly good and representative. M. Coquelin is evidently a fine judge of painting and a man whose views in art are of the broadest. Among the most interesting pictures may be mentioned a small study of a tiger by Barye (2), a landscape by Bastien-Lepage, some exceedingly beautiful Cazins, a small and particularly fine Constable, "The Wane" (32), an important Daubigny, a Troyon, single figure studies by Gérôme and Meissonier, a sketch by Sargent, and two drawings by J. F. Millet.

Musical Notes.

"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

Grand opera by ISIDORE DE LARA.
Produced at Covent Garden, June 11th, 1892.

Buddha .. .. M. LASSALLE.	Yasodhara .. .. .. Madame EAMES.
Atman .. .. M. PLANÇON.	

The libretto of this work is adapted by Mr. Beatty-Kingston from the well-known poem of Sir Edwin Arnold. The subject is one of the vastest that could engage poet or musician. Even Wagner despaired of doing justice to it without becoming wearisome. Mr. de Lara has not therefore shown any undue diffidence in his choice of a subject, which is the spiritual life history of the Buddhist Redeemer. In the Prologue the birth of Siddartha (the future Buddha) is announced ; in Act i. he comes into the world, sees a murder, and falls into musing on the wickedness of man ; in Act ii. his father endeavours to divert his thoughts by a succession of worldly pleasures, and he falls in love with Yasodhara ; in act iii. he is summoned by the spirit to renounce his wife ; in act iv. he is tempted in the wilderness and purified ; finally, in the epilogue, he becomes Buddha, and announces his message of peace on earth. This is a subject not for a drama, but for an oratorio on a more extended scale than any composer (except Rubinstein in his "Moses"), has ever yet ventured upon. Yet all things considered, Mr. de Lara has not failed so completely as those who knew him only in his drawing-room songs expected him to fail. The transition from "The Garden of Sleep" to the Temptation in the Wilderness is not one to be accomplished lightly, but Mr. de Lara has certainly shown that he is capable of higher work than the love-sick ditties by which his earlier reputation has been made. The work was originally designed as a cantata, and it was ill-advice which induced the composer to consent to its appearance in the form of an opera. Dramatic it is not, either in the situations or in their setting, but as a cantata or oratorio it possesses in parts decided merits which induce one to hope that perhaps Mr. de Lara has entered upon his "second manner" as a composer, and that a third manner may be still in the future. A too indulgent audience received the work with applause, which was doubtless intended as an expression of a similar expectation.

"*The Compleat Angler*." Cantata by E. D. Rendall. (Laudy & Co.)

The libretto is from the ever delightful work of Izaak Walton, which one would not have thought a favourable subject for musical treatment. But the composer has avoided—or rather, evaded—the difficulty of setting such a work to music, by giving the dialogue to the spoken voice, and confining himself, for the most part, to the lyrical pieces with which old Walton has interspersed the remarks of Piscator, Viator and the rest of his characters. Mr. Rendall has been peculiarly successful in combining vocal music of a distinctly old English type with orchestration of most modern tendencies, and his little work may be commended to choral societies who are in search of novelties. Produced at Dulwich College on May 17th, with Mr. Brandram as the narrator, and with an orchestra recruited from the Crystal Palace, the work was received with every sign of success.

"*Wagner as I Knew Him*," by Ferdinand Praeger. (Longmans.)

Wagner's autobiography is understood to be in course of revision for publication at some opportune moment. Until that moment arrives—and perhaps afterwards—this remarkable book will continue to furnish the nearest possible approach to a faithful picture of Wagner, as he lived. Wendell Holmes once said that there were six personages involved in every conversation ; with still more truth it may be said that there are many more authors than one to every

biography. It is not John Smith's life of Thomas Jones that we read, but it is John Smith's view of what the public ought to know about the impressions which Thomas Jones made upon John Smith. This is as near as we usually get to the real Jones. One or two biographers have been able to give us more than this; Boswell certainly, and Lockhart in his life of Scott, and perhaps we should add Mr. Trevelyan in his life of Macaulay. Now Mr. Praeger cannot certainly be ranked with any one of these three, but nevertheless he has some qualifications not possessed by the ordinary biographer. He sees the weaknesses of his subject without losing sight of his greatness. He was a devout worshipper of Wagner at a time when there were not ten men in England who had heard his music, and when nine of those ten regarded him as a charlatan. He continued to the end to regard him as the great musical genius of the century, although he was all the time keenly alive to the many and varied personal imperfections of his hero. And, as he had frequent opportunities of observing those imperfections in action, his record cannot be altogether pleasant reading for ardent disciples of the master. Personal cowardice, selfishness, extreme improvidence, are among the traits with which Wagner is endowed in these pages. These defects have been imputed to him before; but a worse charge than any of these is the one respecting his treatment of Roeckel, now made clear for the first time. Roeckel was Wagner's bosom friend and political ally at Dresden during the disturbances of 1849; and he was seized, imprisoned, and narrowly escaped instant execution, upon the evidence furnished by a letter in Wagner's writing. Wagner fled, and his escape was due to Roeckel's own timely hint. Yet during the fifteen years that Roeckel remained in prison, Wagner made not the slightest attempt to procure his release; and when at length Roeckel obtained his liberty, his "friend"—who had attained wealth and position, and whose word could have secured Roeckel a competence for his remaining years—declined to interrupt his artistic dreams, to consider so unimportant a subject. Praeger wrote to Wagner, asking him to do some-thing for Roeckel, and this was his reply:

"I cannot. Time may be when the good August shall feel that his old friend lives—now, all I can say is that the King loves me, with a love beyond description. I feel as sure of his love for me till the end. as I am conscious of his unbounded goodness to me now. It is a trial of the heaviest; the formation of his mind I feel it a duty to undertake. He is so strikingly handsome, that he might pose as the King of the Jews (and—this in confidence—I am seriously reflecting on the Christian tragedy; possibly something may come of it). But you must forgive me any more correspondence just now, as I am busy.—Yours, RICHARD WAGNER."

With these words the poet and musician disencumbers himself of every moral and social obligation, and devotes himself to training the mind, and draining the purse, of a poor lunatic monarch, and to meditating on the Christian tragedy as a subject for trombones and bass tubas. The publication of this one letter is sufficient without note or comment to constitute a heavier indictment against Wagner than anything that his most violent detractors have ventured to formulate against him. After this his other shortcomings appear trivial, and after all the great concern of the public with Richard Wagner is not his personal defects. It is more to the purpose to know something of the qualities by virtue of which he became the creator of Tristan and Parsifal, the revolutioniser of musical drama. One thing becomes quite clear in these pages, namely, that Wagner possessed great physical and mental energy, and that unbounded capacity for taking pains, which, if it is not in itself genius, is the only soil in which genius can bear fruit. He laboured in his early youth at the scores of Weber and Beethoven, knew all the important ones by heart, and had produced a pianoforte arrangement of the ninth Symphony before he was eighteen years old. He never conducted a work until he had fully mastered every bar, and could conduct it without once referring to the score. While he was conductor at Dresden, he laboured incessantly over the most minute details to ensure a perfect rendering. He would go through all the band parts himself, marking the *nuances* and *tempi*. He would have special rehearsals for different instruments, "singing and screaming the parts over to them." The most backward members of the band he would take individually, persisting with them until they had attained exactly the effects he desired. Of his own methods of composition we do not learn quite so much as might be desired. But indeed, his scores themselves are sufficient to assure us that his gifts did not pour them-

selves out in spontaneous flow, but that his results were attained only by infinite labour and pains, and by constant remoulding. The "Flying Dutchman" score is built up out of three subjects, Senta's ballad and the themes of the Sailors' and Spinning choruses. In the later works the number of themes becomes far greater, but the method remains the same. The kind of labour which this method of composition demands is very different from that which the opera composers of the old Italian school found sufficient. "For a work to live, to go down to future generations, it must be reflective. The composer must pass through a kind of parturition." That was Wagner's view, and his practice. He went to the piano with his idea in his mind, and made the piano his sketch-book, wherein he worked and reworked his subjects, steadily modelling his matter until it assumed the shape he had in his mind. He would try over his themes with all kinds of modulations and alterations of *tempo*, until he felt that he had exactly attained the effect for which he was seeking. Wagner was no pianist; which from his point of view was perhaps an advantage, for he was never led away to develop the musical capabilities of his theme at at the expense of the dramatic situation. Wagner would sometimes laughingly say that he could at all events play the piano better than Berlioz,—whose performances on the instrument did not extend beyond picking out an air with one finger. Of Wagner's visit to London to conduct the Philharmonic, Mr. Praeger has a good deal to say. He regards himself as the sole contriver of that extraordinary engagement, and his account of Wagner's reception is much more rose-coloured than that which has been given by more indifferent observers. Of the master's later period, when he was completing the Nibelungen trilogy and superintending the Bayreuth Theatre, Mr. Praeger has little to say from his own personal knowledge. But as regards the earlier period, the book supplies a fund of interesting, new, and valuable information. It is a pity that the author did not live to revise it, for there are some passages which he would doubtless have altered. Such is the slip about Sir George Smart and "Elijah" on page 63. But the errors are mostly such as the intelligent reader can correct for himself, and they detract in no way from the interest or value of the book as a whole.

"*A Course of Wrist and Finger Gymnastics for Instrumentalists.*" By A. Leffler Armin. (Hutchings & Crowsley.)

The authoress is already known as a writer on sanitary gymnastics. Her present book is an application of her method to the special needs of performers on stringed or keyed instruments. It consists mainly of a series of exercises designed to give individuality and freedom to each finger of the hand, and Miss Armin guarantees to the reader that if the finger gymnastics are conscientiously performed for twenty minutes a day, divided into two periods of ten minutes each, "it will be possible by one hour's practice on the piano to effect more than by four hours' practice without their use." There may, perhaps, be some slight pardonable exaggeration in this statement, but there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the time spent—and necessarily spent—in learning an instrument is taken up with the acquisition of strength and flexibility in the hands and wrists. The muscles with which the instrumentalist has to do his work are those which are rarely used in ordinary life. In almost all our pursuits the hand is used as a whole, and gymnastics of the ordinary kind, however much they may strengthen the forearm, do nothing towards enabling us to move each finger by itself with the strength and precision required in fingering the keyboard. Miss Armin's exercises seem admirably adapted to this latter purpose, and her little book may be warmly commended to the notice of all who are engaged in learning or in teaching any solo instrument.

"*Transposition at Sight.*" By H. Ernest Nichol. (Nichol, Hull.)

Every pianist ought to be able to transpose at sight; but, as a matter of fact, few can accomplish this task, and to many capable pianists Beethoven's performance of his own Concerto in C sharp instead of C on its first production appears an achievement little short of marvellous. The fact that some few persons acquire the gift readily leads one to the supposition that the transposer is born, not made; but this, of course, is far from the truth. The art is to be acquired, and, as the author of this pamphlet clearly sees, the way to attain it is by first obtaining a clear mental image of the scale, in which every note is regarded as having a definite relation to the key note. The exercises and hints which the author gives are excellent, but it is surprising that he has over-

looked the importance of the old clefs as an aid to transposition. The Italian opera *maestri-al-piano*, who understood the art of accompaniment better than the most cultivated pianists, used to transpose by aid of the alto, tenor, and other clefs, now discarded. If they had to transpose a piece a note higher they simply regarded themselves as playing in a clef in which the C was a note lower—supplying, of course, the necessary accidentals. It is not a difficult matter to remember the seven clefs necessary for transposition into all keys, and a chapter upon them and their use would form a valuable addition to Mr. Nichol's little treatise.

From Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. we have received a parcel of new music, containing the following pieces: An operetta, written by Cunningham Bridgman, music composed by Wilfred Bendall, which was performed with success at the Lyric Club on the 17th of March last, by Miss Decima Moore, Miss Rosina Brandram, Mr. Wallace Brownlow, and Mr. Courtice Pounds. Tonic Solfa Edition of Cowen's cantata "The Fairies' Spring," translated by Charles Webb. "A Wedding Processional March," "A Dream of Mozart," and "Meditation," three pieces for the organ, by James Shaw, are dedicated to, and performed by Monsieur Guilmont. "The Light of Thy Love," song, words by May Gillington, music by Georges Pfeiffer. (Very pretty). "My Love and Delight," song, words by May Gillington, music by Ernest Lake. "All in All to Thee," song, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Henry J. Edwards. "Thou art my Life," song, English words by Clifton Bingham, Italian words by P. Nazzoni, music by Angelo Mascheroni—composer of the popular "For all Eternity." "The Arena," song, words by Shapcott Wensley, music by Joseph L. Roeckel "An Eastern Lament," song, words by R. S. Hichens, the music by Joseph L. Roeckel, sung by Mr. Barrington Foote and Mr. Charles Copland. "Ever Since Then," song, words by Clement Scott, music by William F. Amis. "The Silent Chimes," song, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Frederic H. Cowen.

Our Omnibus-Box.

With the permission and approval of Mr. Walter Besant, his novel "They Were Married" was dramatised by J. R. Crauford and Frederic Hawley, and produced under the same title at the Strand Theatre on Friday afternoon, June 17th.

At the Royalty on May 27th we had "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," the English of which would be "Little Red Riding Hood," but the plot of the play has little to do with the nursery story, except that the *roué* may be looked upon as the wolf. The authors of this musical play without words, Messrs. M. A. de Sanson and H. de Brisay, told their story in an interesting manner, and the music of Monsieur C. H. du Sivry is tuneful and appropriate. It was preceded by "Make Beliefs," a duologue from the Danish of Otto Benzon, translated by Dagmar Holberg and J. T. Grein.

"La Mégère Apprivoisée" attracted far less attention at the Opera Comique than was anticipated, for Mr. Paul Delair's version of "The Taming of the Shrew" had made a sensation in Paris at the Comédie Française, owing principally to M. Coquelin's novel though spirited reading of Petruchio. He made the character more jovial if more of a low comedy part, toned down some of the apparent brutalities, and indulged sometimes almost to excess in get-up and grotesque behaviour. Mdlle. Malvau was scarcely as bewitching a Katherine

as we expect, and was hardly worthy the trouble that Petruchio takes to tame her.

On May 28th Madame Sarah Bernhardt re-appeared in London at the English Opera House, under the management of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, as Cléopatre in the play of that name written by Messrs. Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Of the play itself it may be said that it is in every way inferior to Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," but Madame Bernhardt, by the force and persuasiveness of her acting, carried it through and made it a success. Monsieur Darmont was an effective though rather too melodramatic Antoine. The other characters were really of little importance, except perhaps the Octavie, which afforded opportunity for a good scene with Antoine and for some wonderful by-play on the part of Madame Bernhardt. June 13th saw Madame Bernhardt in "La Tosca," and never before did she throw such marvellous witchery and power into the title-*rôle*. Her acting almost reconciled one to the barbarity of the play itself. The Scarpia of M. Darmont was greatly to be commended, as was also the ease and humour of M. Munie as the Marquis Attavanti. Madame Sarah Bernhardt appeared on June 16th in "Pauline Blanchard," a play written by A. Darmont and A. Humblot. "Pauline Blanchard," as a play, is crude. It appears to have been written expressly to bring out Madame Bernhardt's powers, for probably no other actress would have taken the character—a rather repulsive one. Even the wonderful acting did not make "Pauline Blanchard" very acceptable in London, whatever it may have been in Australia and America. It will probably suit the Parisians. On Saturday, the 18th, Madame Bernhardt appeared in "La Dame aux Camélias," her interpretation of which is well known; and on the 22nd as Fédora, one of her greatest impersonations. On Saturday, June 26th, she appeared for the first time in England in the French version of "Leah."

"La Statue du Commandeur," a very charming play without words, was produced by Mr. C. J. Abud and Charles Lauri at the Prince of Wales's on June 11th. The story of Don Juan and his invitation to the statue of the Commander to sup with him is fairly well followed. The statue descends at midnight, seats itself at the banqueting table, and, fascinated by the charms of Rosaura and Sylvia, a singer and a dancer, eventually toasts them liberally, and drinks wine to such an extent as to become intoxicated, in which state the statue joins in hilarious dances. The next morning, bewildered and dazed, and crowned with a chaplet of roses which had been placed upon its brows the night before, the statue is seated at the base of its pedestal. Presently enters Don Juan, who mocks at it, and orders its helmet to be restored. Almost immediately on this being placed on its head the statue seizes Don Juan by the throat and strangles him, and then solemnly and in a dignified manner resumes its place on the pedestal. Monsieur A. Tarride made the play a success by his inimitable performance of the statue, in which performance dignity and drollery were properly combined. He was greatly assisted by M. Courtés in the broader character of Sgnarelle. Mdlle. M. Chassin in dumb show sang a song in praise of wine and women so well as to be encored, and was altogether charming, and Mdlle. Litini was seductive as the dancer, these two characters being of course lady-loves of the profligate Don Juan, a part which was neatly played by M. Burguet. The music by Mr. A. David is very pleasing, and much aided the story.

"A Pair of Spectacles" was revived at the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, June 20th, and afforded the greatest enjoyment to the audience. The changes from the original cast were—Mr. Henry Ashford, Lorimer; Mr. Charles Rock, Bartholomew; Miss Winifred Fraser, Lucy Lorimer; and Miss Minna Blakiston, Charlotte. Mr. Hare will commence touring with these and other pieces in his *répertoire* some time in July.

The Chancery Lane Safe Deposit have now completed their extensive alterations, and they are offering excellent facilities to those who desire security for jewels, etc. To the theatrical profession this is an invaluable suggestion, and should be acted upon by those not requiring at the moment the use of their jewellery.

New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from May 24th, to June 21st, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

May 24 "Agatha," three-act play, by Isaac Henderson. For series of *matinées*. Criterion.

,, 25 "The Noble Art," three-act farcical play, by Eille Norwood. First time in London. *Matinée*. Terry's.

,, 26 "Don Pedro," by Langdon E. Mitchell. *Matinée*. Strand.

,, 26 "In the Season," society play, by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. *Matinée*. Strand.

,, 26 "Ruth Underwood," one-act play, by Langdon Elwyn Mitchell. *Matinée*. Strand.

,, 27 "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge," play without words, by Albert de Sanson and H. de Brisay, music by C. de Sivry. Royalty.

,, 27 "Make Beliefs," duologue from the Danish of Otto Benzon, by Dagmar Holberg and J. T. Grein. Royalty.

,, 28 "Cléopâtre," five-act drama, by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau, music by Xavier Leroux. Royal English Opera House.

,, 28 "A Hidden Foe," melodrama, in a prologue and four acts, by Ina Leon Cassilis. Lecture Hall, Greenwich.

,, 28 "Hilda," three-act play. *Matinée*. Princess's.

,, 28 "Will He Come Again," comedietta, by Mrs. Bernard Wishaw. ("Two or One"). *Matinée*. Princess's.

,, 30 "Nicholson's Niece," three-act farcical comedy, by Mrs. Hugh Bell. *Matinée*. Terry's.

,, 30 "La Mégère Apprivoisée," version by Paul Delair, in four acts, of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Opera Comique.

June 1 "A First Rehearsal," one-act comic operetta, written and composed by Louis Cottell. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

,, 1 "A Matrimonial Agency," operetta, written and composed by Louis Cottell. Athenæum, Tottenham Court Road.

,, 2 "The County," play, in four acts, by Estelle Burney and Arthur Benham. *Matinée*. Terry's.

,, 2 "Miss Impudence," saynète, written by E. A. Morton. *Matinée*. Terry's.

,, 2 "Hero and Leander," three-act play, by Kyrle Bellew. First time in London. Shaftesbury.

,, 2 "A Play in Little," one-act play, by Ian Robertson. Shaftesbury.

,, 6 "The Span of Life," four-act drama, by Sutton Vane. Grand.

,, 7 "Marriage," three-act play, by Brandon Thomas and Henry Keeling. *Matinée*. Court.

,, 9 "Strathlogan," modern Irish drama, by Charles Overton and Hugh Moss. Princess's.

,, 10 "Rest," one-act play, by Henry V. Esmond. *Matinée*. Avenue.

,, 10 "Her True Colours," comedietta, by W. A. Brabner. First time in London. *Matinée*. Avenue.

,, 11 "La Statue du Commandeur," play without words, written by P. Endel and E. Mangin, music by Adolphe David (for series of *matinees*, placed in evening bill June 18th). Prince of Wales's.

,, 11 "Moses and Son, an Up-to-Date Mosaic," in three acts, by J. Gordon. Royalty.

,, 13 "The Young Recruit," three-act burlesque opera, by B. C. Stephenson and Sir Augustus Harris, music by Leopold Wenzel and J. Crook. First time in London. Grand.

,, 13 "A Fight for Honour," five-act drama, by Frank Harvey. First time in London. Surrey.

June 13* "La Tosca," drama in five acts and six tableaux, by Victorien Sardou. Royal English Opera House.

" 13 "The Golden Chance," five-act drama, by St. Aubyn Miller. First time in London. Sadler's Wells.

" 13 "The Duke's Diversion," two-act musical comedy, founded on a piece by J. R. Planché, with lyrics by George Mudie, music by Michael Dwyer. Parkhurst.

" 13 "His Landlady," farce, by George Mudie. Parkhurst.

" 16 "Pauline Blanchard," six-act drama, by Albert Darmont and Humblot. From the novel of Jules Case. Royal English Opera House.

" 17 "They were Married," four-act comedy, by J. R. Crauford and Frederick Hawley. *Matinee.* Strand.

" "Hester's Legacy," "The Home of Our Adoption," "The Social Reformer." All one-act plays. Produced by amateurs. Ladbroke Hall.

" 21 "By the Midland Sea," an episode, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. *Matinee.* Criterion.

" 21 "Mrs. Hilary Regrets," comedietta, by Theyre Smith. *Matinee.* Criterion.

In the Provinces, from May 21st to June 13th, 1892 :—

May 21 "The Duke's Diversion," musical version of the two-act comedy by J. R. Planché, music by Michael Dwyer, lyrics by George Mudie. Public Hall, West Norwood.

" 30 "Dear Jack," sketch, by Mrs. Giraud (performed by amateurs). T.R., Colchester.

" 30 "Penelope," dramatic cantata, by Burnham Horner (performed by amateurs). T.R., Colchester.

June 1 "Her Release," one-act play, by Henry Edlin. Pier Pavilion, Folkestone.

" 6 "Deeming; or, Doomed at Last," domestic tragedy (author unannounced). Adelphi, Liverpool.

" 6 "Dashing Dick Turpin," revised version of "Rookwood," by Butler Stanhope. Royal, Birkenhead.

" 6 "From Shore to Shore," romantic drama, by Alfred England and Chas. Rider Noble. Opera House, Northampton.

" 6 "Mr. and Mrs. Muffett," original comedietta, by Lita Smith. Gaiety Theatre, Hastings.

" 7 "Constancy; or, Two Blighted Lives," duologue operetta, by Cecil Barnard. Victoria Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk.

" 10 "English Hearts," four-act drama, by Matthew Hall and Herbert Green, music by Charles Harrison. T.R., Lincoln.

" 10 "The Red Barn," four-act drama, by George Comer and Lionel Ellis. Royal Alhambra, Barrow-in-Furness.

" 11 "The Clerk of the Weather," three-act fantastic comedy, by Kate Osborne and Agatha Hodgson (for copyright purposes). Opera House, Torquay.

" 13 "The Jerry Builder," three-act farcical comedy, by Mark Melford. Prince of Wales's, Southampton.

In Paris, from May 17th to June 10th, 1892 :—

May 17 "Les Vieux Amis," three-act comedy in verse, by M. Jacques Normand. Odéon.

" 21 "Le Cément," one-act comedy, by M. Joseph Gayda. Dejazet.

" 24 "Le Beguin de Nini," three-act farcical comedy, by Gustave Sanger and Maurice Varet. Déjazet.

June 1 "Le Prince d'Aurec," three-act comedy, by Henri Lavedan. Vaudeville.

" 4 "Les Commis Voyageurs," three-act vaudeville, by Busnach, Gardel and Anézo. Renaissance.

" 9* "Monsieur de Barbizon," three act vaudeville, by H. Raymond and Georges Petit. Cluny.

" 10 "Toto," three-act operetta, words by Paul Bilhaud and Albert Barré, music by Antoine Banès. Menus-Plaisirs.

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MISS IRENE VANBRUGH.

"No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been."

—A. A. Proctor.

Eglington & Co., Publishers.

THE THEATRE.

AUGUST, 1892.

The Theatrical Year: 1891-92.

A RÉSUMÉ.

IT is generally admitted that the past season has not, on the whole, been a fortunate one for the London theatres. A few of them have flourished, but in some cases the struggle for existence has been keen and bitter. Certain it is that the artistic result of the last twelvemonth has been less satisfactory than usual. Few of our leading playwrights have produced anything at all, and what these few have done has not been of their best. The late Mr. W. G. Wills wound up his career with "A Royal Divorce," one of the weakest of his efforts. Mr. Gilbert allowed his amusing "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern" to be unearthed, but did not, in the libretto of "The Mountebanks," rise quite to the high level of his earlier work. "The Times" was a brilliant and interesting piece, but can hardly be ranked with Mr. Pinero's most admirable performances. In like manner, though there was some delightful comedy in Mr. Jones's "Crusaders," and some effective incident in Mr. Haddon Chambers's "Honourable Herbert," those plays cannot be said to have added materially to the reputation of their authors. Mr. Grundy has been represented only by revivals of "A Fool's Paradise" and "A Pair of Spectacles." Certain of our younger writers have disappointed expectation. Neither "A Bohemian" nor "Chris" quite satisfied those who had hoped (and still hope) for much from the writer of "A Sequel." Mr. Frankfort Moore, though he pleased with "The Queen's Room," displeased with "The Mayflower;" and Mr. Clyde Fitch failed dismally with "Pamela's Prodigy."

The season, however, has had its compensations. If some of the younger dramatists have missed the mark, others have increased in favour. Thus, Mr. Brandon Thomas, collaborating with Mr. Henry Keeling, has bestowed upon us, in the piece called "Marriage," a comedy of more than usual novelty and skill. Mr. J. M. Barrie has followed up his first success in "Ibsen's Ghost" with another in

"Walker, London," a pleasant bit of filigree work, undramatic but entertaining. Mr. Huntly McCarthy has come to the front as the writer of one-act pieces marked by freshness and distinction. Mr. W. Sapte, after many attempts, has struck oil at last in the farce called "A Lucky Dog"; Mr. Eille Norwood has done much the same thing in "The Noble Art"; and Mrs. Hugh Bell, if she has lacked strength to achieve an acceptable comedy in three acts, has shown herself capable of furnishing comedies in little, as in the lively instance of "Time is Money." Those experienced hands, Mr. James Mortimer and Mr. Theyre Smith, have happily hit the public taste in "Gloriana" and "Mrs. Hilary Regrets." Moreover, we have had the pleasure of welcoming a goodly number of new hands. In "Forgiveness" (which was at least well-written) Mr. Comyns Carr submitted his first original dramatic work; and in "The New Sub" young Mr. Seymour Hicks made what I believe was his first appearance in London as a playwright. Mr. Oscar Wilde had had plays performed in America, but "Lady Windermere's Fan" (the dialogue of which strikes me as quite admirable) was his first introduction, as a dramatist, to the English public. Then Mr. Henry James gave us "The American" (half comedy, half melodrama); Mr. Isaac Henderson gave us "Agatha"; and Mr. Langdon Mitchell gave us not only "Deborah," which did not impress us greatly, but three little one-act plays, of which one at least was decidedly clever and attractive. Mr. Christie Murray, hitherto known as a novelist, figured in "Ned's Chum" both as playwright and player. In the same way, Miss Estelle Burney and Mr. Kyrle Bellew enacted the leading parts in their own works, "The County" and "Hero and Leander," for neither of which, unluckily, can permanence be hoped. In "An American Bride" Sir William Young has shown that he inherits some of his father's dramatic capacity; Mr. "Blair," unhappy in "Mr. Richards," was very much less so in his "Sixteen, Not Out"; Mr. Arthur Symons has adapted to the stage a story by Mr. Frank Harris; and last, but not least, Mr. Brookfield has come out—in "The Poet and the Puppets"—as a writer of burlesque of the good old pungent, yet good-humoured, kind. Though Lady Greville, Mr. Austin Fryers, and Mr. Sylvanus Dauncey were by no means new to dramatic writing, it was in "Nadia" that the first, in "Beata" that the second, and in "The Reckoning" that the third was able to display, for the first time, the possession of a strong dramatic instinct—an instinct also exhibited in "The Primrose Path" of Mr. B. W. Findon.

But still more is to be said for the departed season. It has been distinguished by the production, mainly under the auspices of the Independent Theatre, of English versions of some foreign works of great interest and importance. Mr. Grein's Society has put before us "Thérèse Raquin," "A Visit," "The Kiss," "The Goldfish"—three of them quite new to English audiences. Mrs. Hugh Bell contributed "Karin," and Mr. Edward Rose "The Plowdens." Mr. Tree produced "The Intruder," but, alas! in a curtailed form,

and not quite adequately. Mr. McCarthy has translated "Un Caprice," and Mr. Grein and Mr. Jarvis have translated (or adapted, I forget which) "Make Beliefs." Zola, Brandes, Nouhuys, Alfhild Agrell, Benzon, Maeterlinck—a season cannot be called barren which presents specimens of the works of writers so individual and so stimulating. Then there have been the visits of the Daly Company, M. Coquelin, and Mdme. Bernhardt; the Daly troupe with "The Last Word" as its only novelty; M. Coquelin with "Thermidor" and "La Mégère Apprivoisée"; Mdme. Bernhardt with "Cléopâtre," "Pauline Blanchard," "Leah," and her ordinary repertory. "The Last Word" had the merit of giving Miss Rehan some excellent opportunities. If "Thermidor" rather bored us, "La Mégère" amused us; "Cléopâtre" was pronounced bad Shakespeare and not good Sardou; "Pauline" gave us nothing but a "sensation" at the close; and the French "Leah" proved even more tedious than the English version. At the same time, both Coquelin and "Sarah" were in their best form, and the lovers of fine acting were delighted accordingly.

A feature of the theatrical year has been the number and attractiveness of the revivals. At the Lyceum Mr. Irving has reproduced "Henry VIII." with a splendour of *mise-en-scène* and a completeness of histrionic *ensemble* which have added considerably to our indebtedness to him. Moreover, he has presented to us his own Wolsey, Miss Ellen Terry's Katharine, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Buckingham—all of them impressive and engaging. At the Haymarket Mr. Tree has reproduced "Hamlet," with all the nicety of detail that cleverness and carefulness could suggest. Personally I found the Hamlet unconvincing, but it was picturesque and interesting, and the whole production reflected credit upon the ingenious and untiring mind to which it owed its existence. Then we have had, at the Olympic, careful and respectable reproductions of "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," "Othello," "Virginius," and what not. Mr. Daly re-presented his version of "As You Like It," and Mr. Irving appeared in "Richelieu" once more. At the Garrick we have seen "School" again; at the Haymarket, "Peril"; at the Avenue, "A Doll's House" and "Forget-me-Not" (with Miss Achurch, unhappily, not strong enough in health to do herself entire justice). Mr. Compton revived "The Road to Ruin" and "The Liar"; Mr. Wyndham did the same kind office by "Brighton" and "Fourteen Days"; "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "After Dark" were reproduced at the Princess's; and at various theatres there have been revivals of "Saints and Sinners," "Judah," "A Buried Talent," "The New Wing," "The Magistrate," "The Private Secretary," and "The Vicar of Bray," the last-named being brought "up to date" as regards both the libretto and the score.

On the melodramas of the year it is not necessary to dwell. The most notable were "The White Rose" (with its honest but ineffectual endeavour to raise the tone of Adelphi pieces), "The Trumpet Call," "A Sailor's Knot," "Grif," and "The Maelstrom" (in which last there was a good idea ineffectually carried out). In "Fate and

Fortune," "The Great Metropolis," "The Life We Live," and "Strathlogan," the familiar materials were used with more or less indifference to probability. In the region of drama pure and simple, a popular success has been achieved by "The Fringe of Society," an Anglicization of "Le Demi-Monde" from which all the actuality of the original had been extracted. "Lord Anerley" had but a brief career, and still briefer were the lives of "The Prince and the Pauper" (Mr. Hatton's version), "The Showman's Daughter," and "The Breadwinner" (which was far too harshly treated). "Margaret Byng," "They were Married," and "The Plebeians," were seen at *matinées* only, and are not likely, I fear, to achieve further publicity. Of farcical comedies there has been the customary crop. The most successful with the public has been Mr. Paulton's "Niobe," which might be described, not unfairly, as Mr. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" brought down to date. Mr. Horner was fortunate with his "Late Lamented," and somewhat less so with his "Happy Returns"; while "Godpapa" and "The Grey Mare" had rather shorter runs, perhaps, than they deserved. Of the farces seen at *matinées*, "Fast Asleep," "The Custom House," "A Gay Widower," "Cousin Jack," and "Mrs. M.P.,"—all of them adapted—may, and probably will, be played again. The same, alas! can hardly be said of "The Planter," "The Tin Box," "The Widow," "The Parson," "Vote for Giggs," and "Sweet Cupid's Net." Some of the one-act pieces of the year, not already named, deserve some mention. "The Fiat of the Gods," by Mr. Outram; "Molière," by Mr. Frith; "My Daughter," by Mrs. Bancroft; "Reparation," by Messrs. Grein and Jarvis; "The Compromising Coat," by the same authors; "Houp-là," by Mr. Warren; "A Stage Coach," by Mr. De Lara;—these all had merit of some sort. The successful musical pieces may be briefly enumerated: "The Basoche," at the Royal English Opera; "Blue-Eyed Susan," at the Prince of Wales's; "Cinder-Ellen," at the Gaiety; "Miss Decima" at the Criterion (with clever little Miss Nesville); and "Captain Billy," at the Savoy—these all had a certain measure of sparkle, and contributed, to that extent, to the entertainment of playgoers.

This rapid sketch would hardly be complete, even as a bare *résumé*, if it did not include some references to the special successes made by actors and actresses during the year just closed. To some of these I have already adverted. Among leading men, the greatest advance probably has been made by Mr. Herbert Waring, whose performances in "Chris" and other pieces have revealed force with which he had not hitherto been credited. Along with him may be ranged Mr. Elwood and Mr. Abingdon, the former of whom made a marked impression in "The Honourable Herbert," while the latter has never done anything so vivid and vigorous as his Laurent in "Thérèse Raquin." Mr. Charles Glenny in "A Sailor's Knot," Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt in "Judah," Mr. Outram in "Rosmersholm," Mr. Murray Carson in "A Royal Divorce" and "A Bohemian," Mr. Cockburn and Mr. Dalton in "The White Rose," and Mr. B. Gould in "The Kiss,"

considerably improved their artistic position. Mr. Austin Melford has shown much versatility; and in "A Visit" Mr. Arthur Bourchier proved himself an excellent light comedian. Of the younger men, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Acton Bond, Mr. P. Cuningham, and Mr. George Alison have done the most promising things this season. The low comedians have shone brightly,—notably, Mr. Rignold at the Adelphi, Mr. Wyes at the Comedy, Mr. Welch at the Globe, Mr. W. E. Shine at the Princess's, Mr. Welton Dale at the Criterion, and Mr. David James, jun., at the Globe. As light comedians, Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. J. R. Crauford, Mr. Forbes Dawson, and Mr. Eversfield have achieved excellent work. In the domain of character-acting, commend me to Mr. Henry Bedford's successive impersonations at the Princess's, and to Mr. H. H. Vincent's Lord Augustus Lorton in "Lady Windermere's Fan." The younger players in this *genre* have been much to the fore. Mr. Cyril Maude in "The Fringe of Society" and "A Ghost," Mr. Eric Lewis in "The Grey Mare" and "An American Bride," Mr. H. V. Esmond in "The Times" and "The Magistrate," Mr. Elliot in "The Times" and "Marriage," Mr. Herberte-Basing in "Thérèse Raquin" and "The Great Metropolis," Mr. Allan Aynesworth in "A Bohemian" and "An American Bride," Mr. Gilbert Hare in "School," Mr. Seymour Hicks in "Walker, London," Mr. Herbert Ross in "Niobe," "Karin," and "The County," Mr. George Hughes in "Beata," Mr. C. P. Little in "Marriage," Mr. Revelle in "By the Midland Sea;—the list is a long one.

Still longer is the roll of the actresses who have made exceptional stir this season. Mrs. Boucicault and Mrs. Crowe have revisited the scenes of their old efforts, and have gained new triumphs. Miss Moodie has done the same thing (*e.g.*, in "The American" and "My Daughter"). Fresh laurels have been earned by Mrs. Lancaster Wallis in "Chris" and "The Queen's Room." Miss Marion Terry has never played more beautifully than as Mrs. Erlynne, and Mrs. Tree has scored heavily as the fair Ophelia. Once more Miss Rose Leclercq has made clear how fine an artist she is, by being equally admirable as the Queen in "Hamlet" and Mrs. Crossley Beck in "Peril." Many of the younger "leads" have distinguished themselves. Miss Frances Ivor in "Beata," Miss Robins in "Karin," Miss Marion Lea in "Forget-Me-Not," Miss Laura Johnson in "Thérèse Raquin," Miss May Whitty in "In the Season," Miss Dorothy Dorr in "The Honourable Herbert," Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The White Rose," Miss Olga Nethersole in "Agatha," Miss Maud Milton in "The Gold Fish"—all have been able to record a definite "hit." The two last-named were especially successful. Then, Miss Ella Terriss and Miss Decima Moore have both made long strides in their art. Miss Steer has secured recognition in London, and Miss Hanbury has increased in "Lady Browne's Diary" the reputation made in "Lady Windermere's Fan." At the Criterion and at Toole's Miss Ansell has at last discovered that her talent is for the lighter *rôles*. Among others who have added to the esteem in which their gifts are held, are Miss Bessie Hatton, Miss Isabel Ellissen, Miss

Hetty Dene, Miss Mary Collette, Miss Nina Boucicault, Miss Trench, Miss Beatrice Ferrar, Miss Georgie Esmond, Miss Winifred Fraser, and Miss Gracie Warner. Turning to the *comédiennes* pure and simple, I note that special successes have been made by Miss Aida Jenoure (in "The Mountebanks"), by Mrs. Herbert Waring (in "The County"), and by Miss Gertrude Kingston (in "Marriage"). In the first two instances the public was taken by storm. Miss Susie Vaughan, Miss Lydia Cowell, Miss Dairolles, Miss Rose Dearing, Miss Skelton Waud, Miss Elsie Chester, Miss Alice Esden—all have made steps forward. Very bright were Miss Mary Jocelyn in "Pamela's Prodigy," Miss Jenny Dawson in "Houp-là," and Miss Nathalie Brande in "The Planter"; and, more lately, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Beatrice Goodchild, Miss Kate Leechman, and Miss Keegan (in "Make-Beliefs" and Mr. Greville's "Shakespeare") have attracted attention.

I should have liked to dwell more fully both upon the plays and upon the players of the season, but I have already exceeded my allotted space, and must ask the reader to be contented with what is necessarily rather a summary than a review. Enough, however, has been said to show that the theatrical year, if not up to the general level of its immediate predecessors, has nevertheless yielded a good deal that is interesting and notable, in the way both of play-production and of acting.

W. Davenport Adams.

July 15th, 1892.

At the Piano.

WHEN that love-song she sang me to-night,
Well, I o'er her shoulder was leaning.
Ah me! how I thrilled with delight,
When that love-song she sang me to-night!
Fair maid, don't you think it was right
To try to discover her meaning,
When that love-song she sang me to-night?
Well, I o'er her shoulder was leaning.

M. C.

Two Women.

THE theatre was crowded, and cheers loud and long greeted the descent of the curtain upon a play which had just been performed for the first time, and which had instantly been recognised as a dramatic masterpiece. The story was a powerful one of human suffering and human sin, full of such intense pathos that it brought tears to the eyes even of strong men. In the back row of the stalls were seated two men in the prime of life who were evidently so deeply impressed with the play that it was some minutes before they could rouse themselves sufficiently to join the throng which swelled out into the dark winter's night. They were a strange contrast these two men: one a hasty, generous, improvident, devil-may-care fellow, on whom the anxieties of the world sat lightly, but of a nature which, when once roused, could overcome almost any obstacle; the other a prudent, thoughtful, somewhat sluggish character, but a man with the heart of a lion and the gentleness of a woman. Opposite in character, indeed, but possessing a deep love for each other, which, through many years of trial, had never failed; an unselfish devotion, the true test of all men's friendship. Such were Harold Cooper and Jack Sinclair.

The walk home from the theatre was accomplished in almost perfect silence, but after supper, when the two men had lit their pipes, brewed the toddy, and drawn their chairs to the blazing fire, their tongues were unloosed and the conversation, of course, fell upon their common pet hobby, the stage, and more particularly upon the play they had just witnessed.

"There are far more strange things," said Harold, "happen in real life than upon the stage. The play to-night came particularly home to me; opening a chapter of my life, which I could have wished closed for ever. No man, woman, or child in this world, old man, knows me so thoroughly as you do, not even my wife—God bless her!—but even *you* do not know that there is a skeleton in the cupboard of my life, and that at one time my career came very near being wrecked."

"Tell it to me, Harold. Tell me the whole story. Nothing that you have done, or will do, can lessen my regard or shake my faith in the best friend man ever had."

"I am sure of your regard, Jack, but when I have told you my tale I am not so sure of your respect." A firm grip of the hand was Jack Sinclair's only reply, and then the two men settled themselves down in their chairs, and Harold began his tale.

"It is nearly twenty years now, as you know, since I married the gentlest and best of all women in the world—at all events in my eyes. The first few years of our married life passed like a bright summer day. My work as dramatic critic called me out very late at night. One cold evening in January, shortly after midnight, I was passing with my wife the stage door of old Drury, as a motley crowd of men, women, and children were coming away from their pantomime labours, when I caught sight of a child's face which instantly rivetted my attention. Anything more beautiful I have never seen, and probably never shall see again. Picture to yourself a little girl about eleven, with long, wavy, golden-brown hair, large deep blue eyes, and the face of a child angel. Picture her standing in her ragged garments at the top of Drury Lane, shivering as the cold east wind came with a rush round the corner—alone in London, alone in the midst of vice, misery, and want. There was such a look of piteous hesitation on the beautiful little face that we involuntarily stood still to see if anything was the matter. The child was standing under the gas lamp with the light full upon her, and while looking I suddenly noticed a large black bruise down one side of her neck. The sight was too much for me, and I approached her with the gentlest words at my command, and asked her whether she was going home. The very mention of the word 'home' brought a flood of tears to the lovely eyes, but, little by little, my wife coaxed her to talk, and then we heard a tale, old as the hills indeed, but one which for misery and pathos can never be surpassed on this wide earth. A drunken father and a vicious mother lived on the earnings of this little fairy from the pantomime, who was the *première danseuse* among the children, and, as we afterwards learned, earned a very good salary; but these wretches sent her out night after night alone, hungry, and half-clothed. Well, to cut a long story short, we succeeded in practically purchasing the child from her unworthy parents, and put her to a good school in the country.

"For six years I never saw her, for, as luck would have it, I was obliged to go to America for some time. On our return the child came to live with us, and now you can perhaps imagine what happened. I will not attempt to describe the physical beauty of this young girl, which had infinitely increased with years. Enough, that I shortly became madly infatuated with her, and for the time being forgot I was the husband of a true and loving wife, forgot I was the father of two sweet children. Maggie (for that was the child's name) was still too young and innocent to at first comprehend my affection, and never while I live shall I forget the day when she first understood what my madness meant. For one short day we lived for each other; all restraint was thrown aside; oblivious of the world, dead to honour and every manly instinct, I poured words of love into her ears, and heard her murmur words in return that made my brain grow dizzy and caused me to reel like a drunken man. I tore myself away from her arms and walked out into the night, God knows where."

Harold paused, and a dead silence reigned between the two men, only broken by the steady ticking of the clock. "Hate me, despise me, old man," he at last went on, "you cannot despise me more than I despise myself, but at least hear me to the end.

"My wife knew everything that was going on, and yet not one word of reproach escaped her lips. Like a guardian angel she waited her opportunity; and it came at last, on the very night I confessed my love. The two women met. What happened I know not, except that on my return I found the object of my madness gone, leaving me the following lines:—

"'May God forgive you the wrong of this night, and pardon me for injuring the noblest woman on this earth.'

"This letter, instead of opening my eyes to my sin and folly, only served to make my madness greater. I sought her far and wide for months, and at length found out where she was living. Day after day I called, but was refused admittance. I saw her come and go, but always with an elderly lady, who kept me from making the smallest advances. At length one evening a note was brought me asking me to call. I went with the utmost speed to the house and was shown to her room, only to find it empty. Hour after hour passed before she at length came back from the theatre (for she was once more a dancer). How shall I describe the scene which followed. She came in, well—tipsy, accompanied by some men, two of whom I knew to be thoroughpaced blackguards. Champagne was brought, and the girl I thought the most innocent on this earth actually threw herself into the arms of the worst man in the whole room, and openly showered kisses upon his face. Coarse jests and ribald laughter flowed from her lips, until I could stand it no longer, but fled from the room, disgusted, ashamed, and—cured. The truth never dawned upon me for full fifteen years after that dreadful night.

"One summer evening my wife received a telegram, and hastily putting on her things asked me to accompany her. No word of explanation could I get from her upon the journey, which led us to a quiet little village on the Thames. There, in a cottage overhung with honeysuckle and roses, I saw once more the face which had brought so much sorrow into our lives, but, O! how changed! Beautiful still—nay, ten times more beautiful—but the heavy hand of death was there, and five minutes after our arrival that fair spirit passed gently and peacefully away, passed

'To where beyond these voices there is peace.'

"That night my wife told me the truth; how in desperation the girl had nobly atoned for the sin which was all mine; told me how the scene of that dreadful night was a trick and was planned beforehand; how by God's providence it had succeeded, and had sent me 'home.' She was right to tell me then, for I was indeed cured. I loved my wife with all my heart and soul; the other was

a summer madness, which, however, might have brought misery and perhaps worse to many. My story is told; like most true stories it is neither new nor amusing, but it at all events points to one grand truth—there is nothing on God's earth so beautiful as a wife's forgiveness and a wife's love."

No word was spoken, but the two friends joined hands with a warm grip which needed no explanation.

Percy Notcutt.

A Dead Love! R.I.P.

WITH tender hands I wove the shroud,
Then kissed the cold pale brow,
I'd loved you less were I more proud,
And not have mourned as now,
But slept in peace.

Ah, weary Past! Upon your grave
I carve one word "Forget,"
My tears are shed, the love I gave
Is buried with regret,
And sleeps in peace.

The winter hawthorn drops in grief
Its blood-red tears of pain;
Forgetting spring-time's beauty brief
And flowered armour chain,
It sleeps in peace.

Sleep, too, my heart! The bitter Past
Will never wake again!
'Tis dead, 'tis dead, thank God, at last!
Shriek for its soul in vain!
Sleep! Sleep! in peace.

Margaret Brandon.

"King Henry the Eighth."

ON the termination of the run of this play at the Lyceum Theatre, where during the season it has enjoyed great popularity, it may be interesting, so far as we have record of it, to trace its history, which appears somewhat remarkable, being enveloped in more mystery, perhaps, than that of any other of Shakespeare's writings.

There is some doubt as to when and by whom "King Henry the Eighth" was written. Several critics have incidentally betrayed a consciousness that there is something peculiar in it —either in the execution, the structure, or the general design— which creates a doubt. Dr. Johnson observes that "the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Queen Katharine, and that the rest of the play might be easily conceived and easily written"—a fact, if it be a fact, so remarkable as to call for explanation. Coleridge, in one of his attempts to classify Shakespeare's plays (1802), distinguished "Henry VIII." as "*Gelegenheitsgedicht*"; and in a second attempt (1819) described it as "a sort of historical masque or shew-play," thereby betraying a consciousness that there was something singular and exceptional about it. Ulrici, who applied himself with great ingenuity to discover in each of Shakespeare's plays a profound moral purpose, is obliged to confess that he can make nothing of "Henry VIII.," and came to the conclusion that what we have was intended only for a first part, to be followed by a second, in which the odds would have been made even. Knight, whose faith is proof against such doubts, treats "Henry VIII." as the perfect crown and consummation of the series of historical plays, and succeeds in tracing through the first four acts a consistent and sufficient moral; but when he comes to the fifth, which should crown all, he is content with a reference to the historians, admitting that the catastrophe which history has provided as the crowning moral of the whole is not exhibited in the play. "But who," he asks, "can forget it"?—an apology for the gravest of all defects which seems inadmissible.

A peculiarity of another kind has also been detected, namely, the unusual number of lines with a redundant syllable at the end, of which, it is said, there are twice as many in this as in any other play—a circumstance well worthy of consideration, for so broad a difference was not likely to be accidental, and one which is the more remarkable when viewed in connection with another peculiarity of style pointed out by Knight, viz., the number of passages in which the lines are so run into each other that it is impossible to separate

them in reading by the slightest pause at the end of each. Now the passage which Knight selects is one in which the proportion of lines with the redundant syllable is unusually small, and, therefore, it would appear that the play is remarkable for the prevalence of two peculiarities of different kinds which are in some degree irreconcilable.

Appealing to the individual consciousness of the reader, it may be asked, Is not the effect of this play as a whole weak and disappointing? The interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away entirely, and leaves us in the last act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain, as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction, the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter, which are a part of Queen Katharine's injury, and amount to little less than the ultimate triumph of wrong; for throughout the play the king's cause is not only felt by us but represented to us as a bad one. We hear certainly of conscientious scruples with regard to the legality of his first marriage, but we are not made, nor, indeed, asked, to believe that they are sincere, or to recognise in his new marriage either the hand of Providence or the consummation of any worthy object, or even the victory of any of those more commonplace frailties of humanity with which we can sympathise.

The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited. No attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for him; yet his passion has its way, and is crowned with felicity, present and to come. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon.

This main defect is sufficient in itself to mar the effect of the play as a whole; but there is another which, though less vital, is not less unaccountable. The greater part of the fifth act, in which the interest ought to be nearing a crowning point, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber, though full of life and vigour, and, in point of execution, not unworthy of Shakespeare, are utterly irrelevant to the business of the play, for what have we to do with the quarrel between Gardiner and Cranmer? Nothing in the play is explained by it, nothing depends upon it. It is used only (so far as the argument is concerned) as a preface for introducing Cranmer as godfather to Queen Elizabeth, which might have been done as a matter of course without any preface at all.

With the fate of Wolsey, again, in whom our second interest centres, the business of the last act does not connect itself any more

than with that of Queen Katharine. The fate of Wolsey would have made a noble subject for a tragedy in itself, and might have been combined with the tragedy of Katharine ; but as an introduction to the festive solemnity, with which the play concludes, the one seems as inappropriate as the other.

There is, perhaps, no other play of Shakespeare's that can be charged with a fault like this—none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. The singularity of "Henry VIII." is that while four-fifths of the play is occupied with matters intended to render us incapable of mirth, the remaining fifth is devoted to joy and triumph, and ends with universal festivity—but *not* a joy and triumph to those who have won our sympathies on account of their sufferings.

The incongruities of which this play is made up have naturally led to a belief that it has not all emanated from Shakespeare. It is confidently asserted that a great part is from the pen of Fletcher, as it is undeniably after his style ; and if the play is read carefully through, it certainly leaves a strong impression that two, if not three, writers were employed in its composition, and that they have not worked together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it. This is a conclusion which cannot, of course, be established by detached extracts, which, in questions of style, are doubtful evidence at best. The only satisfactory evidence upon which it can be determined whether a given scene was or was not by Shakespeare, is to be found in the general effect produced upon the mind, the ear, or the feelings by a free and broad perusal—in reading the whole play through, and noting the larger differences of effect without analysing small points.

The before-mentioned redundant-syllable-ending portions are attributed to Fletcher for the reason that his plays contain the same proportion of such lines as these parts of "Henry VIII.," the fourth act of "Thierry and Theodoret" serving as an instance in which 154 lines end with the redundant syllable out of 232, being exactly the same proportion which is found in so many scenes of "Henry VIII.," and which is not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole of Shakespeare's plays. Again, these redundant endings do not occur in all parts of the play alike, but only in those considered un-Shakespearian ; a confirmation of the view that Shakespeare did not write the whole of "Henry VIII."

The authorship of the play has been apportioned by some critical students as follows :—

Act I,	Scene 1.	—Shakespeare.
	„ 2.	— „
	„ 3.	—Fletcher.
„ II,	„ 1.	— „
	„ 2.	— „
	„ 3.	—Shakespeare.
	„ 4.	— „

Act III,	„	1.—Fletcher.
	„	2.—Shakespeare (ending with "what appetite you have.")
	„	2.—Fletcher (beginning from the above.)
„ IV,	„	1.— „
	„	2.— „
„ V,	„	1.—Shakespeare.
	„	2.—Fletcher.
	„	3.— „
	„	4.— „

Prologue and Epilogue—Fletcher.

"Henry VIII." was first printed in the folio in 1623, and was printed, no doubt, as Shakespeare's, without any hint that another, or others, had been employed on it; but so were "Titus Andronicus," and all the three parts of "Henry VI." The editors were not critics, and it was not then the fashion for authors to trouble the public with their jealousies. The play would naturally go by the name of Shakespeare, having in it so much of his undoubted and best workmanship, and would, therefore, naturally take its place in the general collection of his works.

With regard to the date of its composition we have no conclusive evidence, but that which approaches nearest to the character goes to show that it was acted and considered a new play on St. Peter's Day, 1613, when the Globe Theatre was burnt down. The play then acted was certainly on the subject of "Henry VIII." and contained at least one incident which occurs in the present work—the discharge of the chambers upon the arrival of the masquers in the supper scene. It was entitled "All is True," but that title is appropriate to the present work, and, indeed, may have been the original one, though the editors when placing it among the histories preferred the historical title. There is evidence, also, that a play called "The Interlude to Henry VIII." was in existence in 1604; but none to show that it was by Shakespeare, still less that it was the present play in its present state. Altogether, therefore, it may be assumed that "Henry VIII." was composed in 1612 or 1613, and that Fletcher (probably assisted by Beaumont) was employed in the composition in addition to Shakespeare.

Assuming, then, that "Henry VIII." was written partly by Shakespeare and partly by Fletcher, with the assistance probably of some third person, great curiosity is natural as to the plan upon which their joint labours were conducted. It was not unusual in those days when a play was required with great despatch for two, three, and even four hands to work upon it; and the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage may have suggested the production of a play representing the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen. Such an occasion would sufficiently account for the determination not to treat the subject tragically; and the necessity for producing it at once might lead to the employment of several hands, whence would follow inequality of workmanship, and imperfect connection of the several parts.

This, however, would not explain the incoherency and inconsistency of the main design. Had Shakespeare been engaged to frame

a design for a play which was to terminate with the happy marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen, it is only reasonable to suppose he would not have claimed our attention through the first four acts with a tragic and absorbing interest in the decline and death of Queen Katharine, and through half the fifth with a quarrel between Cranmer and Gardiner in which we have no interest. On the other hand, since it is by Shakespeare that all the principal matters and characters are *introduced*, it is not likely that the general design of the play was laid out by another.

As a solution of the difficulty it may be inferred that Shakespeare had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of "Henry VIII," which would have included the divorce of Queen Katharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Bullen, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church, which, being the one great historical event of the reign, would naturally be chosen as the focus of poetic interest. He had probably proceeded in the execution of this idea as far as the third act, which might have included the establishment of Cranmer in the seat of highest ecclesiastical authority (the council-chamber scene in the fifth act being designed as an introduction to that), when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play to honour the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth, he thought that his half-finished work might help them, and accordingly handed them his MS. to make what they could of it. It was then probably put into the hands of Fletcher (already in high repute as a popular and expeditious playwright), who, finding the original design not very suitable to the occasion, and widely beyond his capacity, expanded the three acts into five by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which he was an adept, making no allusion to the great ecclesiastical revolution, which was beyond him, and for which he had no materials supplied, converted what should have been the middle into the end, and so turned out an elaborate "historical masque or shew play," a kind of entertainment very popular at that time. This is a bold conjecture, but it will account for all the phenomena.

It may be added, in conclusion, that both Charles Lamb and Alfred Tennyson have noted the resemblance to Fletcher's style in this play.

W. Andrews.

Beverley Bells.

HARK ! Hark !
Beverley Bells are ringing,
Are ringing o'er the lea ;
Their clear tones fill the twilight chill
With clanging melody.
There's a white face at a window,
There's a sad heart in the town ;
Is that a bride by the grey fireside,
Clad in a wedding-gown ?

Ring, Bells of Beverley,
Ring on as ye rang then ;
There is no mirth in Heaven or earth,
No truth in the hearts of men !

Hark ! Hark !
Beverley Bells are ringing,
O'er twilit square and street ;
'Twas years ago they once rang so,
And O the dream was sweet !
He is not dead, but faithless—
She donned her gown in vain ;
Though her heart may break for his false sake,
He will not come again !

Ring, Bells of Beverley,
Ring on as ye rang then ;
There is no mirth in Heaven or earth,
No truth in the hearts of men !

Hush ! Hush !
Beverley Bells are dying
Upon the still night air ;
There's a figure at the threshold,
There's a footfall on the stair.
Regretting—grieving—yearning
For the love of days gone by,
He has come at last to redeem the past—
Why makes she no reply ?

Ring, Bells of Beverley,
For a broken spirit passed,
For a weary breast that has found its rest,
And a soul at peace at last !

Clifton Bingham.

Richard Tarlton.

IT is of the nature of the actor's calling that the attainment of lasting fame is extremely difficult. A few take their places among the world's celebrities, a few more are remembered by those who specially interest themselves in the history of the stage, but the vast majority, even though they were, in Mr. Browning's phrase, "people of certain importance in their day" are doomed to complete oblivion. Sir Richard Baker says of Tarlton that "for clown's parts he never had his equal, nor ever will," and yet, except to students of the Elizabethan drama, his very name is unknown; indeed, if he were not the reputed author of two rare tracts, neither of which however he wrote, he would scarcely be remembered even by such students.

Tarlton was born about the year 1530 at Condover, a Shropshire village not far from Shrewsbury, which has probably seen few radical changes since the days of Elizabeth. The registers of the church do not, unfortunately, begin at a sufficiently early date to contain the entry of his birth, and, as a matter of fact, we owe the place and date to tradition, but as Tarlton in his day was a well-known public man, there is no reason to suppose that tradition has gone wrong in this case. Of his parents we know nothing; on this point even tradition is silent. His father may have been a yeoman at Condover, for Fuller speaking of Tarlton in his "Worthies," says: "He was in the field keeping his father's swine, when a servant of Robert, Earl of Leicester, passing this way to his lord's lands in his barony of Denbighe, was so highly pleased with his 'happy unhappy' answers, that he brought him to court." Whether there is any truth in this anecdote or not it is impossible to say; at least it has the merit, which does not belong to all anecdotes of the kind, of being possible. All we know for certain respecting Tarlton's early life, is that he was known in London in 1570, for his name appears as author of a ballad referring to certain great floods in Bedfordshire, and beginning:—

> "All faithful harts com waile,
> Com rent your garments gay
> Els nothing can prevaile
> To turn God's wrath away."

Tarlton's education seems to have been small, as one of his contemporaries asserts that "he was only superficially seen in learning." An old play states that he was a 'prentice in his youth, and on his own authority we know he kept an inn in London. In another old play he is spoken of as "quondam controller and induperator" of a tavern in Colchester.

The Queen's company of players was founded in 1583, and Tarlton was one of the original twelve members, being, in addition, "Ordenary Grome of Her Majestes Chamber." His reputation for what in these days would be called "gag," seems to have been considerable, for Stow calls him and a fellow player named Thomas Wilson, "rare men," and adds that Tarlton had "a wondrous, plentifull, pleasant, extemporall wit." It was no doubt such actors as Tarlton that Shakespeare had in his mind when he wrote the warning to the players in *Hamlet:* "And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them." "Gag," however, dies hard, and has braved even Shakespeare's displeasure. Mr. Halliwell Phillips, from whose account of Tarlton many of the facts in this sketch are taken, states that Tarlton was skilled in fencing; at all events he was admitted a Master of Fence in 1587, and that was the highest degree granted by the fencing schools of the time.

It was as a clown that Tarlton gained his fame, and there is no doubt that he was quite unrivalled in his line. An immense concensus of contemporary opinion goes to show how completely he was master of his craft. The clown was an extremely privileged person in those days. He did pretty much as he liked on the stage, and when he was not playing the fool there he was doing so among the spectators. The principal item in his performance was the Jig, a kind of doggerel verse sung or recited to the tune of the tabor and pipe, and sometimes accompanied by dancing. One of these "Jigges," directed against the Corporation of London, on account of their opposition to theatrical entertainments, has been preserved. It is entitled, "Jigge of a horse loade of Fooles," and the first verse runs:—

> "What do you lacke? What do you lacke?
> I've a horse loade of fooles,
> Squeaking gibbering of everie degree;
> Ime an excellent workman,
> And these are my tooles:
> Is not this a fine merrie familie?"

How completely Tarlton was identified with this kind of composition may be judged from the fact that Gabriel Harvey writing in 1592, calls it "Tarltonizing." The wit in Tarlton's verses, is not, it must be confessed, very obvious, but, as in the case of the average modern music hall song, everything no doubt depended on the manner of delivery. In the performances in which Tarlton took part, not the play, but the player was the thing.

As we have seen, Tarlton's chief merit seems to have been his capacity for extemporising. This is certainly not one of the qualities of the actor, or, at all events, of the modern actor, unless he be a burlesque actor of the Arthur Roberts school. But besides delivering his jests admirably, Tarlton seems to have been a master of facial expression and gesture, for Fuller tells us that "much of his merriment lay in his very looks and actions . . . . . indeed,

the self same words spoken by another would hardly move a merry man to smile, which, uttered by him, would force a sad soul to laughter." Tarlton as a mirth provoker seems to have been quite irresistible, for the same writer tells us that "when Queen Elizabeth was serious, I dare not say sullen, and out of good humour, he could undumpish her at his pleasure. Her highest favourites would, in some cases, go to Tarlton before they would go to the Queen; and he was their usher to prepare their advantageous access unto her. In a word, he told the Queen more of her faults than most of her chaplains, and cured her melancholy better than all her physicians." There is a tradition that Tarlton rebuked the Queen in the presence of her court for her partiality to Sir Walter Raleigh and the Earl of Leicester, but that is a liberty which the most audacious of jesters would hardly have ventured to take with Henry VIII's daughter. A jest which Tarlton is reputed to have made at the Queen's expense still remains. It is not a very brilliant affair—"Dicke Tarlton said that he would compare Queen Elizabeth to nothing more fitly than a sculler, for said he, neither the Queen nor the sculler hath a fellow."

It may be assumed, though of this we have no definite information, that Tarlton led the roystering life so common in the days of Good Queen Bess. That he was immensely popular at the London taverns, may be judged from the fact that his portrait frequently did justice for a sign. In Hall's *Satires* we read :—

> "O honour, far beyond a brazen shrine,
> To sit with Tarlton on an ale-post's sign."

Tarlton could hardly have made all the jests, and played all the pranks which tradition has put to his credit. In 1611, an entire volume entitled, "Tarlton's Jests, drawn into three parts: His Court Witty Jests; His Sound City Jests; His Country Pretty Jests; full of delight, wit, and honest mirth," was published. A specimen of the volume may be given which throws a light on the relations which it is believed existed between the jester and his wife. "Upon a time as Tarlton and his wife, as passengers, came sailing from Southampton towards London, a mighty storme arose and endangered the ship, whereupon the captaine thereof charged every man to throw into the seas the heaviest thing he could best spare, to the end to lighten somewhat the ship. Tarlton that had his wife there, offered to throw her overboard, but the company rescued her; and being asked wherefore he meant so to doe, he answered: she is the heaviest thing I have, and I can best spare her."

Amongst other works, Tarlton compiled a play entitled, "The Seven Deadlie Sinnes," which was never printed, and of which the MS. is lost. The same fate has overtaken the MSS. of most of the "Jigges," indeed the only one extant is probably the one of which the opening verse has been quoted. The numerous works such as "Toyes," the "Jests" alluded to above, and the "News out of Purgatory," to which Tarlton's name is attached, were not written by him.

Tarlton lived—at all events for a time—in Hallywell Street, now known as High Street, Shoreditch, in which street Richard Burbage likewise had his home. Tarlton's death took place on the 3rd of September, 1588, the year of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. He made his will and was buried on the same day, from which fact Mr. Halliwell Phillips assumes that he died of the plague. By his will he left everything to his son Philip, who, it may be presumed, was his only child, as there is no mention of any other. His wife, to whom he seems to have been by no means attached, probably predeceased him. He appointed his "most lovinge mother Katharine Tarlton, widowe," and two friends guardians of his son, who was an infant at the time of his death. Tarlton seems to have died a poor man, notwithstanding his great popularity as a player. His epitaph is preserved by Cumden :

> "Hic situs est cujus vox, vultus actio possit
> Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum."

Another *post-mortem* eulogy runs :—

> "Here within this sullen earth
> Lies Dick Tarlton, lord of mirth ;
> Who in his grave still laughing, gapes,
> Syth all clowns since have been his apes.
> Ears he of clownes to learne still sought,
> But now they learne of him they taught ;
> But art far past the principall
> The counterfet is so worth all."

Unless his portraits do him grievous injustice, Tarlton was decidedly not a handsome man. He is represented as short and rather stout. He has a pointed beard, his eyes are small, while his nose is flat and broad. It is believed that it was flattened by a blow he received while parting some dogs and bears whom he found fighting. This accident he said, characteristically, did not affect him, for he was still able to smell a knave from an honest man. His face indicates a good deal of humour, so far as one can judge from the drawing in the British Museum. In addition to the accident to his nose, tradition has it that he squinted.

There seems to be no doubt that Tarlton was a comic actor of genius. So great a reputation as he gained could only have been the result of very real merits. But it is obviously difficult to gain any idea of his method, so radical have been the changes in theatrical conventions since the "spacious days of Great Elizabeth." Tarlton was half-jester, half-actor. He was the representative low comedian of his time ; his pre-eminence is insisted on by all who wrote about him, and they were many. Under these circumstances, it is unlikely that he will ever be quite forgotten, at all events by students of the Elizabethan drama.

Charles T. J. Hiatt.

Entre-acte Reveries.

("Poems of Pleasure" *by* Ella Wheeler Wilcox).

BETWEEN the acts while the orchestra played
That sweet old waltz with the lilting measure,
I drifted away to a dear dead day,
When the dance for me was the sum of all pleasure;
When my veins were rife with the fever of life,
When hope ran high as an inswept ocean,
And my heart's great gladness was almost madness,
As I floated off to the music's motion.

How little I cared for the world outside!
How little I cared for the dull day after!
The thought of trouble went up like a bubble,
And burst in a sparkle of mirthful laughter.
Oh! and the beat of it, oh! and the sweet of it—
Melody, motion, and young blood melted;
The dancers swaying, the players playing,
The air song-deluged and music-pelted.

I knew no weariness, no, not I—
My step was as light as the waving grasses
That flutter with ease on the strong-armed breeze,
As it waltzes over the wild morasses.
Life was all sound and swing; youth was a perfect thing;
Night was the goddess of satisfaction.
Oh, how I tripped away, right to the edge of day!
Joy lay in motion, and rest lay in action.

I dance no more on the music's wave,
I yield no more to its 'wildering power,
The time has flown like a rose that is blown,
Yet life is a garden for ever in flower.
Though storms of tears have watered the years,
Between to-day and the day departed,
Though trials have met me, and grief's waves wet me,
And I have been tired and trouble-hearted.

Though under the sod of a wee green grave,
A great, sweet hope in darkness perished,
Yet life, to my thinking, is a cup worth drinking,
A gift to be glad of, and loved, and cherished.
There is deeper pleasure in the slower measure
That Time's grand orchestra now is playing.
Its mellowed minor is sadder but finer,
And life grows daily more worth the living.

The Introduction of Italian Opera to the English Stage.

THOSE of us who delight in Italian Opera do not, perhaps, ask ourselves how it is we prefer foreign music and foreign artists to those of our own tongue. Some may say this country cannot give a vocalist that charming grace and finish characteristic, for instance, of the Italian; but while it must be admitted that more thorough cultivation is imparted in the foreign Conservatoires of Music, yet their admirable course of instruction does not *create* the power and sweetness of the human voice, but merely brings it to perfection by careful and studied training. Our own country undoubtedly produces as fine singers as any, but an English artist is sometimes looked upon with indifference simply because of the English name, while the same singer, under a foreign pseudonym, would in all probability come to the front, and be graciously received by the British public. This subject is a well-worn one, and it is only touched upon here for the purpose of drawing a comparison between the view of the present day and that which prevailed at the time of the introduction of foreign music to the English stage. Perhaps few lovers of Italian Opera know with what fierce opposition it was at first received, and the tedious, up-hill struggle that ensued before the public taste was sufficiently educated to accept it. Various schemes to attract and please the audience had to be resorted to, some even tending to amuse because of their very absurdity; and it was many years before the English could be induced to accept Italian music, with Italian libretto, rendered by Italian singers.

"Arsinoe" was the first Italian opera produced in London, and was sung in English by English artists. The novelty of the Italian score made this opera successful, and proved an incentive to attempt English libretto set to Italian music, "which," according to a writer of that day, "should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation." This so alarmed the English writers, singers, and instrumentalists, who were only accustomed to their own kind of ware, that they laid down a rule, "That nothing is capable of being well set to music that is not nonsense." This maxim was no sooner received than the authors of the day fell to translating Italian operas, and, believing there was no great danger of damaging the sense of the original, substituted words of their own, which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages professed to be accurately translated. The primary consideration was in regard to the metrical

arrangement, and care was only taken that the numbers of the English verse should answer to those in the Italian. Thus, in the celebrated song in "Camilla":—

"Barbara, si t'intendo," etc.,
("Barbarous woman! yes, I know your meaning"),

which expresses the resentment of an angry lover, was translated into an English lamentation—

"Frail are a lover's hopes," etc.,

and the audience was moved to emotional feelings by soft notes that, in the original, were intended to be rendered with a fierce spirit of indignation. Another absurd point in regard to the translation of "Camilla" was, that though the sense might be correctly drawn, the necessary transposition of words in converting one tongue into another naturally caused the music to be erratic in the matter of accenting. Here is an instance. The Italian ran thus—

"And turned my rage into pity";

but the English, for the sake of rhyming, was—

"And into pity turned my rage."

The soft notes that were adapted to "pity" in the Italian, fell upon the word "rage" in the English; and the fierce and angry notes that were applied to "rage" in the original, were made to express "pity" in the translation. Thus also it frequently happened that the finest notes in the air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence, the word "and" being often pursued through the whole gamut, and the audience entertained with many a melodious "the," and hearing the most beautiful graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon such words as "then," "for," "from," etc., to the eternal honour of the English particles. The effect upon the ear of such musical malapropism may be readily imagined, and at the present day would be the means of emptying Covent Garden before the first act was over.

The next step towards educating the public to appreciate Italian opera was the introduction of Italian artists to sing in conjunction with our own, the former rendering their parts in Italian, the latter in English. The hero of the opera spoke in Italian, and was answered by his slaves, etc., in English. The lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess in a language she did not understand; and so little Italian was known that the audience expected to see the hero strike his messenger when he was but asking a question, or fancied he was quarrelling with his friend when he only bade him "good-morrow."

This complication made opera more intolerable than before; but notwithstanding its absurdity, continued to prevail on the English stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding but half the opera, and desired it rendered wholly in Italian. A writer at the time says:—

"To save themselves intirely the fatigue of thinking, the audience have so ordered it at present that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the language of our own stage, insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an intire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the meantime, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection:—'In the beginning of the eighteenth century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.' One scarce knows how to be serious," continues this writer, "in the confutation of an absurdity that shows itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it. If the Italians have a genius for musick above the English, the English have a genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible at a time when an author lived that was able to write the "Phædra and Hippolytus," for a people to be so stupidly fond of the Italian opera as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable tragedy? Musick is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the intire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human nature, I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than Plato did when he banished it out of his commonwealth. At present our notions of musick are so very uncertain that we do not know what it is we like; only in general, we are transported with anything that is not English, so it be of a foreign growth, whether Italian, French, or High-Dutch, it is the same thing. In short, our English musick is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead."

The next matter which claimed attention was the *recitativo*. This appears to have afforded no little amusement and surprise. When generals were heard singing the word of command, a lover chanting out his *billet-doux*, and the superscription of a letter adapted to music, the audience could not forbear laughing outright; they soon became of the opinion, however, that this innovation was more pleasing than the practice hitherto adopted—that the transition from an air to recitative music was more natural than passing to plain and ordinary speech; and that the cadences in the *recitativo* bore a remote affinity to the tone of the voice in ordinary conversation—the accents of the language made more musical.

The subject of realistic scenery next came in for a large amount of thought and experiment, wild schemes being suggested such as we, even in these days of scientific engineering, would not for one moment entertain. It was considered that opera should be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design was to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention of the audience.

It was proposed to break down part of a wall and to reveal a hundred horses for a battle scene; and a project was actually set on foot to bring the New River into the theatre, to be employed in drains and waterworks; but this was ultimately abandoned. When "Rinaldo" was given, some very risky illuminations and fireworks were largely employed, several engines being placed at the wings in case of an

emergency. At another opera a number of birds were let loose, the idea being for them to sing in a grove; but though they flew in sight, the music in reality proceeded from a concert of flageolets and bird-calls behind the scenes. As might have been expected, the birds were very difficult to get rid of, and would make their appearance at all times and under all circumstances; and in the end they became so very objectionable and numerous, that doubts were expressed as to whether the building would ever be free of them. It seems almost incredible that such an absurd attempt at realism should ever have actually been made.

On another occasion it was decided to introduce the story of Whittington and his Cat into an opera, and that a number of mice should be collected and allowed to run free on the stage; but the proprietor very justly considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that, consequently, the princes of the stage would be as freely infested with mice afterwards as the prince of the island had been, in the story, before the arrival of the cat upon it, and said "he did not suppose any of the artists would equal the famous Pied Piper, who made all the mice in a town of Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of the noxious vermin."

Such were some of the incidents in the early history of Italian opera in England. That it should have survived them, and have finally secured the hold it has now gained upon so large a section of the public of the unmusical nation, affords a proof perhaps that it possesses transcendent intrinsic merits, or else that the nation is in reality a more musical one than it is supposed to be. Let us hope this is so. It has been said that Italian opera is dead, and Sir Augustus Harris, when reviving it at Covent Garden, determined either "to give it new life or a decent burial." A decent burial! Is this not a reproach to us as a nation, to be content to "bury" the "Divine Art," when almost every day brings to light some new discovery in the scientific world, some further advance in the fine arts?

W. H. S.

Amongst the "Gods."

"THE voice of fame should be as loud as thunder." It need be so, or the "gods" would miss those keen flashes of wit which, dramatically, are known as "fat." Shakespeare anticipated what the denizens of the gallery would become in the future, though they were men of parts in his day, and had no sympathy with the groundlings. Thus he writes—

> "Life . . . . is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing."

To get amongst the "gods" you must mount many steps, frequently bare stone ones of such narrow dimensions that the man of anticipation is apt to ask himself in what manner he will get down again when once he has got up. Once at the top, he may ask himself again how he is to see the play that is to be performed for his delectation, for at that dizzy height the upper "flies" and the top of the proscenium are alone visible. But he pushes along, and passing down a small gangway, gains a seat upon one of the wooden benches that are placed at the disposal of the "gods." They are hard things, and they have no backs to minister to the comfort of the occupier, but a *fauteuil* with a satin cushion is hardly to be expected for the outlay of a shilling, and the "gods" are easy to please.

Once seated in the gallery, you have an opportunity to view your neighbours and to appreciate some of those characteristics which do denote them truly. You may have a man of war upon your right hand, who sucks his cane and drinks small beer to while away the half-hour that intervenes before the rising of the curtain; and if you have not a baby, a well spring of noise if not of pleasure, upon your left, you will be a lucky man. A hundred youths who illustrate the line that "care keeps his watch in every old man's eye," a sailor or two, a woman who has partaken freely of the flowing bowl, a bard who knows half a line of the latest chorus from the Gaiety, and a bevy of shabby-genteel people, make up the little company; and chattering, laughing, shouting, whistling, drinking, they await the drama.

If you are in the gallery of a minor theatre, you will be struck with the barren aspect of the place. The walls may be papered, and the paper in rags, or covered with whitewash which the mutations of time have turned into blackwash. The benches will be old, and the wood irregular and splintered, while the hand-rail that

prevents the indiscreet "god" from making a sudden exit into the pit will be rusted and rickety. Such dilapidations impute no want of diligence on the part of the manager. He has to contend with a noisy and a light-hearted company, with impromptu suppers, and empty beer bottles, and with enough orange peel nightly to cover an armour-plated ship.

It is a strange fact and one noted by close observers that there is a certain section of English people who seem able to accomplish neither business nor pleasure without a frequent partaking of sundry light refreshments which that pleasant rogue Autolycus might deem "unconsidered trifles." They enter a railway train, and ere the van has cleared the roof of the terminus, they produce sandwiches, apples, oranges, and a small flask which may contain what Mrs. Corney would style peppermint with something in it. And during the whole of the journey they continue to eat with that relish which denotes an infinite and insatiable appetite. These happy people often form a moiety of the "gods," and come to the theatre to eat, drink, and be merry. With a slice of cold pork and a bottle of stout they are in the seventh heaven of delight, and a meat pie is a delicacy scarcely surpassed by the luxury of a dish of fried fish. They spread these comestibles in their laps or upon the edges of the benches in front of them, and merrily consume their food whilst the villain is reaping the rewards of his treachery, and the hero learning the responses of the marriage service.

But what shall we say of the dramatic tastes of the "gods"? Surely their minds cannot be all amiss on tragic melodrama, when we find them flocking to witness the more delicate humours of comedy at all of the greater West-end theatres. True they have a propensity for "fat," and they like their characters broadly delineated; but that may be due to the narrow span of life which is open to them. The "gods" like virtue and vice spelt with capital letters. The fine art of theologians is lost upon them. A man is to them either good or bad according or no as he commits a heinous crime, and whilst many are no doubt greater sinners than the "'Sdeath" villains they hiss so heartily, they are, in their capacity as "gods," as far from vicious sympathy as any Doctor of Divinity. And so we see them at their best in the gallery; they are then Englishmen or nothing. They are for the moment the courageous supporters of outraged womanhood and suffering manhood, and they preach a whole code of ethics with a cheer or a hiss. If they like their work flavoured, as often as not they like it pure. If they can only appreciate as humour that which we deem vulgar, it is because vulgarity is to them the backbone of all laughter. Their villain must have his ideas writ large upon him, or he fails to impress; their heroine must be so sweet, so beauteous, so fair, that they can truly say of her—

"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on."

But a visit to the "gods" brings home to the mind very forcibly the

intense realism which they impute to every detail of the fare which is presented to them. They have no eyes that can detect the secrets of mechanism or trickery. The carpet waves which beat upon the footlights are the fresh breakers of the sea-shore; the resounding echo from the rolling iron balls is the most appalling thunder; the burnt paper the most realistic lightning, and every scream or pose of the heroine is from the heart, seared with the deepest suffering.

A "god," however, has a ready ear for humour. We may remember, perhaps, the occasion when "Agamemnon" was played at Oxford, and the author was called by the gallery at the end of the representation. The manager hastened to explain that that worthy had been dead two thousand years and more. "Then let's have his mummy," was the instant rejoinder, and the dignity of the official was banished before the roars of laughter in the house. Again, *per contra*, the "god" frequently shows a readiness of appreciation for fine lines and grandiose declamation that would hardly be looked for in the gallery. Witness Macready breaking down at "Is this dagger," and a "god" giving him the first lines of the passage; or a fair heroine saying lamely, "I will go home and die," when a wit in the gallery cried, "Yes, do go home and die." The groundling is a very different article from his brother up aloft. He is oftentimes the keenest critic in the whole house, and his satire most dreaded by the doubtful actor. Since the days that he voted "Tony Lumpkin" low, he has taken upon himself the right to make or mar the name of the playwright. He is no respecter of persons, and will cheerfully "damn" either the effort of the most renowned writer or the veriest *débutant*. His privileges are time-honoured, and woe betide the manager who interferes with them. He is at once a generous admirer or a ruthless satirist, and is nothing if not critical. The "god" has nothing in common with him, and comes only to admire. He is, as a rule, at a too lofty elevation to follow the lines of the author with satirical comment, and can only make himself heard as an individual by a shrieking whistle or an alarming whoop. He is generous to a fault and all-forgiving, and he is only personally affronted when all does not end happily.

A narrow student of human life can indeed profit much by a visit to the gallery of a minor theatre. He can learn there of the real nature of many a man or woman as it is when untrammelled by the daily associations of vice and the needs of existence. In the playhouse he will see the better side of those whom we are apt to stigmatise as worthless, and in whom we consider the finer feelings to be for ever dead. The puppets on the stage will stir in them the emotions and the human sympathies of long ago. They will laugh with the light-hearted, and weep with the sorrowful. Their spirits will fire with admiration for the stirring hero, and there will be many amongst them a thousand times ready to offer the shelter of their own miserable homes to the unhappy woman of the playwright's art. The lesson may be, nay probably is, but transitory, yet it is a lesson, and if by it the "gods" gain but a few hours'

forgetfulness of the dark and dreary sides of their own lives, and learn but one line from the open page, the author of it is doing as great a work as may be accomplished from the pulpit itself. Realising these things, he should not forget his responsibility.

MAX PEMBERTON.

Plays of the Month.

"BY THE MIDLAND SEA."

"An Episode," by JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.
First produced at the Criterion Theatre, Tuesday afternoon, June 21st, 1892.

Harold, Lord Mordred	Mr. H. REVELLE.	Dr. Penneth	Mr. ROBB HARWOOD.
Captain Hamilton Banner	Mr. C. M. HALLARD.	Lady Mordred	Miss NORREYS.
		Mrs. Wellington.. ..	Miss H. LINDLEY.

For a clerical charity (St. Luke's, Camberwell) this unsavoury sketch was about the last kind of play to be desired ; but the glamour of Miss Norreys' art and Mr. McCarthy's style prevailed, and not a single protest was lodged. Lady Mordred has followed her husband to Monte Carlo, and Captain Banner has followed her, but to neither does the chase prove fruitful. Lord Mordred is a very modern husband, and confesses to his wife "I have loved dozens of women in my time, and if I live and do well I shall love dozens more. . . . Look here, why shouldn't we get divorced? . . . I must run after women; it's in the blood I suppose." As may be inferred, his wife's gentle pleadings for fidelity, if not for love, have fallen upon deaf ears, and having rejected Banner's adulterous suit—approved by her husband though it be—the uncomplaining little heiress from the States swallows poison, and falls dead. What this is intended for—tragedy, or life, or a desultory essay in the Ibsenesque manner—only the author can tell. Without explanation it appears simply a gross and horrible parody of superlatively bestial existence, with nothing to redeem it, no insight, no humanity, no imagination. The Lord Mordred of Mr. McCarthy's "episode" does no doubt occasionally, say once in ten years, make his appearance on the world's stage, to be promptly driven off with brickbats; but he is not on that account to be classed among typical human beings. His place is with the pig-faced lady and the Siamese twins. He is merely a monstrosity who excites nausea, and whom a Spartan parent would have strangled at birth. Nothing but regret can be felt at the waste of talent, histrionic and literary, rendered inevitable by such a play; nothing but wonder at the selection of it for a *matinée* production before eminently guileless folk. On the same afternoon was produced

"MRS. HILARY REGRETS."

A comedietta, by S. THEYRE SMITH.

Dr. Power	Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM.	Servant..	Mr. TERRIC.
Mrs. Hilary	Miss MARY MOORE.		

At the light touch of the author of "A Happy Pair," "Uncle's Will," "Old Cronies" and half a dozen more witty and sparkling trifles, we "turn in a trice To the lilies and languors of virtue, From the roses and raptures of vice." This, too, is a society piece; but no hint of putrescent animalism taints the air. In Mr. Smith's, as in Mr. Jones's world, men treat women with respect, the age of chivalry is not dead, and ladies' ears are not polluted with shameless explanations of the physiological why and wherefore of women being sought

in marriage. Mrs. Hilary is merely one of those bewitching little widows who, to quote from Mr. Malcolm Salaman's work on "Women," are such attractively dangerous things. She is an old-fashioned woman, merry, coquettish and lovable; and among her admirers is a Dr. Power. Of her many friends she has invited several to dinner, but found herself compelled to put them off, and to regret the fact in polite notes entrusted to the young doctor. Being an Irishman, and in love, he has forgotten to post them, and only discovers his carelessness on the brink of the dinner hour. Mrs. Hilary "regrets" again with upbraidings, pouts, tears; for there is only half a chicken in the house. But the Irishman's ready wit serves him in good stead. The guests are routed with the bombshell that the party will number thirteen; and Mrs. Hilary atones for her tantrums by giving the Doctor her hand. Superficial, perhaps, but infinitely pleasant to watch, and infinitely diverting to listen to (acted, moreover, to perfection by Miss Mary Moore and Mr. Wyndham in the merriest of moods), the comedy may be counted among Mr. Theyre Smith's brightest, *i.e.*, among the brightest any author has written.

"THE ADVENTURERS."

A comedy, in three acts, by Edward Rose.
First produced at the Strand Theatre, Friday afternoon, June 24th, 1892.

Basil Armathwaite ..	Mr. Charles Myers.	Cissy	Miss A. Adlercron.
Harold	Mr. Arthur Elwood.	Rosa	Miss Trench.
Major Shotley Carew	Mr. C. W. Somerset.	Leila Carew..	Miss Claire Ivanova.
Archie Venn	Mr. H. Eversfield.		

Who would have dreamed that it was worth anyone's while to re-adapt Augier's "L'Aventurière"? With "Home"—that masterpiece of flabby sentiment, of slip-shod theatricalism—in the market what demand could there be for a second modernisation of its original? But there, 'tis ever the unexpected, etc.; and Mr. Edward Rose, most plodding and painstaking of playwrights, thought "L'Aventurière" offered him a chance, and, therefore, jumped to take it. So cautious a writer could not jump altogether in vain, and his edition has much to recommend it. For example, in wit and eloquence his comedy is far ahead of Tom Robertson's, and the care he has bestowed upon the stagey characters verges on pathetic solicitude. But, alas! paternal anxiety will avail nothing against the decrees of fate, and these modern adventurers are doomed from their birth. There's a divinity that shapes their ends, rough-hew them how Mr. Edward Rose will. Puppets they are and puppets they will be, let who may strive to work the wires without jerks and spasms. Mrs. Pinchbeck and Captain Mountraffe fret their little hour again as Leila and Major Carew, and once more, in the person of Basil Armathwaite, the wise father Dorrison fails to recognise his own son. One and all are mere marionettes, Punch and Judy figures, just set up to be knocked down again. But, stagey as it is, and silly at many points, the comedy allows of vigorous acting, and therein lies its justification. Moreover, Harold's trap for Leila, to save his amorous old father from her clutches, is so neat that it serves in lieu of dramatic interest; and the defeat of the adventurers is an effective *coup de théâtre*. Hence actors like the play, and because good ones are willing to appear in it the public bears with a feeble work. So it was with "Home," and so it is with Mr. Rose's adaptation. Ernest, virile acting will always bear down artificiality in a play, and not even the theatricalism of "The Adventurers" could make headway against Mr. Arthur Elwood's unobtrusive sincerity or the vibrant emotion of Miss Ivanova, a very promising actress of rich voice, rare feeling, and simple style. Scarcely a fault, indeed, could be found with the cast from end to end, Mr. Eversfield and Miss Adlercron being fresh and young as stage girl-and-boy lovers should be, and Mr. Somerset finding, of course, in Major Carew a congenial outlet for his unrivalled talent in the representation of broken-down blacklegs. On the same afternoon was produced

"THE RING OF POLYCRATES."

A comedy, in one act, adapted from the German by Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A graceful trifle, playfully witty and playfully wise, exhibiting an ideally happy household in New York, and setting forth the attempt and its dire consequences (to himself) of a learned friend of this happy man to induce him to imitate Polycrates and sacrifice some treasure to the Fates, lest his great good fortune leave him. Upon such themes Mr. McCarthy can discourse with

elegance and eloquence; and this quaint conceit, admirably acted by Miss Violet Thornycroft and Mr. Bassett Roe, passes a half-hour pleasantly in semi-classic groves (hard by the Brevoort House hotel), surrounded by a grateful atmosphere of luxury, idleness, and good breeding.

"SHAKESPEARE."

A new and original comedy, in four acts, by Eden E. Greville.
First produced in London at the Globe Theatre, Monday evening, June 27th, 1892.

William Shakespeare	Mr. T. B. Thalberg.	Harry Baillie	Mr. A. P. Bowyer.
John Shakespeare ..	Mr. Henry Vernon.	Constable	Mr. H. Hudson.
Tom Green	Mr. Matthew Brodie.	First Citizen	Mr. E. R. Beaumont.
Ben Jonson	Mr. G. Lyon-Leith.	Mary Shakespeare ..	Mrs. Dion Boucicault.
Gabriel Spencer	Mr. Douglas Gordon.	Elizabeth Throgmorton	Miss Mary H. Keegan.
Hemynge	Mr. Hugh Warren.	Queen Elizabeth.. ..	Miss Beatrice Selwyn
Earl of Leicester ..	Mr. Eugene Mayeur.	Maid of Honour	Miss Einna Cullum.
Earl of Sussex	Mr. Frank Lindo.	Dorothy..	Miss Hilda Abinger.
Lord Southampton ..	Mr. Charles Medwin.	Mistress Hobbins ..	Miss C. Morland
Sir Walter Raleigh ..	Mr. F. R. Buckley.	Gipsy	Miss Lorraine Dreux.
Edmund Spenser ..	Mr. J. J. Caversham.	Mistress Page	Miss Kate Calton.
Sir Thomas Luey ..	Mr. Arthur Helmore.	Anne Hathaway.. ..	Miss Norreys.
Giles	Mr. R. Soutar.		

A very proper sense of decorum restrained the audience, on the first night of this strange medley. Master William Shakespeare—in the dreamy, silver-tongued, somewhat lackadaisical person of Mr. Thalberg—was on the stage, and it would not do to laugh. The one man whom the world conspires to honour must not be "guyed," no matter what ridiculous literary garb he may be thrust into. That was the feeling; one that did honour to the hearts (if not the heads) of his countrymen, and one that almost certainly saved the actors from a pretty bad experience of a disappointed audience's wit. For, to put the case charitably, Mr. Greville has quite missed his mark. It is inconceivable that the personality of Shakespeare can be suggested by any actor or author, but if the experiment must be tried, then surely it should be made by a writer endowed with dramatic perception and literary grace and power. Neither of these qualities, unfortunately, does Mr. Greville possess. He has ambition, and, no doubt, a laudable reverence for his subject, as well as an extensive acquaintance with the more or less traditional and mythical history of the Bard. This, no doubt, is something, but it is not enough. So far short of the required standard does it fall, in fact, that had Mr. Greville's scenes been presented as *tableaux*, the impression would have been infinitely livelier than any his studiously-drawn characters could possibly leave. Miss Norreys, Mrs. Boucicault, Mr. Brodie, lusty Mr. Henry Vernon, Mr. Buckley, Mr. Soutar, Miss Hilda Abinger, Miss Selwyn are all excellent players, attractive, or amusing, or accomplished, but little could they do with this fantastic series of disjointed scenes, labour as they would. Such satisfaction as may be had from the contemplation of a dozen capable performers—and as many shamefaced incapables—masquerading as sometime heroes of the world's stage, that did Mr. Greville's drama furnish. But to the judicious, 'twas a sorry sight. No peep at the Tabard and its illustrious drinkers, drinking pottle-deep; no glimpse of Shakespeare starving in garrets, smirking at Court, and flirting in the Palace Gardens with the Virgin Queen's pet maid-of-honour—under the Royal Virgin's nose, indeed; no vision of the forsaken and demented Anne, blasted with ecstasy and chanting snatches of old tunes, till the faithless William should return remorseful and disillusioned of Court beauties;—nothing of all this (by no means tamely done) could possibly atone for the author's crime in vulgarising a great theme and the greatest (perhaps) of immortals. Mr. Greville attempted the impossible. That he did not achieve it argues only that he is human. Some day his enthusiasm for the stage will bear fruit—to be munched with delight, not swallowed with grimaces—but not until he has learned how by great tasks small men are pulverised. 'Tis an ill wind, however, that blows gently for none, and "Shakespeare" may be forgiven in that it brought Miss Mary Keegan to town, an actress with mirth in her eyes, and music in her voice, and in her ways that nameless charm which works as many miracles as genius can.

"A LUCKY DOG."

Farcical play, in three acts, by W. Sapte, jun.
First produced at the Strand Theatre, Monday afternoon, July 4th, 1892.

Harold Winyard	Mr. John Tresahar,	Cheevers	Mr. C. Dodsworth.
William Woodcock	Mr. Cyril Maude.	Policeman	Mr. George Aubrey.
Benjamin Barrable	Mr. Fred Everill.	Letitia Winyard	Miss F. Robertson,
Milton Jones	Mr. L. D'Orsay.	Marion Winyard	Miss Annie Irish.
John Lucas	Mr. Charles Fawcett.	Atalanta Woodcock	Miss Maud Milton.
Joe Wiggs	Mr. J. Wheatman.	Servant	Miss H. Trench.

The funniest farce since "Confusion." Mr. Sapte has tacked a fortune on to a dog, and plumped both upon an impecunious sporting journalist, whose sole chance of bread and butter had up to the moment of the terrier's arrival lain in following the injunctions of a Grattan-Guinnessian aunt, and joining the staff of a prophetic catch-penny called *The Millennium*. Needless to say that the legacy carries with it a perilous proviso, that should the dog die or be lost, the income of £2,500 a year which he brings to his new master shall revert to the Dogs' Home. From which the story, full of fun and go, may easily be guessed. Great capital has been made out of dogs, upon the stage, before Mr. Sapte dreamed—if indeed it was a "Brownie" who suggested the idea—of "Peter." "The classic of the Langham" had done well with her "Dog of Flanders"; another of Montargis had paced the boards for years; Mr. Sims had not disdained the help of a Newfoundland "Lion" in his "Romany Rye"; the puppy who got mixed up with a baby had proved the making of "Confusion"; and Bully-Boy, who lately was accorded immortality in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, had supplied an indispensable element of interest in "The Dancing Girl." But, at the best, these were only dogs on exhibition. Mr. Sapte's, on the contrary, is the very pivot of the play, essential to the development of his characters, and therefore is his farce funnier than the rival dog-dramas which preceded it. Nor does the merit of the piece end here, for a good half-dozen of the *dramatis personæ* are shrewdly translated from familiar drawing-rooms, and more than once the stage is littered with plums of dialogue which the choking audience cannot grabble for sheer want of breath and time. When the play comes to be done at night, this must be looked to, and the pace varied according as the good things appear "single spies" or "in battalions," for Mr. Sapte's ready wit is well worth listening to, and deserves a far kindlier doom than unwitting burial amid explosions of irrepressible laughter. Then, too, the acting must be looked to here and there. Produced for Mr. Sidney Alport's benefit, the play showed signs of hurried preparation, and frequently the climax was missed from over-anxiety to hit the mark. This should be remedied, of course, as also the plugging of certain square holes with circular pegs. Several of the characters were admirably played, notably a bogus African explorer by Mr. Cyril Maude; a latter-day prophet with an eye for infatuated maiden ladies' cash, by Mr. Everill; and two girls, one typically sweet and girlish, the other typically loud and dashing, by Miss Irish and Miss Milton. Mr. Tresahar and Mr. Fawcett, too, threw energy and spirit into their work, and Miss Robertson, as the maiden aunt with Millenial leanings, was amusing. But the cast as a whole did not do justice to Mr. Sapte's inventiveness and humour, and hereafter, with the Penleys and the Blakeleys of the stage to give it breadth, the play will go much better.

"THE GOLDFISH."

A play, in three acts, from the Dutch of W. G. Van Nouhuys, translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos.
First produced at the Opera Comique Theatre, on Friday evening, July 8th, 1892.

Herman Koorders	Mr. W. L. Abingdon.	Marie Koorders	Miss Millward.
Franz Koorders	Mr. P. Cuningham.	Greta Roskamp	Miss Maud Milton.
Van Rompel	Mr. Edward Lennox.	Mrs. Van Borselen	Mrs. E. Phelps.
Arie Joosten	Mr. W. Bonney.	Stijntje Joosten	Miss C. Morland.
Fransen	Mr. Rex Shirley.	Doortje	Miss Ada Branson.
Gerrit	Mr. J. Fisher White.	Dina	Miss Mabel Hardy.

Herman Koorders, a sensualist, with a mistress and child on his hands, marries for money, but comes gradually to love his childless wife almost as much as the luxury which his prosperity as a banker secures him. Financial clouds gather, however, and when they are at their darkest, word arrives that his boy is desperately ill. The blow is heavy, and his manner awakens his wife's suspicions. His explanation of the interest he takes in this sick baby is con-

fused; and when he slips from home to visit it, his wife slips after him. At Greta Roskamp's house Marie's fears are confirmed. The boy is dead, and the mother, delirious with grief, and regarding her loss in the light of a punishment, hisses out the whole truth to her rival. From her, and in the presence of Herman, Marie learns what a mean wretch is the husband she has worshipped, how he looked upon her only as his "Goldfish," was unfaithful to her, and only began to care for her when his passion for his mistress was forgotten in his thirst for novelty. No words are too bitter for Greta's tongue. Where once she adored, she now hates and loathes. And having, as she thinks, wrecked the Koorders' happiness, she returns to the dead baby and bars the door against its abject father. Things after this go from bad to worse with Herman. He stops payment, impending ruin stares his creditors in the face, Marie is naturally estranged, and he contemplates suicide or some splendid swindle to regain his footing, when an appeal is made to the affection he pretends for her. He married for money. He dreads poverty. Will he endure it for her sake, and by the sacrifice of her fortune discharge his debts, begin life again, and thus prove the reality of his love? The struggle is severe, but Marie's influence is real, and he makes the happier choice. The faults of the play are many, but its virtues outnumber them. First of these is the plausibility of the whole thing, the atmosphere of familiarity, and the dramatic quality of the second act. Greta's bitterness is rather perplexing, perhaps, but its value as drama is unmistakable. And this one character excepted, there is no motive in the play that is not completely comprehensible, and rigidly and exactly true. As a strong acting play, however, the drama will chiefly arouse admiration, and its merits in this direction could scarcely have been more strongly emphasised than they were by the actors who presented it. Several minor parts, Mr. Bonney's, Miss Branson's, Mr. Cunningham's, Mrs. Phelps's, were notably well done, but interest necessarily centred in the mistress, the wife, and the husband. Mr. Abingdon was as clever as he always is, but too abject and far too confidential. Miss Millward, rapidly becoming a highly sympathetic actress, handled Marie with remarkable suppleness and tact. And Miss Milton, living Greta in every line of the part, played with such vividness and power as surprised even those who know her work well. The Independent Theatre justifies itself, through its actors, at every performance, and this time its laurels were won for it by Miss Milton.

"FAITHFUL JAMES."

One-act farcical comedy, by Mr. B. C. Stephenson.

First produced in London, at the Court Theatre, on Saturday evening, July 16th, 1892.

Admiral Vincent ..	Mr. Brandon Thomas.	Waiter	Mr. Wickham.
James	Mr. W. Grossmith.	Grace Duncan	Miss E. Terriss.
Henry Duncan	Mr. W. Draycott.	Catherine Melville ..	Miss Sybil Grey.
Philip Melville	Mr. C. P. Little.		

Inspired by a Frenchman, presumably, and not impossibly by so distinguished a Gaul as M. Sardou, Mr. Stephenson has woven around one thing of beauty, one joy for ever, a piece of farcical patchwork, intricate in design, preposterous in colour, but thanks to its central ornament, irresistibly ludicrous in effect. With the matrimonial squabbles of Grace and Harry, we are not directly concerned. Even the fact that winsome Miss Terriss is at her winsomest, as the heroine, cannot awaken in Grace's artificial distress the interest it should by rights arouse. Not the introduction of a sterling actor like Mr. Thomas, in a capital nautical sketch, affects our absorption in that overshadowing central figure, Faithful James. There is a great tangle ("a fine old coil," the newest "Shakespear"-ean dramatist would call it) about a couple parted and threatened with legal separation—though lovers, young and amorous, still—but they and their friends are shadows; James is the substance. He is a waiter. He is every high-class waiter rolled into one. He has little in common with the elderly impertinent encountered by David Copperfield. His place in the profession is higher. He could discharge the duties of the inscrutable "confidential" in "Odette." With a little discipline (had his birth been coincident with the century's) he might have aspired to succeed Morgan in the service of Major Pendennis. He is Cockney, and rascal, and liar, through and through. His imperturbable assurance would put a bookmaker to the blush. He is in short a genuine

"creation"—as the phrase goes. But this is solely and simply because Mr. Grossmith plays him. What Mr. Chevalier has done for the coster, and Mr. George Barrett for the street loafer and resident in Seven Dials, Mr. Grossmith is prepared to do for the Cockney servant—club, body, hotel, or boarding-house. He has observed him, he knows him, and can reproduce him without a vestige of exaggeration to mar the portrait. In James he presents the stage with a type, and accomplishes a triumph of delicate comedy in the teeth of uproarious farce.

On Thursday afternoon, July 7th, was presented at the Shaftesbury a new play by Josephine Rae and Thomas Sidney, entitled "Love the Magician," in which Miss Irene Hayward made her *débût*. Both of the play and of the *débutante* it is kindest to say nothing at all, but a word of praise was earned by Master Eric Field-Fisher. The stage child played by a young boy, instead of a girl, whose voice is actually audible without being painful in its strained deliberation, is a sufficiently *rara avis* to deserve mention. The actress was loyally supported by the capable artists who endeavoured to invest with some interest the various characters of the play, which the authors had uniformly failed to so distinguish.

On June 23rd was performed at a *matinée* a play by Mr. Herbert Keith, entitled "Hush Money," in which a new actress made her bow to the public. "Hush Money," however, has little or no claim to be called "new and original" as it was announced to be on the programme. It is quite devoid of novelty of incident or characterisation, and of dramatic interest. Yet it is not altogether without imagination, and an actress of great ability and experience might have succeeded in investing the character of Mrs. Sinclair with some interest. Miss Gordon has undoubtedly some natural ability, but has much to learn which only experience can give her before she will be able to hold the sympathies of an audience in an emotional part in a weak play. Miss Gordon was creditably supported; both Mr. Yorke Stephens, in a part of the kind with which we have learnt to associate Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Abingdon, as a good old-fashioned thorough-paced villain, being more than fairly good; while Miss Cicely Richards as Susan Hartl—no, she is called something else in "Hush Money"—carried off most of what honours there were in a performance which even a good-natured *matinée* audience found very tedious.

Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's burlesque, "Faust Up to Date," was revived at the Gaiety Theatre on July 11th, by the company associated with the name of Mr. Van Biene. The only remaining original member of the cast who appeared was Miss Florence St. John, and she was as successful as ever. There was, however, no "go" in the piece, and the main applause gained was for a too boisterous—not to say a little vulgar—rendering of the celebrated *pas-de-quatre*. The burlesque of this, however, by four members of the cast made up to represent four well-known politicians, was extremely funny, and atoned for the shortcomings of the earlier portions of the burlesque. The Valentine of Mr. Arthur Williams was not to be compared to the rendering of the character by the late George Stone, yet it was very funny at times. The Mephistopheles of Mr. Edmund Payne was fairly good; but the exponents of the other characters were very unsatisfactory.

"Lady Browne's Diary," an adaptation by Miss Minnie Bell, of Octave Feuillet's "La Crise," was produced on June 28th at the Strand Theatre. Clever, interesting, unsavoury, and in a sense undramatic. Some women, perhaps, do suffer from an insane thirst to run amuck, like Mr. Kipling's soldiers, but the fact does not make them in this stage theatrically effective. The process of transformation is too subtle, the mental workings too obscure, to bear hurried exposure to the limelight. An exemplary wife and mother, suddenly seized with a morbid desire to taste forbidden fruit, is not a familiar figure—out of Gynecological tomes and Divorce Court annals—and her disease is scarcely more adapted to stage treatment than elephantiasis or anaemia. The experiment was worth making, however, seeing that so many young players get no chance to air their talent except at *matinées*, and that here Miss Lily Han-

bury and Mr. W. T. Lovell were offered the (dangerous) lead. Miss Hanbury, as the afflicted Lady Browne, revealed much power and surprising tenderness, winding up the last act with some beautiful notes of pathos; and Mr. Lovell, a doctor with theories which very nearly prove the ruin of his fair patient and himself, acted with ease and earnestness. Mr. Herbert Waring, too, was in the cast, as Sir Philip the dejected, and gave further evidence of his skill in strengthening weak characters and scenes.

"His Second Wife," produced at the Avenue Theatre on June 29th. A "play," by Mr. Vivian Hope, which answers once and for all the agonised objections of children in general to all step-mothers. A second wife, seen as Mrs. Hope sees her, is an angel in disguise. She is young, slim, engaging, and pretty. She loves rebellious step-children, plays watch-dog to their unprotected hearts, detects and routs adventurers, staves off bankruptcy and disgrace, and gives everybody all round (adventurers only excepted) a foretaste of Paradise. What had the wretched audience done that they too were not included among her beneficiaries? For by some means their claims had been overlooked. On the stage it was Eden (with the serpent expelled, and Worth to look after the tailoring); but the scent of the garden was not got over the footlights. Yet once again the actors went some little distance towards reconciling the outsiders to their fate. Miss de Winton as the step-mother up-to-date gave pretty expression to the "eternal feminine," and overthrew more than her (stage) adversaries. Mr. E. M. Robson, quaintest of comedians, tripped through the play as a lawyer with a sense of humour. Mr. Frank Gillmore, as a middle-aged merchant, was respectably stolid and solid; and Miss Kate Ruskin freshened up the old type of *ingénue* with many girlish touches. Still, they could not quite make amends for the pangs of weariness the play involved, and the feelings entertained for them were not in every case prompted by gratitude.

Lovers of comic opera are often deterred from paying a second visit to a good "piece of the evening," because of the appalling nature of the average musical curtain-raiser. A pleasing contrast to this class of piece, however, was produced at the Royalty on July 16th. This was "A Hundred Years Ago," a charming little operetta, written by Alec Nelson and composed by Henry J. Wood, well known as a conductor of the Carl Rosa Company. The lyrics are well written, the dialogue is exceptionally brilliant, and the quaint and simple story takes us right back into the old times of last century. The music is delightfully melodious and pleasing, and is also quite in the old-world style. Mr. Smallwood Metcalfe appeared as a pedlar, with a capital song, "Here are ribbons, tapes, and laces," in which his bass voice was heard to much advantage, and his acting was unimpeachable. Mr. F. Bovill (of Savoy and Royal English Opera celebrity) acted and sang splendidly as a young countryman, his best song being "Sweetheart, I love you": and Mr. William Philp, Miss Margaret Warren, and Miss Mary Rough all sang well.

One of the most novel and interesting entertainments since "L'Enfant Prodigue" was that given at the Criterion on June 29th, by Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter, who appeared in a monologue entitled "Maids and Matrons; or, The Seven Ages of Woman." This should rather have been the "Eight Ages," for despite the bracketing together on the programme of the ages of ten and fifteen, these formed two distinct sketches. Miss Potter, who is an actress possessed of great versatility, first showed us an American tomboy schoolgirl, more perhaps of the stage than of nature, but, nevertheless, clever and interesting; then we had "The Vassar Girl," "The Bud," "The Belle," "The Bride," "The Wife," "The Mother," and "The Grandmother," all of which were admirably depicted. Miss Potter was, perhaps, most successful in the two concluding scenes. The kindly mother, bustling around amid a group of (imaginary) troublesome children, and attending to domestic matters, was the perfection of comedy; while the aged widowed grandmother, with her children and her children's children gathered around her, was very pathetically pourtrayed. It is no easy task to interest an audience for two hours single-handed, yet Miss Potter successfully achieved that feat.

A revival of "The Private Secretary" at the Comedy, on July 4th—with Mr. W. S. Penley as the curate, and Miss Violet Armbruster and Miss Nina Boucicault as the two *ingénues*—was preceded by a one-act play, then first produced, by Mr. Ernest Cosham, entitled "The Home Coming." The home coming is that of Alan who, after a long separation from the only woman he ever loved—a separation lightened by no epistolary exchange of affection, the lovers' correspondence having been tampered with in the good old traditional style—returns with a fortune to find his idol wedded to one Musgrave, a banker, residing for the nonce in Queer St. Being the sort of people that Mr. Cosham makes them, the faithless Mrs. Musgrave does nothing out of the common in failing to recognise her old sweetheart, nor does he in sacrificing his fortune to set her husband on his feet again. Miss Boucicault and Mr. Sothern made headway as comic lovers, but their less fortunate companions found the sentiment of the house opposed to them, and vainly strove to excite sympathy for the woes of the hero and heroine.

Mr. David Christie Murray's play, "Ned's Chum," materially altered and vastly improved, and now in four acts instead of three, replaced the short-lived "Shakespeare," at the Globe, on July 4th, and immediately established its claim to be considered as good a melodrama as any seen since its original production last year. The author again proved the mainstay of his piece, his sketch of Squire Jack having been elaborated into a powerful and finished study of bluff, burly villainy. Miss Violet Raye appeared again as the willowy heroine, and Leo Byrne repeated his precocious performance of the cherubic boy Chum, but otherwise the cast was changed—Mr. Nye Chart succeeding Mr. Reeves Smith as Ned, the inimitable Scotch scoundrel of young Mr. David James giving way to a less sly and unctuous rendering by Mr. J. B. Gordon, and Miss Eily Mayo winning favour at once as a really racy American maid.

"A Ghost," described as "a spirited sketch, not by Ibsen," was brought from the world of the unknown on June 28th, to benefit Mr. Owen Dove, for whom a *matinée* had been arranged at the Criterion. The Ghost, upon inspection, was found to bear a remarkable resemblance to a cynical spirit of Mr. Frank Stockton's invention, and to be, very properly, macilent and immaterial to a degree. In the gauzily-draped person of Mr. Cyril Maude, weirdly vigorous, though not quite so transparent as Mr. Marley, "It" came to assist Mr. George Giddens (as "He") in an avowal of affection for Miss Ellis Jeffreys (as "She,") and to interchange a number of smart and telling comments of a paradoxical order upon things mundane and things extra-mundane. It brought with it neither airs from heaven nor blasts from, etc., and was altogether too tenuous for grave consideration, but in view of its creepy humour the audience took thought of Hamlet's advice to Horatio, and as a stranger gave it welcome.

"Little Sunbeam," a "comic drama," by Mrs. Henry Wilde, produced at the Lyric in the cause of charity on June 30th. Chiefly memorable for the fact that one of the characters, a literary man, was made to receive the best part of £1000 a year as correspondent of a small provincial paper, and double that amount as a contributor to magazines. His tastes, however, were expensive and he had to resort to blackmailing as an additional source of income. But unfortunately for him he had reckoned without Little Sunbeam, who was more than a match for him, exceedingly clever man though he must have been, if his earnings were any criterion; and with his fall the utterly uninteresting "society" people whom he was engaged in worrying relapsed into a condition of yet more uninteresting placidity, and the "comic drama" (in which Mrs. Carl Rosa played the heroine, and the authoress took a prominent part) came to an end.

Another charitable *matinée* was that of "Jo"—Mr. James Mortimer's adaptation of "Bleak House"—given at the Lyric on July 5th. Miss Lydia Cowell's reading of the consumptive crossing sweeper is well-known, and created as much amusement and sympathy as ever. In only a few instances, however, was any appreciation of Dickens shown. Mr. Henry Crisp executed a very pardonable caricature of Chadband; the Snagsby of Mr. Dodsworth, and the Guppy of Mr. J. A. Welch were appropriately quaint and *outré*; and the vindictive Hortense of clever Miss Adrienne Dairolles breathed the very spirit

of the woman Dickens drew. But the successes were more than balanced by the failures. Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, Esther, Guster, Tulkinghorn, and the rest, were misconceptions, one and all. A partial exception should be made in the case of Mr. Henry Bedford. He was not Inspector Bucket as readers of "Bleak House" know that officious gentleman, but he was a very capable actor, adroitly managing by some means or other to keep the play on the move—an invaluable man for a *matinée*.

Yet again was charity the mainspring of a *matinée* at the Criterion on July 12th, when a one-act idyllic play by Miss Janet Steer was produced, entitled "Idols of the Heart." In this the Lady Irene, of Hamilton Hall—(period A.D. 1800)—is not quite, as her adopted daughter Editha would have us believe, an old maid. Indeed, when we get behind the scenes, we learn that she was once a wife in all but name, and in revenge abducted Editha, who is no less a person than her seducer's legitimate child. The wrong of twenty years before still turns Lady Irene's happiness to gall, and when she finds that Editha has a suitor whose guardian and step-father is Lord Duncastle, Editha's unknown father and her own betrayer, the prospects of the young lovers look exceedingly gloomy. Lady Irene yields, however, to his lordship's fervent avowals of love and reverence, and in withdrawing her objection makes confession and consents to wed her faithless lover of long ago. Mr. Eaton and Mr. Atherley did not shine as the old and young wooers, but Miss Steer played with feeling. Miss Mary Clayton brought winsome ways and looks to Editha, and Miss Alexis Leighton threw into soft relief a prettily touched-in character of an old nurse.

A second novelty was "A Cowardly Foe," a one-act drama by Mr. Wynn Miller. Sir Arthur Greystock, having married a Russian lady, and concerned himself in the fate of some relatives who, immediately after her marriage, were arrested upon suspicion of Nihilistic intrigues, returns to his hotel in Paris one evening to find her sadly upset. She has been visited by one Metzikoff, a rejected suitor, whose vengeance has fallen upon her imprisoned friends, and who proposes to purchase her honour with some undated love-letters written years before, which, if disclosed to Sir Arthur, might possibly destroy his love and trust. The two men meet, the letters are seized and burnt, Metzikoff is worsted, and a convenient shot from convenient and vengeful compatriots removes the melodramatic bar to the happiness of the Greystocks, and (it is to be hoped) the comfort of the lady's friends. "A Cowardly Foe" is by no means on the level attained by "Dream Faces," and presented as it was by Miss Steer, Mr. Atherley, and Mr. Eaton, it achieved little more for the reputation of its actors than for that of its author.

An interesting entertainment was given on July 14th at the Bedford Park Club, which in addition to a miscellaneous vocal recital, included the concluding scenes of "The Cenci." The curtain rose on the dungeon scene, where Beatrice is asleep, after having suffered on the rack, and the play went on from this point to Beatrice's exit to the scaffold. The Beatrice was Miss Florence Farr, whose performance was a most beautiful and touching piece of acting. To those who had not had the privilege of seeing Miss Alma Murray in the part, Miss Farr must have seemed perfection. Miss Ella Dresser, a clever young lady who has done some excellent work with the Shakespeare Reading Society, was excellent as Bernardo.

At the annual entertainment given by the Birkbeck Elocution Class, a one-act play, called "An Artful Girl," was produced. This little work, which is very brightly written, is based upon a decidedly clever and unique idea, and shows distinct promise. It is written by Messrs. Joseph Pearce and W. P. Ridge.

Some Amateur Performances.

"DIPLOMACY" BY THE BRIGHTON GREEN ROOM CLUB.

All the way from London-by-the-Sea toiled these amateurs to give their brothers "in populous city pent" a lesson in "Diplomacy." That was not ostensibly their reason for coming to the Avenue, but a desire to serve the West End Hospital and poor paralysed children. Nevertheless, the consciousness of artistic superiority must have had something to do with it. And there is no reason why it should not, for very good actors these Brightonians are. They cannot quite reach the level of the Crystal Palace Athenæans, whose revival of this literary and dramatic comedy will register the high water-mark of amateur achievement for a long time to come, but their rendering is close and clever and clear. Mr. George Hockley, an admirable Jim the Penman a season or two back, showed astonishing progress as Henry Beauclerc. No doubt the part helped him. It would help the most inexperienced, even a stage detective, for that matter. But the actor often got ahead of it and gave it personality and atmosphere: and for his last scene deserved great credit, his tact and quiet force being invaluable. Mr. C. A. Smith could not be daunted by the awful terrors that front the mistrustful Julian, and the man who is not daunted is rarely lost. Pluck cannot do everything. It cannot put tears into an actor's voice, agony into his expression, nor can it tear open his breast and show his heart. But it can throw spirit into his acting and keep the scene alive, and this is what it did for Mr. Smith's energetic, interesting Julian. Mr. Leigh-Bennett looked inscrutable, and suggested the sly Muscovite effectively, and that is all that is required for Baron Stein. Mx. de Lapasture was dignified and forcible as Orloff, and if he missed a little of the intensity and suspense of the great scene, he did no more than every amateur must. The *farceurs* diplomatists, Lady Henry and Algie, Miss Eveline Faulkner and Mr. Peyton made amusing. Mrs. Horne gave point to the humours of the garrulous Marquise. Miss Beryl Faber played the more natural scenes of Zicka with vivacity and variety, and only fell short in the others through ignorance of melodramatic airs and tricks: and the Dora of Miss Myrta Faber, girlish and moving at all points, and charged with deep feeling in the third act, was a study from nature of a very charming type.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS IN "THE OVERLAND ROUTE."

Generally speaking, the second best team does not do things well. They never did at school: at cricket they muffed the catches, never gave the change bowlers a chance, started the innings with their sloggers, and at football put the shrimps at half-back. Nor are they any better now. The second-rate men always come to grief, try them where you will, in art, in literature, in the drama. Consequently, when the Strolling Players announced a bill that made no mention of Captain Fitzgeorge, of Mr. Charles Lamb, of Mr. and Mrs. Ayers, of sweet Miss Marie Linden—their bright particular star on several red-letter evenings—or clever Mrs. Charles Sim, one heart at least made towards a pair of boots, in dread of a dull time. But nothing of the kind! This second eleven at any rate knew how to ape the methods of the first. Their choice of a comedy was feeble, perhaps. Tom Taylor's pieces somehow taste like stale buns. The flavouring is all right, the plums are many, and the pebbles are few But they weren't baked this morning, and one mouthful seems all that we want. But granted the comedy, the Strollers were capital. To begin with, they solemnly said "*Retro, Sathanas!*" when the temptation to horseplay presented itself. Comedy it was called, and comedy they would have it: comedy, moreover, of a very respectable kind. And, secondly, they went straight, like Caleb Plummer with his speckled wooden horses, for making the characters "as near nature as they could for the money.' Mr. Cameron Skinner, for example, never

stepped outside the legitimate lines of Dexter, though St. Anthony himself was never put to a worse trial in defence of his principles. Mr. Guildford Dudley, also, an actor privileged by reason of his low comedy gifts, held himself in as though he were a favourite running to lose, and even danced his Ta-ra-ra on the coral reef with an eye to frigid, rigid realism. Miss Burley, too, might have made hay of the whole piece as Mrs. Lovibond, but nobly restrained herself and played in the comedy vein. And as for Mr. Davies, the McTurk, what could he not have done, what would he not have done, had he been the ordinary amateur? No, the head of Wilkins Micawber was never more liberally sprinkled with ashes than was that of the unjust critic who was bidden to the Strollers' feast, and came expecting funeral baked meats and left replete with every histrionic luxury in season. For those mentioned by name were not all. There were half-a-dozen more as good as second eleveners could be. Notably Miss Nellie Pollard, the coolest and refreshingest of grass widows, Mr. Stopford Ram, Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Rooth, with Mrs. Herbert Morris to bring up the rear.

"THE DEACON," ETC., AT THE SHEPHERD'S BUSH ATHENÆUM.

It is adding insult to injury to include "Barbara" in that "etcetera," but that hard-working sempstress has been so much in evidence of late that she must submit to a snub now and then. Miss Catterson-Smith, I should say, did her justice,—voice and manner are soft and pleasing, and fit the self-sacrificing little lady very neatly, and suit her well too. Mr. Da Mancha was an original Cecil, "a struggling young author," without any of the usual dilapidations in the region of hair, shirt-collar, or hat: Miss Edith Pepler was pretty as Mr. Jerome's young lady of fifteen; and Mr. Cowan's country doctor was not—but there's half my space gone on "Barbara" after all! She's as bad as Mr. Wilde for absorbing a begrudged attention. No, "The Deacon" is my theme—Mr. H. A. Jones's satirical comedy in miniature, and the interpreters thereof. For their sakes I went to Shepherd's Bush, and for their sakes omitted to regret the fact when midnight came, and I was still, like the lost sheep in the hymn, "far, far from home." But they were worth that. There are not many actors and actresses whom I would sooner see than Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ayers. Of very extensive experience, born to practise this most beautiful of arts, as Mr. Irving justly terms it, and inspired by an enthusiasm to which few actors are prone, they deserve to be ranked above the best of amateurs in name, as already they are in accomplishments. Mrs. Ayers has done nothing better than the ex-Juliet, who is half radiant sun and half April showers; and Mr. Ayers, even with the memory of Mr. Willard against him, was ruggedly sincere to illuding point, as the Puritanical bacon factor. Mr. Cameron Skinner was brisk and lively as the lover; and Miss Eleanor Harwood showed promise—in the rough. "The Nettle" made up the bill, and gave Miss Catterson-Smith and Mr. Tours a few opportunities of doing more than speaking smart and witty dialogue, opportunities which the actress in particular was not slow to avail herself of satisfactorily.

THE WHITTINGTON A.D.C. IN "MOTHS.

A month passed among actors will convince you, if you are prepared to believe what you hear, that at least five per cent. of our most prominent men never know their words, and never act the worse for it. Perhaps it is true, and perhaps it is not. But supposing that it is, the habit seems a dangerous one to get into, and one that the Whittingtons especially should make haste to get out of. It does not suit them, and their peculiar methods of acting are, to put it mildly, interfered with when the prompter takes a leading part. This was demonstrated to perfection at St. George's Hall, when they played "Moths," those parts of the play going smoothly and forcibly in which they were at home in their words, and those falling to pieces which they stumbled over or stuck in. Miss Lilian Hingston was an honourable exception, and she stood out in extraordinary relief as the only one who never tripped. Her Vera was a sympathetic and capable performance, but lacked something in physique and manner. If Vera is not obviously the flower of English womanhood, the play moves rustily on its pivot. But personality apart, it was a passionate and pathetic picture of Ouida's heroine. Mr. Gordon Taylor's romantic Corréze

had been bred in northern climes. The warmth and sensuous charm of the South were missing. But this, if incorrect, detracted nothing from his quality as hero. It was pleasant to observe that he had never suffered from hysterics. Mr. Dickinson, a careful actor and a versatile, could not compass the brutality of Prince Zouroff. He did his best, threw heaps of wickedness into tones and expressions, but it was not convincing. This Russian, scratched, "would not have been a Tartar, but an early English martyr, mild as milk." Miss Kathleen Sinclair understood the go and life if not the nationality of Fuchsia Leech, and Mr. Bramall made his unducal Grace of Mull a humorous fellow. Miss Mary Stuart misread the shameless little demon Lady Dolly, and burdened that wanton butterfly with feelings and emotions. But Miss Thompson made a malicious Jeanne de Sonnaz, and the Jura of Mr. Moore had a note of power and another of dignity about it.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION" BY THE ROMANY A.D.C.

A respectable performance—no more. How it came about I don't pretend to be able to say, but there the fact is that the actors, among the best amateurs there are, completely misread the play. Mr. Grundy calls it a comedy, but, of course, it is nothing of the kind. No more a comedy is it than "The Cabinet Minister" of Mr. Pinero, who would doubtless have termed that "comedy" if he had not smothered the word by heaping ridicule upon it, and, therefore, been reduced to take refuge in "farce." This play, too, is farce—for two-thirds at least—and should, therefore, be treated as such. The brewer, the swindler, the editor, are farcical creatures, and as they set the pace and pitch the key, farce it should be all round. Hence any attempt at realism will jar, and those who try it on are foredoomed to failure. It was this which made Mr. Spencer's editor such a success—he was like nothing in drama but the secondary villain at the Adelphi, broken-down and semi-humorous. It was this which took all the colouring out of most of his companions. Melodrama wants broad playing, and what is melodrama but farce with musical rallies and limelight thrown in? Had they all played like Mr. Spencer and Mrs. Walkes (a lively Peggy, and not afraid to let herself go) with breadth and unnatural emphasis, the effect would have been capital. As it was, the drawing-room method only showed up the artificiality of the whole thing, and did worse harm than the wildest over-acting could have done. Mr. Martin, Mrs. Charles Sim, Mr. Walkes worked like galley slaves to establish an air of middle-class commonplace, but to little purpose. Every word, every action, was against them. Their author was too strong. Mrs. Leston took the right tack, and made Lady Coombe what she found her, a highly amusing and highly improbable person, and Mr. Montgomery exaggerated the feebleness of Tom Stanhope with good effect; but the representation as a whole was not up to Romany form.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" BY THE IRVING CLUB.

'Twas whispered in town, 'twas muttered elsewhere, that the Irving were going to disband, but happily the rumour proves false. Rejuvenated, they resume their attacks upon the Bard, as stout of heart as ever, though none of their old leaders survive, Mr. Osborn Grout excepted. The proof of their spirit lies in the choice of the play. Who but dauntless amateurs would dare try "As You Like It," within the cable's length of Ada Rehan and Augustin Daly? Yet the enterprise, as it turned out, was no forlorn hope. With a Rosalind much—nay, anything—may be done; and though as a rule an amateur Rosalind is a fearsome thing, to be breathed of in awe-stricken whispers, the Irving have proved that among geese sometimes may be found a swan. Where Miss Olive Kenneth was discovered, none would tell. The only information to be gathered was that she had never played before. Well, it was a Monte-Cristo-like performance. From the moment she was in evidence, no one else had a chance. Presumably coached for the part, she yet showed no signs of teaching. It was not with her as with Tomlinson, "I ha' read, I ha' learned, I ha' heard." Her soul was her own, and right beautiful at times this unknown Rosalind's soul appeared. Praise from end to end would not be praise but slaver, to be sure. But for many pretty peeps at a winsome woman's healthy nature, the praise Miss Kenneth fairly won was startling. Beside her the brightest of the

Irving stars paled their by no means ineffectual fire, even Mr. Westbury Preston, whose Adam was a finished piece of sympathetic senility, and Mr. Osborn Grout, a Touchstone of massive and inactive wit, but a quaint and unctuous Touchstone nevertheless. An athletic Orlando was Mr. Buckley; an elocutionary Jaques, Mr. Pulman; and Miss Morton and Mr. Marshall, a William and Audrey of exceptional humour. Miss Braithwaite, Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. Winthrop, and Mr. Mead also did careful and competent work as Phœbe, Celia, Charles, and the exiled Duke. And the usual attention to detail in scenery, costumes, and lighting—for which this club enjoys an unchallenged supremacy—marked their new stage director, Mr. Charles Fry, as a worthy successor to Mr. Shepard, resigned and retired.

"THE LADIES' BATTLE" BY THE CRYSTAL PALACE ATHENÆUM.

Apologists for Robertson are rare, just at present, but if they were plentiful as leaves in Vallombrosa or 'busses at the Bank, there would be few to say a word for this curious piece. It lives, presumably, upon the reputation of "Caste," and the fame reflected upon it by Mrs. Kendal's famous acting as the Countess. And there is the root of the matter—the Countess. If a play have a good part, and that part be finely played, who cares if the piece be poor or no? Who is not reconciled to "Judah" by Mr. Willard and Miss Brandon? Who ever reviled W. G. Wills for "Eugene Aram" or "Charles I" that ever saw Miss Terry or Mr. Irving in them? Therefore, if there be a Countess, "The Ladies' Battle" may continue to live. And it shall be among the proud boasts of the C.P.D.C. that it *did* produce a Countess—in Mrs. Arthur Frankish. If it had not! . . but in that case, of course, the comedy would never have been staged. Its heroine was its one redeeming feature years ago, she is its *raison d'etre* to-day. That Mrs. Frankish saw, and wisely kept in view. At all points of the comedy game she outshone and outplayed her partners and opponents, getting the better even of the Baron Montrichard of Mr. Frankish—a very excellent, well-timed, and incisive piece of acting. Hers was the lead, and unflaggingly she kept it. If a scene hung fire, into it she sprang, whipped up the laggards, cheered on the drooping, and by sheer force and energy set it in motion again. The mistress of the *salon*, the heart-sick woman, and the arch conspirator were never absent, but all they did was done under the watchful eye of an accomplished actress, who knew that everything depended upon her. Promise was shown in plenty by the Gustave, Mr. Hards; the Henri, Mr. Edmund Deane; and the Leonie, Miss Haydee Becker; but Mr. and Mrs. Frankish luckily had a monopoly of *performance*, and so the last production of the season sacrificed nothing of the Club's high reputation.

Musical Notes.

"ELAINE."

Grand opera. Libretto by Paul Ferrier, music by M. Bemberg.
Produced at Covent Garden, July 5th, 1892.

Lancelot	J. De Reszke.	Gawain	M. Dufriche.
The Hermit	E. De Reszke.	Elaine	Mme. Melba.
Astolat	M. Plançon.	Guinevere	Mme. Deschamps-Jehin.
The King	M. Ceste.		
Lavaine	M. Montariol.	Torre	Mlle. Faure.

This is the work that was intended to succeed the "Basoche" at the ill-fated Royal English Opera House. For that purpose it was, perhaps, not the very best choice which could have been made. Lovers of Tennyson's "Idylls" would have resented, in an English adaptation of one of them even for the lyric stage, the alterations in the story and its setting, which Mr. Ferrier has thought it necessary to make in the interests of his composer and his singers. In the French version this does not offend us; we do not go to hear Tennyson, and we neither miss the pretty scenes which might have been made out of the guardianship of the shield, nor do we object to the intrusion of one or two incidents which are rather in the manner of French domestic drama than of old English romance. The music, however, is the important thing, and the music must be spoken of with more than ordinary respect. M. Bemberg is a pupil of Bizet and of Gounod, and reflections of "Carmen" and "Romeo" occur in his themes and their treatment. But that is only to say that M. Bemberg has been trained in a good school, and that he has imbibed the spirit of his masters. This is his first considerable work, for it is only four years ago that he first appealed to the Parisian public as a composer. "Elaine" must, therefore, be judged as a youthful work, and, as such, it is full of promise. It is, indeed—if we except the two works of Mascagni—the most vocally melodious opera which has been produced of late years. The now inevitable *Leit-motiv* is used to the extent of associating certain phrases with the principal personages, but M. Bemberg makes no attempt to build up his score from these materials. His method is essentially the old one—melody on the stage, with the orchestra as accompaniment; and even in the tragic situations he does not allow the emotion to interfere with the predominating tunefulness of his score. This, indeed, is the one blot on the work. It is a too perpetual feast of nectared sweets, cloying even to surfeit. And yet M. Bemberg shows that he can at times command the robuster phases of his art. There is plenty of vigour in the overture, and there is real intensity of passion in the duet between Lancelot and the Queen, and in the final scene where Lancelot avows his love for Elaine in the Queen's presence; but with these two exceptions the composer has been content to charm and not to convince. Perhaps for this very reason the career of his work is likely to be limited in duration. It belongs rather to the order of operas whose vogue depends upon the celebrity of a particular group of singers. The brilliant constellation of actors and vocalists by whom "Elaine" has been represented at Covent Garden could probably succeed in earning temporary popularity for even a far less meritorious work.

"DID YOU RING."

Musical farce, by J. W. Houghton and J. W. Mabson. Music by Landon Ronald.
Produced at Prince of Wales's Theatre, June 27th, 1892.

Tom (Mr. Templar Saxe) and Kitty (Miss Amy Farrell) have indulged in a lovers' quarrel, and annoy each other by practice on the cornet and the piano respectively in adjoining rooms. Susan, the lodging-house maid-of-all-work (Miss Kate James), developes the humours of the situation, and assists at the ultimate reconciliation. The dialogue in the latter part of the little piece is really fresh and clever; and the music of the songs, without being in any way remarkable, is full of "go." The piece is excellently interpreted. Mr. Templar Saxe puts plenty of spirit into his singing and his acting, while Miss James's performance of the part of Susan is delightful.

"THE TRUMPETER OF SÄKKINGEN."

This comic opera of Victor Nessler has enjoyed great popularity for the last seven years in Germany, and it has also been successful in the United States, in an English version. Its production at Drury Lane on the 8th of July was, however, its first appearance in London. Its success on that occasion may perhaps induce one of the managers of our light comedy houses to mount it in an English version. The work itself is not one of great moment, but it acquired a special interest on the present occasion from the fact that it was played by members of the company of artists who have been engaged in interpreting the Wagnerian trilogy, and who thus showed their versatility in turning from the heights of Valhalla to the frivolities of a May-day holiday in the Fatherland. A greater change could not be imagined. Nessler's score is of the type with which we in England are tolerably familiar—songs relieved by nothing more serious than dances and occasional concerted pieces. It will be worth while to say more of its merits when it is produced for a run—as, in the present dearth of really good comic operas, it certainly ought to be.

The recent performances of "Tristan" have been of a kind so memorable in themselves, and in the enthusiasm which they excited, that they dwarf every other event of the present musical season. If Wagner had desired to stake his reputation with posterity upon one work alone, "Tristan" is the work he should have chosen. It has its moments of dull prose, but they are moments only in comparison with the hours of the Nibelungen Ring, and, for the rest, it is a magnificent embodiment of the primeval passions of humanity, with dark fate as a background. Of course that is not the way in which Wagner himself and his commentators would have the work described. To them the love of Tristan and Isolde is something almost sacred in character; they speak of the "yearning for holy night motive," of the "transport of death motive," as if these phrases could elevate into the realms of mysticism a plain story of illicit passion! It is the way with commentators, from the scholiasts of Alexandria down to the most modern writer on "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," to discover hidden meanings, and, unfortunately, in this case Wagner has been his own commentator, and has imposed on his disciples the necessity of reading his scores as so many revelations of the inner working of things. Here is what one worthy Lutheran divine, Dr. A. Portig, finds in "Tristan": "The flight of the spirit of man into eternity, the deep yearning of the human heart for rest from this world of death and struggle, renunciation and delusion, and for the perfection and peace of the soul, has here found an artistic solution, than which no greater or more complete an one has ever yet been given." He who hears all these wonderful things in the music of "Tristan" is little to be envied; he had much better go and hear them in a sermon of Canon Farrar's, or read them in Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." He must miss entirely what "Tristan" has to give to those who hear it with ears unstopped: a draught of ardent passion, sensual no doubt from beginning to end, but therefore of human interest, and expressed in music which, when once it has taken possession of you, holds you captive until the end.

It is a great pity that Mr. Albert Bach did not choose a less busy season for his recital of Loewe ballads, and he would probably do well to repeat his attempt to direct public attention to these works at some time when concert goers have not quite so many calls upon them. Little is known of the ballads of Carl Loewe, though Stockhausen used to sing some of them, and though recently Mr. Henschel has included two or three in his programmes. They stand by themselves, many of them equal, as pieces of vocal music, to Schubert's best inspirations, and at the same time possessing dramatic qualities which almost constitute them operas in miniature. At his recent recital at Steinway Hall, Mr. Bach introduced ten examples of Carl Loewe's ballad-writing, including the impressive "Odin's Meeresritt" and "Harald," neither of which had been sung in public, at least in London. There is much more material of quite equal quality in the lengthy list of Loewe's ballad compositions, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bach may be encouraged to persevere in his praiseworthy effort to make these fine works known.

Notes of the Month.

Mr. H. J. Taperell, writing from Australia, is anxious to refute many of the statements made in Mr. Ballantyne's article "Some Impressions of the Australian Stage," which appeared in the April number of The Theatre. He says :—

"The lucubrations of the merry globe-trotter who rushes meteor-like over this hemisphere, and falls bursting in an agony of literary hysterics on the other side of the universe, are so diverse in sentiment, and so various in statement, that people who read them have probably long ere this given up all faith in the class as authentic describers of any aspect of colonial life. And yet, lest unhappily there remain in the world some few persons who cling to the old-fashioned notion that what appears in print is of necessity true, and consequently that publicists follow the advice of Mark Twain, at least, as far as making sure of your facts is concerned, one is tempted to remark in language that is very plain upon the article on 'Some Impressions of the Australian Stage,' which appeared in the April number of The Theatre. For while every man is righteously entitled to his opinion upon every subject, it may reasonably be required of him that he shall only form that opinion on correct premisses. It would be difficult, let a person try never so honestly, to gather a more consistent string of misconceptions and mistakes, than those which form the basis of Mr. Ballantyne's exceedingly erroneous impressions. Looking at mere matters of alleged fact, he is wrong in names, places, and things—wrong, *ex necessitate* in opinions and inferences. *Imprimis* the top Australian gallery is not dedicated exclusively to the 'larrikin,' nor does the young lady of fifteen to whom Mr. Gilbert has introduced us, sit in the pit. Mr. Brough did not raise the prices of his dress-circle seats, and thereby accumulate upon his devoted head the aggregative wrath of an aggravated newspaper press. That is, at least, not if Mr. Brough knows anything about it. He never raised the prices, and, says that admirable actor and shrewd manager, in a recent letter to me, 'At one time we all thought of doing so, but thought better of it'; so that Mr. Ballantyne's antipodean version of the O.P. riots is pure, undiluted romance. It is not a fact that Mr. Fred Leslie and Miss Nelly Farren were compelled to pause after a pun, so that intellectually-benighted audiences might have time to grope for and grasp the newly-launched jokelet. On the contary the deportment of audiences on such occasions was usually of that sedate kind which befits a meeting with an old, but still highly-esteemed friend. It is only telling half the truth to say that comic opera and melodrama 'is the most popular form of drama' in Australia; for Messrs. Brough and Boucicault and many other lesser lights do much good business in Australia and New Zealand with comedy. It is not true that the actor takes a low place in social life, which is what Mr. Ballantyne infers. Mr. G. W. Anson, who left Australia the other day, was ceremoniously and substantially wished God-speed by the very salt of the southern earth, and when Madame Bernhardt (whose alleged profits, by the way, were £60,000, not £6,000, and whose actual makings probably ran to about £10,000), landed in Australia, did we not send to welcome her an aristocratic deputation, which included a cabinet minister who had learned pidgin-French for the occasion? It is not true that 'Joseph's Sweetheart' brought an indignant public full-armed against Mr. Brough. The piece ran five weeks in Sydney, and five in Melbourne,—long runs here, especially for managers who have educated their public to expect a new piece almost every few days. Mr. George Rignold is not 'the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Sydney.' Mr. Clarence Holt does not make an annual tour of the chief towns of New Zealand, and was probably surprised, when The Theatre for April reached him, in London, to hear it stated that he did so. There are not 'half-a-dozen cities of some 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants' in New Zealand, and

the drama, so far from 'flourishing' there, is absolutely stagnant, for professional companies of any merit are quite rare in the colony. One is interested to learn that the critics are always protesting about the independent attitude of the Australian audience, because it is a circumstance one does not become aware of in Australia. And it is a question of some magnitude how that independence can be questioned by Mr. Ballantyne, who has already told us that our Australian cousins are somewhat exacting in their tastes as regards imported plays and companies. It is of course preposterous to say that 'Our Flat' bored audiences in Sydney or Melbourne. The piece was recognised as a pure farce—very cleverly written and contrived, and played not deliberately, but very smartly by Mr. Laurence Cautley, Miss Mary Kingsley, Miss Polly Emery and Mr. Royce. As to Mr. Toole failing to make 'Chawles' go in New Zealand because the only possessor of a butler in the Colony was the Governor, really it seems a waste of time to think about it. Is it necessary to point out that the humour of the play does not turn upon the occupation of Chawles, who might have been a bill-sticker, or a bum-bailiff, without altering the motive of the story? People in Australia and New Zealand don't stay away from a performance of 'Hamlet' because we don't raise Princes of Denmark. In any case, Australians and New Zealanders read sufficiently, and are enlightened enough to know what a butler is—indeed, New Zealand is quite British in its forms and manners, as an inevitable phase of a country newly colonised from Great Britain, where native growth and the fusion of races is as yet only beginning. There may not be, as Mr. Ballantyne asserts, any dramatic critics in Australia; and yet it is an extraordinary thing that a person who professes to write upon such a subject, should know nothing of a Melbourne critic whom any competent authority will surely award a front seat with the most literary—I mean Mr. James Smith, of the *Argus*. The honesty and independence of the Australian critics is not due to the fact that it is the custom of newspaper proprietors to pay for the admittance of critics, because it is *not* the custom."

When the apparently evergreen "Private Secretary" finds it necessary to send in his resignation at the Comedy, it is rumoured that we are to have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt," the piece with which he has been so successfully touring the provinces. Mr. Penley in this appears, we are told, as an old lady. The idea is certainly humorous, though a man in female attire is apt to be repulsive; as for the play, from accounts of it, it should be very welcome.

The "Charles Dickens Dramatic Syndicate," which has been formed with the object of sending on tour in the provinces and throughout the English-speaking world companies to represent plays founded on, or adapted from, the works of Dickens, should appeal to all admirers of that delightful novelist. And who is not a Dickens-lover? "Breathes there the man with soul so dead?" Such dramatisations of Dickens as we have had up to now have for the most part been clumsily put together, and have aimed mainly at supplying some "star" actor or actress with a good "fat" part. It is to be the aim of the present undertaking to produce plays giving the story of Dickens's works as written, without bestowing undue prominence on any one character. Long runs are to be avoided, and the *répertoire* system adopted. In the first instance we are to have "Bleak House," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "David Copperfield," prepared for the stage by Messrs. George Hughes and A. Charles Bickley. Later on we are promised "Great Expectations," "Our Mutual Friend," "Oliver Twist," and "Barnaby Rudge."

"Travellers' Tales" is a collection of half-a-dozen tales by as many well-known writers, edited by Mr. E. A. Morton, who contributes an introductory chapter. The stories differ considerably in

character, but all alike are brightly written, and will fulfil admirably their purpose of providing beguilement of the tedium of his railway journey for the holiday seeker. If the great aim of the story-teller is to make the reader wish there was more of it, some of Mr. Morton's company must be held to have been highly successful, notably Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, whose admirably written "White Sioux" concludes the volume. Probably the "exigencies of space," however, are really responsible for the exceeding swiftness and unsatisfactory nature of his *dénoûment*. (Arrowsmith's Summer Annual. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol).

On the last night of Mr. Eden Greville's "Shakespeare" at the Globe a new and interesting feature was introduced into the Palace Garden scene in the third act. This was a band of male dancers who danced an old-fashioned "Morris-dance" with an "archæological correctness" the result of much British Museum research on the part of author and stage-manager. The dance is quaint and grotesque rather than graceful, but as it has not been performed on the stage for many years, it was decidedly worth seeing, if only from the historical point of view.

We are promised an artistic and intellectual treat on the 14th of October next, when the Independent Theatre Society will produce a version of Webster's magnificent but long neglected tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," arranged by that well-known student of the Elizabethan drama, Mr. William Poel. The work has not been seen on the English stage since it was produced by Miss Glyn at Sadler's Wells, and will be absolutely new to the majority of modern playgoers. Miss Mary Rorke will appear as the Duchess, and this should be great performance. If the funds will permit, the Society will produce a stage adaptation of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," and later plays will be selected from the following :—"Thora," by Alfhild Agrell (authoress of "Karin"); "Bertha Malm," by Oscar Wykander; "The Wild Duck," by Henrik Ibsen, translated by William Archer; "Honour," by W. G. Van Nouhuys; "The Father," by August Strindberg; and a new play by H. Sudermann, author of "Die Ehre." There will be altogether four or five performances during the season, 1892-3.

This month we have pleasure in giving our readers a photograph of a group containing the whole of the cast of the latest "wordless" play, "La Statue du Commandeur." This excellent piece of work was done by Mr. Alfred Ellis, of Upper Baker Street, N.W. The other subject, an equally satisfactory production by the same artist, is Miss Irene Vanbrugh, the talented actress now appearing at Toole's Theatre in "Walker, London," Mr. J. M. Barrie's new comic play.

Mr. E. S. Willard, who has just returned from America, after a very successful tour, tells a capital story of old Alexander, who had the Dunlop Street Theatre in Glasgow, giving instructions to the leader of his orchestra one day about the production of a new piece :

"Now, Mr. Richardson," he said, "this is a rural scene; a country garden. Everything is placid and calm ; all the delights of country life want to be fully brought before the minds of the audience, and I think you had better give me a little music expressive of clothes drying in the wind."

Photographed by A. Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

GROUP FROM "LA STATUE DU COMMANDEUR."

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New Plays

Produced and Important Revivals in London, from June 22nd, to July 16th, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

June 22* "Charity Begins at Home," musical proverb. in one act, by B. C. Stephenson, music by Alfred Cellier. St. George's Hall.

„ 23 "Hush Money," play, in four acts, by Herbert Keith. *Matinée.* Terry's.

„ 24 "The Adventurers," comedy, in three acts, by Edward Rose, founded on "L'Aventurière," by Emile Augier. *Matinée.* Strand.

„ 24 "The Ring of Polycrates," piece, in one act, by Justin Huntly McCarthy. *Matinée.* Strand.

„ 27 "Shakespeare," play, in four acts, by Edwin E. Greville. (First time in London). Globe.

„ 27 "The Compromising Coat," comedietta, by J. T. Grein and C. W. Jarvis. Globe.

„ 27 "The Fast Mail," American spectacular play, by L. J. Carter. Grand.

„ 27 "Did You Ring," farcical operetta, in one act, by J. W. Houghton and J. W. Mabson, music by Landon Ronald. Prince of Wales's.

„ 28 "Opposition," a debate in one sitting, by Richard Henry. Lyric.

„ 28 "Lady Browne's Diary," comedy, in four acts, adapted from Octave Feuillet's "La Crise," by Minnie Bell. *Matinee.* Strand.

„ 28 "A Ghost," "a spirited sketch, not by Ibsen," author unannounced. *Matinée.* Criterion.

„ 29 "His Second Wife," play, in three acts, by Vivian Hope. *Matinée.* Avenue.

„ 29 "An Artful Girl," comedietta, by W. Pett Ridge and Joseph E. Pearce. Produced by amateurs. Birkbeck Institute.

„ 29 "Maids and Matrons ; or, The Seven Ages of Woman," monologue entertainment, in two acts, by Robert Griffin Morris. *Matinée.* Criterion.

„ 30 "Little Sunbeam," comic drama, in one act, by Mrs. Henry Wylde. *Matinee.* Lyric.

„ 30 "The Picture Dealer," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Henry Reichardt and Arnold Golsworthy. (For copyright purposes). Ladbroke Hall.

„ 30 "The Serenaders ; or, The Lovers of Venice," comic operetta, in one act, by Sir Augustus Harris and Walter Parke, music by Bond Andrews. Lyric Club.

July 4* "The Private Secretary," farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the German of Von Moser, by C. H. Hawtrey. Comedy.

„ 4 "The Home Coming," play, in one act, by Ernest Cosham. Comedy.

„ 4* "Ned's Chum," play, in four acts, by Christie Murray. Globe.

„ 4 "A Lucky Dog," play, in three acts, by W. Sapte, jun. *Matinée.* Strand.

„ 5* "Jo," dramatic version of Charles Dickens' novel "Bleak House," by James Mortimer. *Matinée.* Lyric.

„ 7 "Love, the Magician," play, in three acts, by Josephine Rae and Thomas Sidney. *Matinée.* Shaftesbury.

„ 8 "The Goldfish," domestic drama, in three acts, translated from the Dutch of W. G. Van Nouhuys, by A. Teixera de Mattos. Opera Comique. Independent Theatre Society performance.

„ 11 "One Half-Hour," sketch, by G. T. Norman. *Matinée.* Ladbroke Hall.

„ 11 "Dolls," sketch, by G. T. Norman. *Matinée.* Ladbroke Hall.

July 11* "Faust Up To Date," burlesque, by G. R. Sims and H. Pettitt, music by Meyer Lutz. Gaiety.
„ 11 "The Diver's Luck," drama, in four acts, author unannounced. Lyric, Hammersmith.
„ 12 "A Cowardly Foe," play, in one act, by Wynn Miller. *Matinee* Criterion.
„ 12* "Idols of the Heart," play, in one act, by Janet Steer. *Matinee.* Criterion.
„ 16 "A Hundred Years Ago," operetta, in one act, by Alec Nelson, music by H. J. Wood. *Matinee.* Royalty.
„ 16 "Faithful James," farcical comedy, in one act, by B. C. Stephenson. Court.

French Plays, Royal English Opera House :—June 22* "Fedora," 25* "Leah," drama, in five acts, adapted from the German, by Albert Darmont ; July 11, "Frou Frou ;" 14, "Phèdre."

In the Provinces, from June 17th to July 18th, 1892 :—
June 17 "The Red Signal," melodrama, by E. J. Lampard. For copyright purposes. Royal Clarence, Pontypridd.
„ 20 "The Hermit," comic opera, in three acts, by Chas. Whittock, music by T. G. W. Goddard. T.R., Wolverhampton.
„ 24 "Oliver Goldsmith," comedy, by Frankfort Moore. T.R., Limerick.
„ 27 "Uncle Yank's Mishaps," pantomime farce, in three acts, by Charles Willmott and C. H. Mannon. Shakespeare, Liverpool.
„ 27 "The Sensualist," drama, in three acts, by Michel Bueme and F. Allen Laidlaw. Opera House, Northampton.
July 1 "The Saucy Sally," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French, by F. C. Burnand. Opera House, Southport.
„ 18 "Westward Ho," drama, in five acts, by Max Goldberg. T.R., Dewsbury.

In Paris, from June 17th to July 9th, 1892 :—
June 17 "Le Chevalier du Passé," tragedy, in three acts, by Edouard Dujardin. Théâtre Moderne.
„ 17 "La Vie du Poète," symphonic drama, in three acts and four tableaux, by Gustave Charpentier. Grand Opera House.
„ 17 "Sylvia," ballet, in two acts, by MM. Jules Barbier and L. Mérante, music by Leo Delibes. Grand Opera House.
„ 18 "La Famille," drama, in three acts, by A. Thalasso. Theâtre Moderne.
„ 23* "Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr," comedy, by Alexandre Dumas *père*, Comédie Francaise.
„ 27 "Mélie," play, in one act, adapted by Georges Docquois, from a novel of Jean Reibrach. Théâtre Libre.
„ 27 "Les Fenêtres," drama, in three scenes, by Jules Perrin and Claude Conturier. Théâtre Libre.
„ 27 "Péché d'Amour," drama, in one act, by Michel Carré and Georges Loiseau. Theâtre Libre.
July 9 "Le Bijou de Stephana," vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Arthur Bernède and Albert Dubarry. Cluny.

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MISS GEORGIE ESMOND.

"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

The Fair Penitent, Act. III. Sc. 1.

THE THEATRE.

SEPTEMBER, 1892.

An Epidemic of Slovenliness.

THIS is not a plea for the exclusion of all but University graduates from the theatrical profession. It is meant for an earnest remonstrance against the shipshod method apparent in stage elocution of late, for which no reasonable excuse can be found. The same slovenliness extends to other not less important matters, but for present purposes I propose to confine myself mainly to obvious and easily remedied errors of speech.

To begin with some of the most glaring. No one, I imagine, would be surprised on being told by a housemaid something about her master's "libry," but when the same mutilated form is used by the daughter of a country squire and Master of hounds, with reference to her father's book-room, the effect is startling. And yet this is what happened at a West-end theatre within the last few weeks. The butler s pantry, again, is surely the place, if place there be, for reference to a dign tary of the Church as an "Onnery Canon." It sounds strangely from the lips of a lady, a relative or connection of the ecclesiastic in question. Scene, too, a West-end *matinée*, and the speaker a leading character and a person, both in her stage character and her private capacity, of at least ordinarily good education. The actor who at a recent *matinée* spoke unmistakably of "Africker" is no mere amateur, but an actor of reputation and experience, a gentleman by birth and education, moving in good society, and, I believe, a University man. He is also, as a rule, exceptionally clear and correct in his elocutionary method. On the same afternoon we were blessed with "Chiner" and half a-dozen minor abominations. These are not isolated cases. The Cockney trick of adding an "r" to a final vowel sound is in almost as full blast on the stage as off it, and certainly occupies a more incongruous place there. "Idears" are as plentiful as blackberries, while nearly as often as not, "law" is made to sound uncompromisingly as "lor." On the other hand, where a word really should wind up with an "r"

sound, the latter is mercilessly suppressed, frequently with the most awkward phonetic results when the following word begins with a vowel. This mannerism is particularly affected by young ladies fresh from the amateur stage; but it is also occasionally adopted by young gentlemen from the same place of histrionic origin, with an excess of "side" and a deficiency of virility. One of its recent results was "I adaw it," and its most frequent manifestation is the conversion of "for" into "faw." Akin to this is the assumption of a pseudo-refinement of pronunciation in the drawling affectation which elongates "requires" into "requiahs"; makes "quiet" into "quaht;" mouths "our" and "flower" into "ahr" and "flahr;" and transforms "girl" into "gairl"; the last named being the almost invariable form in use among ladies.

Ladies, too, are especially criminous in their ignorance or disregard of the value of vowel sounds. "Poitry" (oi diphthong) was the sound recently given to "poetry," and immediately afterwards "diary" became "diry," while that pet pitfall of Cockney rhymesters "sure" inevitably delights the expectant ear as "shore." I have also heard "obsurd" given for "absurd"; while "ommission," "co-mission" and "o-cur" are frequent renderings of "omission," "commission" and "occur," and "secret" masquerades thinly disguised as "secrit." Elisions and clippings are favourite errors, particularly among rapid speakers. It would be hopeless to attempt to give any idea of the number and variety of these, but I will mention as recent illustrations "intimit" for "intimate" (I am not quite sure it was not "int'mit"), "s'port" and "s'pose" for "support" and "suppose." The substitution of "redgment" for "regiment" evoked a sigh of thanks that worse had not befallen in the shape of "ridgment." I will quote one final unpardonable, but extremely prevalent piece of slovenliness, in "ushle" for "usual."

I merely mention the clipping of final "g's." It is a fashionable vice, I know; but it is also one that should be utterly repellent to every clean speaking person; certainly to every student of stage elocution, and to every actor who has not to adopt it for the purpose of any particular part. Perhaps, after saying so much in condemnation of the Cockney epidemic, I ought to admit that in the matter of "h's," actors and actresses are commendably sound, and that the very rare lapses in that quarter are invariably due to nervousness. I do not know that it is necessary for present purposes to advert to sundry eccentricities in the pronunciation of foreign words. The charming variation in the sound of "Madame," viz., "Madamm," "Madarm," and so on, we have always with us. "Parvenu" sometimes comes out very bluntly as "parvenew," and yet we are not shocked; and our amusement that "fin de siècle," should melt gracefully into "faddy seäke" is heightened by the hopeful reflection that the vile phrase will probably soon fall discredited into the limbo of forgotten jargon. When we have got our English into decent order will be time enough to turn our attention to "foreign, French and friendly" tongues.

The causes of this draggle-tailed habit of speech are not far to seek. It is not due by any means entirely to idleness and vanity, though I should be failing in truth were I to deny that these faults are largely responsible. It is more to the purpose to point out how easy is the remedy in willing and intelligent hands, though it is a suggestion of despair that gross errors of the kind seem incompatible with willingness and intelligence. Perhaps the most fertile source of the errors I have indicated lies in the fallacious theory to which young people on the stage cling with indomitable pertinacity, and in spite of the warnings of experience, that they must be "natural"; and to be "natural" in their eyes, it is only necessary to speak just as they do (not as they ought) in ordinary life, only in some cases a little louder. Even assuming that this were so, it is clearly their duty to speak the purest English at their command and to speak it clearly, purely and gracefully. To do this, they will quickly learn, is an accomplishment by no means at the idle beck and call of every half educated stage struck lad or lass. It is, however, at the command of nearly everyone of decent capacity who will take the pains to study and practice; but even then the alphabet of acting is scarcely begun. The fact is that, as has been pointed out over and over again, the stage is to an enormous extent the refuge of young people who take to it because they imagine the life to be free and easy, and who adopt it with no greater qualification than an attractive appearance and a confident manner. They also regard it as especially favourable to their purposes in that, as they imagine, it requires no preliminary training. There should be no need, at this time of day, to point out the absurdity of this error; but amazing as it may seem, it still obtains. In illustration of this, I may mention that less than two years ago, a very handsome and graceful young lady whose photograph now lavishly adorns the shop windows of West-end stationers, was asked as a matter of curiosity by the musical conductor of the theatre of whose company she was a member, what had induced her to join the profession. "Well, you see," was the answer, "I had to do something to help keep things going at home, and as acting was the one thing that did not require any previous knowledge or education, I thought I would try to get on the stage." She did so, and in her case the experiment has not turned out so badly; but that is only because she has been modestly content with small parts, and has declined to take refuge in her comeliness as a reason why she should not qualify herself for her profession by patient work.

Now, those young people would feel very much aggrieved (naturally, if not justly), if they were told that they talked on the stage like housemaids and valets, but that is just the sneer to which they expose themselves. Talking like a housemaid or a valet is no reproach to the housemaid or the valet; but it is a very grave one to actors and actresses, since it is their business to talk on the stage as the people they endeavour to represent would talk. It is the shallowest and weakest pretence in the world to shelter themselves

behind the misdoings of people in real life. It is abundantly clear that these dowdy craftsmen have never learnt, and some of them have never tried to learn, to speak properly.

All this points, of course, to an academic system of technical education such as was ably advocated by Mr. Richard Davey in his recent admirable lecture to the Playgoers' Club. In matters such as this, we have to confess a most humiliating inferiority to our Continental neighbours. I have, in this paper, only dealt with defects of speech, but we are no less in want of instruction in stage deportment and a dozen other articles in the grammar of theatrical representation. Our stage manners are the despair of those who reasonably think that the young people who lay such stress on their experience in drawing-rooms, might fairly be expected to give us some idea of what drawing-room conduct should be like. The reasonable use of a hat, when it should be brought into a room and when left in the hall, if it is not unfair to expect that there should be a hall somewhere in a house which boasts a drawing-room; moderation in the smoking of the pestilential cigarette, that most irritating resort of the nervous youth who does not know how else to keep his hands out of his pockets or how to keep his feet still. All these, and the extensively prevalent Botany Bay ease and New South Wales gentility, to say nothing of the reverberating "damn," are matters which would, no doubt, be set right by such a course of training as Mr. Davey suggests, but which might surely be mended by some less expensive machinery. The "damn" is an especial nuisance. I know that Mr. Clement Scott, than whom there is no more determined opponent of coarseness and profanity, once defended its occasional use, when its introduction into his own play "Sister Mary" was assailed some years ago, his defence appearing, if I remember rightly, in the pages of THE THEATRE. The word will always remain with us and is sometimes used most effectively in isolated cases, but its effectiveness must depend upon its rarity. One would not, for instance, lose Sir Woodbine Grafton's testy exclamation as given by Mr. Tree in "Peril." In any event there can be no excuse for the wanton way in which it is at times scattered over dialogue, some scenes in one or two recent plays having been little more than a prolonged splutter of expletives. This means neither good play-writing, good acting, nor good manners.

While agreeing cordially with Mr. Davey's advocacy of some systematised course of instruction, we must bear in mind that if we are to wait for an institution of the kind before any reform is effected, we are likely to be in a bad way indeed. Surely the young ladies and gentlemen, some of whose deficiencies I have lightly indicated, hold the remedy largely in their own hands, and should be somewhat peremptorily called upon to exercise it. Remember that for the present it is a very small thing I am asking for—the very least in fact we have a right to expect from people professing a serious art. It is merely that they should make an effort to learn something of the earliest and most elementary stages of the business

by which they earn their living; that they should so school and observe themselves and their manner of speech as to be able to speak their native tongue without from minute to minute grossly offending the ears of their listeners by giving utterance to uncouth sounds utterly foreign to the orthodox pronunciation of the language, whose purity it should be at once their duty and their pleasure to preserve. The stage has become a great institution; its status has been enormously raised within the memory of the youngest of us; the exponents of the drama make a claim—which, for obvious reasons, cannot as yet be acceded to—that they shall be regarded as a profession, as the Bar and the Church are regarded as professions; their interests are safeguarded by their own trade union or guild, the Actors' Association, and it is much to the good that their calling is now recognised as a high and honourable one. But if this state of things is to continue, if the stage is to retain its position in the popular esteem, it must show itself worthy, by earnest endeavour wisely directed. A far worse thing than even the outrage on our ears is the slovenly spirit whose presence it betrays; the desire to put off shoddy for sterling work. The stage and the theatrical vocation have many enemies, and no stronger or more effective handle could be given to hostile criticism than the reproach that the profession (as it is commonly called) is the refuge of the vain and the idle; a taunt to which the weight of obvious truth will be added unless some effort—no very desperate expenditure of brains or energy is necessary—is speedily made to remove it. This is the more unfair since, as we are glad to note, there is a small but extremely enthusiastic body of young actors and actresses whose zeal, earnestness, and intelligence afford the highest promise of credit to themselves and the vocation they follow.

A very serious feature of the epidemic is that the malady is not confined altogether to the young or those of merely amateur origin. There is an actor of world-wide reputation, a middle-aged man, though he cares to play nothing much over two-and-twenty, of whose enunciation it is not too much to say that it would be a scandal to any actor of experience, or indeed without it, on any boards. Of the vanity which prompts him to force himself in ridiculous attitudes to the centre of the stage on all possible and impossible occasions, I need say nothing. The spectacle is painful enough, and the result must have been sufficiently humiliating. Two years ago this gentleman boasted as fine a Cockney accent as could be found on a summer Bank Holiday on Hampstead Heath or on the river between Gravesend and Marlow. He had apparently acquired, or at least enriched it, in Australia. To-day he displays, or rather he did display on the last public opportunity he had, a languishing, affected, die-away, half-articulate drawl of the paralytic kind commonly attributed to "Johnnies" and "Chappies," brought up, according to popular tradition, on a diet of brandy-and-soda and toothpicks. Another instance was to be found at a West-end theatre up till quite lately, though not by any means of so flagrant a kind from an elocutionary

point of view. Here, night after night, twice every night and twice at each *matinée*, the leading lady challenged objection to the genuineness of what she called a "certifkit," the favourite synonym of our friend the housemaid for "certificate." It may be a small thing to fail in a simple word like this, and it is, of course, to the credit of the lady who is otherwise an accomplished elocutionist, in spite of a rather strained and monotonous emphasis, that a single defect should stand out so clearly. But it is a bad example, and clearly not the accident of a moment.

If anyone thinks I have overstated my case, or that I am unduly captious, let him go haphazard to half-a-dozen trial *matinées* and a similar number of evening performances, and if he keeps his ears open, he will hear a great deal with which I cannot deal within the limits of such a paper as this. I have given a few typical instances of cases constantly coming under my notice. It is really impossible to describe many of the exasperating methods adopted by young speakers in mangling their mother tongue, vices of intonation, pronunciation, emphasis, errors of all kinds, mostly capable of easy cure with such watchfulness and care as should be given without any prompting, while almost all of the nearly infinite variety of vowel-murders simply defy anything like exact indication by means of ordinary spelling. It will very probably be asked, "What are the critics about that these things are allowed to continue almost without notice?" For one thing, it is becoming daily more and more patent that the centre of critical attention is shifting from the actor to the play. In the next place, they are noticed from time to time, in a general sort of way. Consideration of space and of public interest naturally stand in the way of detailed notice of defects, which, important as a whole, are of little significance in individual cases. Besides which, if names are mentioned, the slipshod actor is the first to raise the bitter wail of a personal persecution by the press; and indeed I cannot help thinking that if the subject were adequately treated and the objects adequately held up for identification, the law of libel might have something to say about it. There is one very glaring instance of critical non-interference. It is the case of an acutely sensitive, not to say irritable, actor-manager, who is always extremely resentful of criticism which does not adopt his views of his own merits, either as an actor or as a manager, and who has had one or two passages of arms with his critics, in which he has not always had the best of it. In a certain class of parts, he is an admirable actor—in his own line almost, if not quite, unequalled. Yet to-day it is a distressing thing to look at him. By degrees he has fallen into a way of using his hands which mars everything he does. He has just three jerky emphatic tricks with them, and they have to serve him for ceaseless illustration of everything he says, and this naturally nullifies his good work, some of which is very good. It is entirely his own fault that the critics have not spoken and will not speak. They might have done so before that evil and some others had reached their present, probably in-

curable, dimensions, for the actor in question is no longer youthful; but he would not have thanked them. Were they to do so now, he would probably challenge them one and all to deadly combat in the columns of a newspaper. After all, why should they interfere? He is perfectly happy; and his theatre is crammed nightly.

I repeat that I am not asking impossible things. On the contrary, I have purposely kept my demand down to such a low point that refusal to comply with it is not decently possible. For the full equipment of every actor, many accomplishments, not all of them easy of acquirement, are necessary; and some day the young person who purposes to dally more or less earnestly with the stage, as a more or less serious and efficacious means of making his daily bread, may be brought to recognise this, and induced to take some such qualifying measures as he would have to do if his subsistence depended upon the exercise of any other trade, profession, or calling whatever. We have a right to require this now. We do require it, but we do not get it, and that this is so is a reproach which the offenders in their own interests would do well to remove at once. If it were anything beyond easy accomplishment by anyone endowed with ordinary physical and mental gifts, I should hesitate to press it; just as I now forbear from insisting upon the declamation of blank verse, a stricter training in deportment, and a dozen things whose attainment requires patient study and practice. It may be reasonable to wait for these until we get our school of technical instruction. I do not myself think it is. There are plenty of means whereby these things may be learned, if aspirants are only determined to try, but this one thing is certain, that no actor or actress should be entrusted with a part (otherwise perhaps than a dialect part), who cannot speak the English tongue purely and correctly, if not with grace; that our ears should be kept free from liability to assault from the hideous cacophony which now too frequently outrages them, and that the least thing to be vouchsafed to us on visiting a theatre is that we should be allowed to hear clearly and without a shudder.

G. W. Dancy.

The Stage in Fiction.

THERE is a kind of fatal temptation which seems to lead on the hapless novelist of to-day to destruction. Whatever the manner of his life, and wherever he has lived, he must have seen characters and incidents which should suffice him for his work, and which, having been collected by personal observation and experience, would go far to make his novel worth reading. But instead of making use of these, he needs must attempt to describe the ways of persons with whom he has had absolutely no acquaintance, except indeed through other novels written by persons as badly informed as himself, and lay his scenes in places which are known to him by name alone. The result is certainly amusing, though hardly in the way intended by the author. Those who are constantly abusing the lack of originality and imagination which, they allege, renders most of our novelists unreadable, could find without much difficulty plenty of imaginative work in their description of real incidents, and originality of a truly wonderful kind in their narration of prosaic facts.

No institution has suffered more from these indirect libels than the stage. The young lady who compiles a novelette in a country village, the young man whose life has been confined hitherto to the school and the counting-house—each considers that he or she is amply competent to write a novel in which theatrical life plays a prominent part. Alike in the lordly novels of Ouida and the humble tract at a shilling a hundred, we find plentiful references to the stage. In the first, indeed, it figures as a sort of earthly paradise, in the other "the heated atmosphere" of the theatre is pointedly alluded to as a sure preparation for higher temperatures hereafter, and the connection between the Drama and other things beginning with a big D is plentifully insisted upon. But in both, the method in which theatrical business is carried on would rather surprise the modern lessee.

Nothing is more common than for the hero of a novel to write a play. In one work there is a fine description of his noble struggles to achieve this feat, and, indeed, since through the greater part of the book he has not given any indication of literary tastes, beyond the twice-mentioned fact of his having been seen to read the *Sporting Times*, it might be imagined that he would find the difficulties considerable. He is represented as pacing hurriedly up and down his study, with stern face and flashing eye, only pausing in this exercise to write down a brilliant phrase or two when they occur to him. Unfortunately, no examples of these brilliant phrases are appended. While this person must doubtless have received much advantage

from this healthy exercise, which he seems to have taken for some hours daily, his tragedy—it must have been a tragedy, no one with a flashing eye in a novel would write a comedy—cannot have been written under twenty years or so. But at least he is unlike the general run of novelists' dramatic authors in the pains which he takes over his work. The greater number of them seem to produce a wonderful quantity of successful plays without taking any trouble at all. They pass their mornings in bed, their afternoons in various amusements, and their evenings in brilliant society. They are continually staying with their friends at country houses or on yachts, while their London chambers are furnished with the utmost magnificence. No mention whatever is made of their doing any form of work, until in chapter xix we are casually told that they have been writing a play, which is performed with the most unparalleled success in chapter xx. Obsequious managers quarrel for the honour of producing it, and a leading actress is broken-hearted because she is not given a chief part in it. There must be few careers at once as pleasant and as profitable as dramatic authorship of this kind.

Sometimes, on the other hand, it is the heroine who writes the play, and then matters are very different. Manager after manager refuses it, and the manuscript becomes soiled with tears. Unlike the fortunate hero, the "weary hand" and the "aching head" are frequently apportioned, and not altogether unreasonably, to the hapless heroine. But her play is finally accepted, as a rule, and her work at last falls into the hands of a sympathetic manager, who — this really occurs in one novel—reads her play for the first time on a certain morning, and gives the first performance of it on the following night.

Scarcely less wonderful than the fictionary stage are the fictionary actors. They, too, have a far pleasanter time than those of real life. Rehearsals do not exist for them, and they only seem to act when they feel inclined, but any evening when they have nothing better to do, they drop into an aristocratic theatre and condescend to play a leading part. Very charming also is the rapidity and completeness of the success which they gain at the outset of their careers. When the father of the heroine dies, the young lady forms the laudable resolution of making an independence for herself. To this end she "goes on the stage." Could anything be more simple? No details of the process are given, which is possibly fortunate, for otherwise the rush of dramatic aspirants would become even greater than it has latterly been. As far as we have been told in the course of the novel, she seems singularly unfitted for her new profession; she has had no experience of any kind, nor do her intellectual qualities compel our admiration. But, although she has never even acted in a charade in a drawing-room, she at once becomes "leading lady" at a west-end theatre, and receives an enormous salary.

Words would fail us to describe the magnificence of the novelist's theatre. Best of all, of course, is Ouida's work in this particular

branch of writing, and an account of a theatre in one of her books is such as to make the modern manager despair. The most costly velvets, silks, and satins are used for upholstering the seats in the pit, the most expensive cigars are provided gratis by the management between the acts. It is really distressing to find that sordid pecuniary considerations are allowed to influence the proprietor, and after some time the theatre is closed. There is, however, no mention of bankruptcy proceedings being taken against him, yet his expenses must certainly have been considerably beyond his receipts.

There is, of course, a considerable proportion of novels dealing with the stage which do not contain colossal ignorance such as that with which we have been dealing. Yet perhaps this ignorance is, after all, preferable to the morbid and one-sided pictures presented by some writers, which create as unfavourable and as unreasonable a prejudice against the stage as the others over-colour its attractions. The one class amuses us, the other disgusts. When realism sees only vice and is obstinately blind to virtue, there is nothing less real than realism. But there are, luckily, several works of fiction, among which should certainly be mentioned Mr. Besant's new work "Dorothy Wallis," which neither magnify the faults nor exaggerate the advantages of life on the stage. And now that we have novelists like Mr. Barrie also writing for the stage, we may hope for further improvement in this respect.

For, at present, the great number of novels which deal with theatrical matters are decidedly foolish. They are written, as has been said, by authors whose ignorance on such topics is undiluted and complete. They may possibly do some harm by temporarily attracting deluded persons to a vocation which they imperfectly understand, and for which they have no real fitness, but the harm done is not likely to be either extensive or permanent. And, on the other hand, they do undoubtedly provide some thoroughly amusing reading in an age of dulness ; and therefore ought we to be grateful to them.

A. C. Deane.

Pantoum.

BLOW, South wind, from the sea ; the palms are faint.
The flaming sun goes down the western skies.
Let her awake, and hark to our complaint,
Who has the light of sunset in her eyes.

The flaming sun goes down the western skies.
Let us together call upon my fair,
Who has the light of sunset in her eyes,
And night's dusk glory all about her hair.

Let us together call upon my fair,
That she may greet us now the day is done,
And night's dusk glory all about her hair
Glow with the last bright glories of the sun.

That she may greet us now the day is done,
Throw back the envious screens that, full of heat,
Glow with the last bright glories of the sun,
And all day long have looked upon my sweet.

Throw back the envious screens that, full of heat,
The sun-parched passion-flowers, all drooping, hide,
And all day long have looked upon my sweet ;
O strong wind, blow, and throw them open wide !

The sun-parched passion-flowers, all drooping, hide ;
Among the leaves the hoarse cicalas sing ;
O strong wind, blow, and throw them open wide,
That she may taste the fragrance that you bring !

Among the leaves the hoarse cicalas sing.
Cool sea wind, breathe between the weary trees,
That she may taste the fragrance that you bring
Fresh with the essence of the bitter seas.

Cool sea wind, breathe between the weary trees
Spice-laden breezes from the ocean-isles,
Fresh with the essence of the bitter seas,
And earn the guerdon of my lady's smiles.

Spice-laden breezes from the ocean-isles
  The drowsy roses round her head shall stir,
And earn the guerdon of my lady's smiles
  For incense wafts of cinnamon and myrrh.

The drowsy roses round her head shall stir.
  Let her no longer sleep, awak'ning South ;
For incense wafts of cinnamon and myrrh
  Are not so fragrant as her balmy mouth.

Let her no longer sleep, awak'ning South ;
  The far green isles you played on all the day
Are not so fragrant as her balmy mouth
  Kissed by the new-fledged airs from off the spray.

The far green isles you played on all the day ;
  Let her awake and hark to our complaint,
Kissed by the new-fledged airs from off the spray.
  Blow, South wind, from the sea ; the palms are faint.

Gerald Yeo

Four "Leading Men."

A COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE.

THE *jeune-premier*-ship is now in commission*—a welcome fact. Sure sign of the all-round excellence of our young men actors! Formerly our juveniles were a very unequal lot; one mediæval, vibrant-toned and imaginative—Mr. Forbes-Robertson; two beautiful, strident and wooden—Messrs. Terriss and Conway. The former was generally counted a better actor than his companions, while Messrs. Terriss and Conway were beloved of the "gods" and the weaker sex. But there are fashions in matters theatrical as in other things, and times have changed within the last six years. Mr. Terriss still holds his own as a picturesque and confident melodramatic actor. Mr. Conway is to have a chance of rehabilitating himself as John Drew's successor, while Mr. Forbes-Robertson, with unparalleled indolence, contrives to maintain a reputation second only to Mr. Irving's and Mr. Willard's by appearances in first pieces and ten-minute parts. The younger men have no leader, for it would be as foolish to consider Mr. Alexander the superior of Mr. Fred Terry as it were to call Mr. Waring the inferior of Mr. Waller. Here I have named four of our prominent juveniles. Add Mr. Vanderfelt and the list is complete; for Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Thalberg, and Mr. Bernard Gould must unhesitatingly be placed in a different category.

Mr. Fred Terry is the youngest and the least experienced, but distinctly the most promising of our young men actors. It is rarely indeed that an actor under thirty has such a record behind him, and such a future before him. I have no wish to generalise, but most play-goers will, I think, agree with me when I say that the Haymarket actor is a Lewis Waller with style, charm, pathos, comedy, and a talent for characterisation. All that can be said in praise of Mr. Waller's passion and love-making may be said with equal truth of Mr. Fred Terry's gifts in this direction. But while it may be doubted whether the former artist will ever prove a fine romantic actor, his rival seems specially marked out for success in this path. His free, open manner, his largeness of style, his dash and vigour, and his talent for comedy—is he not one of our finest Charles Surfaces?—all seem to point to Mr. Terry becoming, and that speedily, our ablest romantic actor. Before the year 1889, he can scarcely be said to have occupied an important position on the English stage, but his performance of Olivier Deschamps at the

* Apologies to the discerning reader for this false metaphor.

original Prince of Wales's Theatre *matinée* of "Esther Sandraz," at once singled him out as one of the ablest and most thoughtful of our younger players. Since then the actor has played many parts, mainly under Mr. Tree's management, and has steadily risen in public favour. Though he has appeared chiefly in modern drama, his greatest successes have been won in semi-romantic parts. In this class of character his John Fenwick and his John Christison have been his greatest triumphs. As the honest lover of Dorothy Musgrave Mr. Terry was surprisingly good, and gave a thoughtful, restrained, and indeed brilliant performance. Still better was his acting in "The Dancing Girl." Here the passion he infused into the scene of the Temptation of St. Christison may be said to have fairly electrified the house. The modern English stage has rarely seen such a magnificent emotional effort. True the young actor was quite conscious of his possession of a fine voice, and was a trifle Willardian, and perhaps it would be as well if he did not so deliberately work up a scene *crescendo*. This and a tendency to too theatrical and ebullient a style are faults, however, which Mr. Terry will doubtless soon get rid of. The actor's modern work is fully worthy of his achievements in romance, and it is pleasant to note that in his two most prominent parts—in "Called Back" and in "Peril"—the honours were fully shared by his accomplished wife. It is surely quite unnecessary at this time of day to point out the inferiority of the acting of the original hero and heroine of Mr. Conway's romance. The new Gilbert Vaughan had less affectation and less prettiness, more passion and more manliness than Mr. Kyrle Bellew; while Miss Julia Neilson's superior personal gifts for the part of Pauline need not be insisted on. In "Peril" Mr. Terry was perhaps seen at his best. His Captain Bradford was a human and finely characterised piece of acting throughout, and the love scene has never been played so superbly. Here, too, Miss Neilson's Lady Ormond—comparable in parts with Mrs. Kendal's best work—at times approached real greatness. Of Mr. Terry's other work I have no space to speak in detail. His Armand D'Arcy in "A Village Priest" was a performance charming in its comedy and impressive in its power, his Valreas had distinction and dash, and his Laertes was certainly not lacking in vigour. Still, despite his excellent rendering of the Dauphin in "King John," Mr. Terry seems hardly suited to the Shakespearian drama—as burlesqued at the Haymarket! In conclusion, let me mention two parts that Mr. Terry would play to perfection. He would make an ideal Oswald Alving in a revival of "Ghosts," and would be just the man to show Mr. Waller how Hugh Murray should be played.

When I come to speak of the last-named actor, I have to deal with an artist of very obvious limitations. This distinguished *jeune-premier* is the most conscientious and the most hard-working dramatic artist of the day. He avails himself of every opportunity, especially at *matinée* productions, of improving his already high position on the stage, and whenever a non-actor manager produces a piece, Mr. Waller

is absolutely bound to play the leading part therein. In many respects the actor is the direct antithesis of Mr. George Alexander. For while the latter excels in parts demanding tenderness, pathos, and high-breeding, it is in just such qualities as these that Mr. Waller is deficient. So the actor was unsuccessful as Hugh Murray in "The Profligate," and as Rodia in "The Sixth Commandment," he was tame and lacked distinction and dash in "La Tosca," and failed utterly in "The Pharisee." In level passages and in parts where ease, dignity, and distinction are required, Mr. Waller is seen at his worst. To make up for this absence of ease and assurance, and in lieu of a talent for character-painting, the actor adopts a deliberate manner of introducing bits of business—a trick which at times is fairly exasperating. So, from causes I have mentioned, his Tom Saxton in "Now-a-Days," and his Lord Cirencester in "Handfast"—the actor had some fine outbursts here—and his young lover in "Lady Barter"—a performance in no way comparable with Mr. Vanderfelt's fine passionate rendering of Cuthbert in "The Fringe of Society"—must be pronounced tedious and commonplace. Indeed, the actor is particularly unsatisfactory in aristocratic parts. But Mr. Waller's greatest deficiency may be said to be his incapacity for pathetic expression. His pathos tends to be lachrymose, whining, self-pitying, and stilted—indeed, until quite recently my idea of Mr. Waller was that he was a kind of reproduction in miniature of Mr. Barrett. But in adhering to this opinion I should be doing our young actor an injustice, for *his* passion is always genuine, and *his* voice does *not* crack in the upper notes. Moreover, he has been rapidly improving of late, and his performances in "Serge Panine," in "The Scapegoat," and "The Crusaders," must have convinced all play-goers of his genuine power. And if the actor is Mr. Alexander's inferior in the depicture of the softer emotions, it must be confessed that in vigour, virility, and passion he is vastly Mr. Alexander's superior. For the qualities that make for Mr. Waller's discomfiture in a mere walking-gentleman part are just those which enable him to score his biggest success in characters requiring hardness of style and concentrated vigour. To say that the actor is best as a villain is beside the point. Mr. Waller was equally fine as the young Fabian of "The Crusaders," the passion-swayed Prince in "Serge Panine," or the unscrupulous financier of "The Henrietta."

A well-set figure, an air of ease and distinction, a grave, earnest manner, a melodious voice, and a very distinct and deliberate enunciation—these form Mr. Alexander's stock-in-trade as an actor. His physical equipment is indeed this player's most valuable possession. For the vocal charm, which he shares with two of our most distinguished actors, is answerable in the main for his recent success. The most charming of our younger actors, Mr. Alexander can modulate the tones of his voice to the expression of tenderness, love, pathos, and pensive melancholy. Anger, too, he can depict, though perhaps not with such convincing power. Caleb Deecie first revealed the actor's command of pathos, "Sunlight and Shadow"

merely confirmed previous estimates of his powers. In two parts that he has played lately our young actor-manager has had little to do save to display that tenderness and high-breeding which are among his most winning attributes. These qualities, which characterise a good deal of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's and Mr. Irving's best work, are the distinguishing features of Mr. Alexander's George Hamilton and Lord Windermere. For myself, I should prefer to see the St. James's lessee play Darlington in the "Fan." Mr. Gould is a fine actor, but his curious manner of simulating anger renders him quite unsuited to this character. And, moreover, Mr. Alexander, never likely to make a fine Othello, strikes me as a trifle lacking in that air of protection which sat so well on the hero of "Lady Bountiful." We already have the ideal Lady Windermere in Miss Winifred Emery. Let the St. James's manager but get his distinguished compatriot to play Lord Windermere and the four principal parts would be played to perfection. In his love-making Mr. Alexander is markedly successful. Surely never was there such a fervent lover as the hero of "Lord Anerley" and "The Idler"! The volcanic passion of Mr. Willard, Mr. Waller, or Mr. Fred Terry was wanting, but the actor's pathos-laden voice, his raising of his eye-lids, his purring manner, and feline grace, are not to be denied. Feline is, in fact, just the epithet I should prefer to apply to Mr. Alexander's persuasive love-making. It is full of "animalism," and the actor seems to abandon himself completely to what Bourget calls "*délire animal.*" But, while giving Mr. Alexander due credit in this connection, let me warn him against a fault which seems to be growing on him. From a desire to be sympathetic, he is too much inclined to colour all his portraits alike. Notice how he chooses to treat such parts as Mark Cross and Rupert Lee. Instead of boldly characterising them, he expends considerable art in dehumanising them. He overcharges his voice with pathos, assumes meek and humble attitudes, a dejected bearing, and almost succeeds in convincing his audience, in spite of their better judgment, of the nobility of the characters he is portraying. How much more artistic were the methods employed by Mr. Fred Terry and Mr. Waller in prefiguring such similar men as Captain Bradford and Prince Panine! Really Mr. Alexander ought to be better advised. He should know that the actor's business is simply to interpret his author. To talk of an actor having "his conception" of a part is obviously absurd. If he reads into his part anything for which the author is not responsible, he exceeds his province, and is guilty of sheer impertinence.

Throughout his brief managerial career Mr. Alexander has been fairly adroit in his selection of *rôles*, but I can't help thinking that in Paul Astier and Mark Cross the actor sustained parts which unduly taxed his powers. Coolness he has, but he lacks the hardness and brutality requisite for such studies in *fin-de-siècle* villainy. These are parts for Mr. Willard and Mr. Coghlan to revel in, parts for which Mr. Waller has already shown great aptitude. Indeed,

I put the latter actor's Young Nick and his Russian Prince far above anything Mr. Alexander has done in a similar line. If Mr. Alexander wishes to go in for such determinist, analytical, introspective, neurotic heroes, let him play some of Bourget's young men. What an admirable study he would make of André Cornelis! And if "Le Disciple" could ever make a good play, then Mr. Alexander, ready at all the "crises," would make an ideal Robert Greslou. I have spoken of the actor's pathos, a pathos gentle, dainty, plaintive, and refined—not the agonised pathos of a Cyrus Blenkarn or a Dunstan Renshaw, it is true, but a pathos which gave Mark Cross his charm, and would make the fortune of Mr. Alexander's Hamlet or Edward II. The actor's gifts in this direction are attributes too manifest to be decried. We tread on more dangerous ground when we come to speak of his passion. Some critics there are who seem to deny to our youngest actor-manager anything but earnestness, and find his emotion unsatisfactory and unconvincing. A man must needs be emotionally unsusceptible who could hear unmoved Mr. Alexander's impressive outburst of rage in the third act of the "Fan." Of course the actor's physique and temperament incapacitate him for tragedy and the more vigorous drama. That everyone will admit. Let the cobbler stick to his last! Let not Mr. Alexander dally with Romance; in this field of histrionics he cannot promise us a great actor. His Faust was a pretty performance, so was his Bassanio, but his Macduff was a thin, commonplace rendering of the part. A Romeo (probably), a Tito Melema (certainly), an Esmond (to Ellen Terry's Lady Castlewood), a Hamlet, an Iago, an Evan Harrington, possibly even an Arthur Dimmesdale (to Winifred Emery's Hester Prynne), Mr. Alexander might make, but the depths of Othello, of Baldaserre, of Macbeth, of Père Goriot, of Lear, of Roger Chillingworth and Richard Feverel, he could never plumb. And things being so, as the actor does not aim at versatility, and cannot escape from his environment, as he will be a *jeune-premier*, and is a modern of the moderns, a naturalistic player, let him cling to his modern romanticism, let him stick to actuality and the brandy-and-soda drama. Better the brilliant and cynical modernity of Oscar Wilde than the "penny plain and twopence coloured" romantic (melo)drama of Buchanan and Hall Caine. Better the "Lady Windermere's Fan" of a literary exquisite than the *manqué* "Ben-my-Chree" of the author "writing at the top of his voice." Mr. Alexander, if he is wise, will let "Ruy Blas," "Hernani," and "Romeo" alone, and adhere to the old traditions of the St. James's. Finally, I have one favour to ask of this actor-manager. Let him see to it before he re-opens his theatre, that the Lady "McNaughtie Naughtie" knows how to pronounce "interesting." The call-boy can doubtless correct her horrible provincialism.

And now we come to the safest and most experienced of all our younger players. Mr. Waring, who has had a training very similar to that of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, has come to the front lately by four or five very excellent impersonations. His Torvald Helmer

in "A Doll's House" (June, 1889) first brought him fame. This was a sketch of marvellous vigour and subtlety. Since then his most striking impersonations have been his Prince Zosimoff in "The Sixth Commandment"—a remarkably convincing study in villainy, to be equalled later by his Miguel in "Lord Anerley" —and his Geoffrey Landon in "The Pharisee," this last effort a shaded portrait of an English gentleman of the Rugby school. Mr. Waring's Landon indeed was the sole redeeming feature (from an actor's point of view) in Mr. Watson's fine play, for the parts of Lord Helmore and Mrs. Landon were absolutely murdered by the execrable playing of Mr. Waller and Miss Wallis. What would not Mr. Alexander and Miss Marion Terry have made of these two parts! But to return to Mr. Waring. Of late—after a season at the St. James's, where he played with considerable vigour in "Sunlight and Shadow" (at a *matinée*), "The Idler," and "Lord Anerley," this clever actor following Mr. Waller's example as a free lance has achieved several brilliant successes at *matinée* productions. Always an artist to be relied on, Mr. Waring has in "The Plowdens," in "Chris," and in "The County," won quite a new reputation as a character actor of pronounced nerve fibre. His future will be watched with keen interest; his quiet, restrained, authoritative style, his rare capacity for depicting the most subtle *nuances* of character, allied to an emotional power always ready but always well under control—these qualities have already rendered Mr. Waring invaluable service, and bid fair to raise him to the foremost rank in his profession.

W. A. Lewis Bettany.

A Stage Betrothal.

YES, Jack proposed to me on the stage—at least, he thinks he did. Queer, wasn't it; and the joke of it was that he looked so tragic I was obliged to say "yes" very quick or else they would have noticed in front. How did it all come about? Why, in this way.

I was feeling very sad and lonesome myself just then. It was only five months since my father had died, and the dear old theatre passed into other hands, and the company scattered far and wide. Some of them had been with us for years, and had received their training from my father, but there was no help for it; for there was no money left, and I was alone in the world—quite alone, and only eighteen!

I was only too glad to obtain an engagement to go on tour with the "Bitter-Sweets" Co., but the constant moving about tired me dreadfully at first. Then it was that Jack was so good to me. He was a stranger like the rest of the company, but he took me under his protection from the first—wouldn't let anyone take advantage of my ignorance, and never failed to bully old Simpson into finding, and keeping for me the most comfortable rooms in the least gruesome of the third-rate lodgings which were the best I could afford. I got on all right with the acting, and after the incessant change of part in a stock company, I found my present work at first restful. After a time, though, it grew terribly monotonous, until at last I hardly knew if I were Lucy Aston, myself, or Rose Hammond, the young woman in the play.

Jack was my stage lover in the piece we were playing; Rachel Armadale was Mrs. Pengelly, the wicked woman who tried to come between us, and whose wickedness was duly exposed and turned to our advantage at the end of the third act.

At this time I suppose, though of course I didn't know it, I was already in love with Jack. Naturally he loved *me* from the very first; he has since told me so.

Rachel was a dark, handsome woman. We never had much to do with each other, and she kept herself much aloof from us all—all except Jack; she was for ever making occasion to call Jack's attention to her undoubted charms. It was: "Oh, Mr. Seymour, *would* you mind just fastening this buckle for me?" and "Oh, dear, I have forgotten my ticket, *will* you, dear Mr. Seymour, get it for me?" and then she would slowly raise the long dark lashes from her lustrous eyes, and Jack would do her bidding, and then come and sit by me, and look at me pleadingly, as one who would say: "I couldn't help it, could I now?"

Spiteful, am I? Well perhaps so; but I want you to see that Rachel was jealous of our love, or you will not understand my story.

One night, *the* night, I was hurrying down the ladder-like stairs from the pigeon loft where the dressing-rooms were situated, when I ran into Jack's arms, who was racing up. We made our mutual apologies, and of course Jack said it was his fault.

"There, it has made you tremble; you might have had a nasty fall. Take my arm a moment;"—then in a low voice—"would you lean on it for ever?" And he *looked* at me as lovers do.

It was the first word of love, real love, that had been spoken to me in all my life, and you can imagine how it made me quiver. The dark stairs and passages faded away, and for the space of about sixty seconds I suppose I was as nearly happy as a woman ever is. Then Jack touched my hand and murmured a warning word in my ear. My vision of Paradise fled; the gate clanged to with a mighty bang—and there, close to us, was Rachel.

She appeared to have seen nothing; no trace of curiosity or anger showed itself in her smooth face; the delicate bloom in her cheek did not deepen beneath the powder. Jack told her what a narrow escape I had had.

"You poor dear," she said, tenderly, "take my arm; your call will be in a moment—can you go on?"

"Oh, yes, yes," I answered, "it was nothing much."

She led me away towards the passage, then suddenly seized my wrists, pressed them in her frenzied grasp (the marks of her fingers remained for many days), and hissed, rather than spoke:

"I heard him, I heard him! Marry him if you like, but he has a wife already. She is mad, *mad*, do you hear? He drove her so. She is in Chartham Asylum; I have seen her. My own mother is there. The whole day long she does nothing but wail and cry for her 'Jack,' the man who broke her heart, and who will break yours—you baby face."

I broke from her and rushed on to the stage. Did I believe her? I don't know whether I did or not; I felt like a wild thing.

Then the play began; and I calmed down as the familiar speeches were made, and the familiar scenes gone through. At last Jack came on. The moment I looked at him, I saw that he had either heard Rachel's words to me or that she had repeated them to him; at any rate he knew all. I was supposed to sit on a stile in the back-ground and gaze pensively at the setting sun, until Jack came to me and made love in dumb show, while Rachel raved and made herself very unpleasant to the benevolent old uncle who is always so anxious (in drama) to smooth over any misunderstandings and domestic difficulties.

Jack did not begin a bit as usual; he ought to come towards me in a pleading, diffident manner, but this time he looked determined and strong. We were not supposed to speak, although, of course, we generally did so in an undertone.

"You do not believe her?"

Then he glared at me. Jack has often told me since that I looked like a fool just then, as I sat limply on the stile; he says my mouth was wide open. Very likely it was. I only know I was thoroughly frightened and bewildered.

"Jack" (the familiar name slipped out unawares), "for goodness sake don't look like that, they will notice in front." And I tried to simper and look pleasantly conscious as usual.

"I don't care *who* sees," said Jack, hoarsely, "what she says is a lie, as big a lie as she is herself. Lucy, trust me," and he looked at me—looked me full in the face. He looked so good, so strong, so brave, so true; and, somehow, I felt that this was what my life was made for; there seemed just then neither future nor past, only the present—the fulfilment! I played with the calico rose I had in my hand, I blushed, my eyes swam with tears, and I turned coquettishly away; but it would not do; those clear grey eyes never left my face. I felt their magnetic influence. I stooped.

"Jack," I said, "my stage directions say I am to accept you, so—there's our cue—lift me down, and for goodness sake, don't look so idiotically happy."

And it did not occur to me until afterwards that I had accepted him without waiting to be asked!

L. A.

Tragedy Writers and Tragedy Writing.

As perfect tragedy is one of the noblest productions of human nature, so is it capable of giving the mind one of the greatest of intellectual entertainments. Seneca said that "a virtuous man struggling with misfortunes is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts everything that is mean and little; they cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; they soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence." It is not surprising, therefore, that in the more civilised nations of the world this phase of the drama has met with considerable encouragement.

According to Aristotle, in the Greek tongue iambic verse is the most suitable for tragedy, because while distinguishing the discourse from prose, it at the same time approaches more nearly to prose than any other form of verse; "for," he says, "we may observe that men in ordinary discourse often speak iambics without noticing it." The same observation would apply to English blank verse, which often enters into our common rendering, though we may be unconscious of it, and, being a due medium between rhymed verse and prose, is well adapted to tragedy.

It would seem, therefore, as incongruous for an English tragedy to be written in rhyme as for a Greek or Latin tragedy to be written in hexameters; and this solecism is more pronounced in plays having some acts in rhyme and others in blank verse, which, in the stage's infancy, were considered as two distinct languages. Some writers dignified particular similes only with rhyme, all other parts being in blank verse; others, again, concluded every act with two or three couplets, which produced a pleasing effect, much as an air after a long *recitativo* in Italian opera affords the singer a graceful exit.

In some parts of old tragedy, also, there was a diversity of numbers, this being intended to break the monotony of a long-continued modulation of voice; for the same reason in old English tragedy a speech frequently closed with a hemistich, although the following speaker began a new verse. These abrupt pauses, or breakings-off, in the middle of a verse were invariably the rule when expression of feeling was necessary, or in striking an attitude.

Some English poets gave more attention to the style than to the sentiments of their tragedies; their language was noble and sonorous, but the sense (or plot) weak, common-place, and discursive. The

contrary is found in some ancient tragedies, especially in Corneille and Racine, in which the *thought* is that which elevates and ennobles. This defect in English writers was attributed to two causes—want of knowledge and experience, and the necessity of complying with the taste of the readers of their day, who appear to have been better judges of language than of sentiment. A writer of the last century observed that "it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English before turning it into blank verse; and the reader consider the naked thought of every speech when divested of its tragic ornaments. By this means one might judge impartially of the thought without being imposed upon by the words, and thus determine whether it would be natural or sufficiently powerful for the person intended to utter it—whether it deserved to shine in a blaze of eloquence, or to shew itself in a variety of lights as are generally resorted to by writers of English tragedy."

Again, when the thought is high and elevating it becomes obscured by harsh-sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions with which it is sometimes clothed. Shakespeare is faulty in this particular. Aristotle, when discussing the subject, said: "The expression ought to be very much laboured in the un-active parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like, in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented, for these (the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions." Horace (who borrowed many of his criticisms from Aristotle) evidently had this rule in view when writing the following lines:—

> "*Et tragicus plerùmque dolet sermone pedestri,*
> *Telephus et Peleus, cùm pauper et exul uterque,*
> *Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*" *

Among our English poets there were none, perhaps, more perfect in tragedy than Lee; he would have done better, however, had he not favoured the impetuosity of his genius, but rather had restrained it. His thoughts were specially adapted to tragedy, but were so obscured in a cloud of words, that it required some ingenuity to trace the line of beauty in them—there was an undeniable fire of eloquence, but it was completely hidden by its smoke. Although he shone in passionate parts, his *forte* lay in epithets and metaphors, with which his writings abound. The following line in Statira's speech, where she describes the charms of Alexander's conversation, combines a three-fold *trait* of being natural, softened, and passionate:—

> "Then he would talk: good Gods! how he would talk!"

The broken phrase, so to speak, in this line, changing the description of his *manner* of talking into an *admiration* of it, is indeed

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* "Tragedians, too, lay by their state to grieve.
Peleus and Telephus, exiled and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words."

beautiful, and peculiarly suited to the character of the person that speaks it, the simplicity of the words softening any pride of expression.

Otway followed nature in the language of his tragedy, shining in the passionate parts, perhaps, more than any other English poet—matters domestic and familiar giving place to the unreal and far-fetched. It has been said that while he was undoubtedly beautiful in the more pathetic parts, he fell into the error of a too great familiarity of phrases, which, according to Aristotle, would have been exalted by dignity of expression. His tragedy of "Venice Preserved" was considered to have lost its charm from the fact that the chief characters were rebels and traitors. Had the hero of this play discovered the same incentives for the defence of his country as actuated him for its ruin and subversion, the audience would have sympathised with and admired the character; but as he was represented, it could only be said of him as the Roman historian said of Catiline; "his fall would have been glorious had he so fallen in the service of his country"—*(si pro patriâ sic concidisset).*

In the early part of the eighteenth century there would appear to have been some little objection, giving rise to severe criticism, to writers of tragedy making Virtue triumphant, and not allowing the hero to succumb to his (or her) calamities. This was the outcome of yielding to an opinion held by a powerful few—that there should be an equal distribution of reward and punishment, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. It was objected to, however, on the grounds of having no foundation in nature, reason, or in the practice of the ancients. A writer of that period says: "We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side of the grave, and as the primary design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end if we always make Virtue and Innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers during the progress of the play, they will make but small impression on our minds when we know that in the last act he is to be rewarded with the consummation of all his desires. When we see him in the depth of his sorrows and afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves because we know he will find his way out of them, and however great his grief, it will soon terminate in gladness."

Ancient writers, for this reason, treated their characters much in the same way as men are dealt with in every-day life—sometimes rewarding virtue, sometimes leaving her to die in despair—according as they found it in the fable they made choice of, or as they thought would suit the taste of their audience. Aristotle observes, in this connection, that those ending unhappily "always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage." He says, further: "Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind, and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction."

It was at this time asserted that only those English tragedies succeeded in which the favourites of the audience sank under their calamities; those in which Virtue was triumphant being disapproved, and failures financially. Thus the popular plays were—"The Orphan," "Venice Preserved," "Alexander the Great," "Theodosius," "All for Love," "Œdipus," "Oroonoko," and "Othello." "King Lear" was also popular as Shakespeare wrote it, "but," says a writer at the time, "as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty."

A few years later, however, the public taste underwent a change, and the plays which had more pleasant and satisfactory endings were freely patronised, and became more popular than those above mentioned; such, for instance, as "The Mourning Bride," "Tamerlane," "Ulysses," "Phædra," "Hyppolitus," and most of Dryden's.

These last were followed by an innovation in play-writing, termed "tragi-comedy," which was a purely English introduction. The following stricture will show how it was received:—"This tragi-comedy is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow."

The objections made against tragi-comedy were in some measure applied to tragedies having a double plot. "For though the grief of the audience be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedy, it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow by throwing it into different channels."

Still another point for the critic's censure was those speeches termed "rants"—which gave vehemence and violence of action where not intended by the writer, so as to incite the audience to applause. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, defiance of mankind, outraging the gods frequently met with a *furore* of applause, such as more natural, eloquent, or sublimely grand thoughts and actions could not evoke. A writer says: "As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage recommends them to the fair part of the audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings or affronting the gods in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in the next. Let him behave himself insolently towards the masculine character, and abjectly towards the fair ones, and he at once becomes a favourite."

As an instance of the foregoing, the hero of the tragedy of "Œdipus" was quietly dismissed, at the end of the third act, after rendering the following lines—lines which should move to emotion and consequent applause:—

> "To you, good gods, I make my last appeal,
> Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal;
> If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,
> And backward trod those paths I sought to shun,
> Impute my errors to your own decree:
> My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."

On the other hand, his exit at the end of the fourth act was under a thunder of applause, after uttering the execrations contained in the following :—

> "O that as oft I have at Athens seen,
> The stage arise,* and the big clouds descend;
> So now, in very deed, I might behold
> This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
> Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind.
> For all the elements," &c., &c.

After a perusal of the foregoing, it will be seen how materially the advance of Time has affected the stage—making it more human, more elevating, more real. Ranking amongst the highest forms of intellectual pleasure, it provides cultured facetiousness, and at the same time appeals to the sympathies; also cultivates a taste for the highest grade of the Divine Art, being a school, as it were, for the education of music. What would our forefathers say to look upon it now?

S.

* There was no stage at Athens until many years after "Œdipus" was written.

Plays of the Month.

"THE BROKEN MELODY."

A play, in three acts, by HERBERT KEEN and JAMES LEADER.
First produced in London, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Thursday evening, July 28th, 1892.

Paul Borinski	M. A. VAN BIENE.	Benneton	Mr. LESLIE MURRAY.
General Ivanoff	Mr. W. L. ABINGDON.	Duchesse de Vervier	Miss OLGA BRANDON.
Dickson..	Mr. FRED THORNE.	Mrs. Dickson	Mrs. C. BRADLEY.
Dudley Mortiner ..	Mr. SANT MATTHEWS.	Hon. Mrs. Spinnaker	Miss ADELAIDE GUNN.
Beaujour	Mr. FRANK LACY.	Princess of Solento ..	Miss AIMEE MILLS.
Doctor Magrath.. ..	Mr. STEPHEN CAFFREY.	Mabel	Miss B. HORLOCK.
Hon. Dick Spinnaker	Mr. WILLIAM BENSON.		

Ridicule and melodrama are much like water and a duck's back. There is no drowning to be done that way. Plays of the melodramatic class there be of which one says, "Here and there you can put your finger on a blot, but," etc., etc. To place that same finger upon all the blots of this piece would, however, suggest the working of a typewriter—by a skilled manipulator, too. The mistake the authors would seem to have made is that of starting at the wrong end, and knowing the literature of the stage too thoroughly. Given a musical genius, a 'cello, and a wife—all highly strung—and a necessity for dragging the trio through "long hours of anguish, and moments of bliss," surely an author should not, like a tortured school-boy writhing in quadratics, work his way to freedom by starting from the answer. Yet this, apparently, has been the course adopted by the composers of "The Broken Melody." The last situation must be the return of a truant wife, and a triumphant solo on the 'cello to celebrate the happy event. How make her truant, yet irreproachable? By supplying self-sacrificing motives for her conduct. How explain her husband's necessary agony? Make him believe that she is false. By what means? The evidence of his own senses. If she be pure, how burke an immediate explanation? By closing her mouth with a lie. To what purpose? That her husband may be driven to divorce her. Why? Because he is hungered after by another woman, who thereupon takes shape as the evil genius of the household, and is made a great lady and patron of the Arts, to clear the ground for an unusual intimacy, etc., etc., etc. And so the authors hark back through situation after situation, until they reach what seems good enough for a starting point, and there complete is the drama, which in pretty well every line runs counter to average human nature. Like most melodramatists Mr. Keen and Mr. Leader have fallen in love with their situations, and to get them strong and shapely they have not scrupled to distort the puppets that stand for men and women. One good situation they have—that of the wife condemned to self-accusing silence, and even to denial of her husband, lest by speech she should bring an avalanche of (bogus) ills upon his head—but not the most by any means is made of it. The dramatic instinct, too, is visible here and there, and once, at least, the introduction of the 'cello is managed neatly. But as a work of art, a piece of observation, a study of character, the play is worth precisely nothing. M. Van Biene acted the genius-hero with well-directed energy. He can be natural in

quiet moments, and, needless to say, plays Borinski's 'cello divinely; but nature has not endowed him with stage-heroic attributes. "Magnetism," as it is called, he does possess, but the more ordinary favours, presence, dignity, charm, these have been denied him, and an unimaginative public resents their absence in heroes. Miss Olga Brandon played the evil genius with a fine contempt for all methods but the ultra-natural. If she had but a few good parts, what work she might do! And pretty Miss Horlock was a pearl-grey heroine, melliloquent and fair.

"THE CROSS OF HONOUR."

A romantic military drama, in five acts, adapted by Arthur Shirley and Maurice Gally. First produced in London at the Royalty Theatre, on Friday evening, July 29th, 1892.

André Léonard	Mr. Ronald Bayne.	Colonel Rochemaure ..	Mr. Lewis Wilson.
General de Bellegarde	Mr. A. E. Drinkwater	Sergeant d'Aulnay ..	Mr. H. Wood.
M. de Savignac	Mr. H. A. Saintsbury.	Colonel Dardart	Mr. Fredk. Jones,
Calmette	Mr. William Bonney.	François..	Mr. Edward Thane.
Dr. Léonard..	Mr. George Mallett.	Adrienne Delaporte ..	Miss Lilian Revell.
Dr Delaporte	Mr. Douglas Gordon.	Marie	Miss Mary Jocelyn.
Antoine Chautard ..	Mr. W. Cheesman.	Countess de Bellegarde	Mrs. Dalmaine.
Dominique	Mr. H. Nelson.		

Lots of battle, murder, and sudden death; alarums, excursions, thrills, night-mares, and epileptic fits; all highly coloured and highly entertaining—as befits a drama of the good old sort—these are the attractions of the new play. The adaptors have done their work well. From M. Léopold Stapleaux's drama "Le Coucou," produced at the Beaumarchais in 1889, they have extracted a vastly exciting play, so well-knit and absorbing as almost to be actor-proof. French it was and French it is, in style and sentiment, but something of its Frenchiness has been lopped away. "Ma mère" for example now finds herself very properly in the shade. More manliness and less hysteria is the rule. And André happily carries with him a supply of that excellent pick-me-up, British self-restraint. His sufferings are very similar to Laroque's in "A Man's Shadow." The bastard son of Madame de Bellegarde, André—like Bab-Ballad Hongree, a Lieutenant of Chassoores—pays a clandestine visit to his mother, and in finding her loses his father, whom de Savignac (a lax Commissary of Police) murders in his absence. The evidence of a Cuckoo-clock—manipulated by the unrighteous Commissary—and a sum of money found on André are likely to bring the innocent to an inglorious end, for he cannot account for his movements on the night of the murder without implicating his General's wife and his own mother; but this is "Ma Mère's" opportunity, and her confession clears him. The Commissary is convicted by means of a necklace, and, promptly overtaken by a convenient and theatrically impressive epilepsy, retires raving mad; and Mahree—that is Adrienne—is clasped ecstatically to the guileless heart of Hongree—that is, André—the Lieutenant of Chassoores. Openings for simple emotional work abound, and in several instances were taken every advantage of. Mr. H. A. Saintsbury advanced his position materially. He is a young actor of whom much may be expected. As yet he is undisciplined, but his force and courage are unquestionable, and his Machiavellian Commissary was illuminated by one or two flashes of imagination. Mr. Ronald Bayne exhaled virtue, aggressive virtue, as heroes always do. Mr. William Bonney, the young character-actor who has thought for himself several times in the "Independent" plays, repeated the experiment as an advocate, whom he represented in curiously naturalistic fashion. And Mrs. Dalmaine, though a little over-weighted, infused some tenderness

into the Countess, and wrapped that erring lady round with a mantle of becoming dignity.

"THE LIGHTS OF HOME."

A drama, in five acts, by ROBERT BUCHANAN and GEORGE R. SIMS.
First produced at the Adelphi Theatre, on Saturday evening, July 30th, 1892.

Philip Carrington ..	Mr. KYRLE BELLEW.	Jim Chowne	Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD.
Edgar Garfield	Mr. CHARLES DALTON.	Captain Petherick ..	Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.
Arthur Tredgold ..	Mr. G. W. COCKBURN.	Lieut Williamson, R.N.	Mr. THOMAS KINGSTON.
Jack Stebbing	Mr. WILLIE DREW.	Sybil Garfield	Miss EVELYN MILLARD
Joe Pendred	Mr. J. NORTHCOTE.	Tress Purvis	Mrs. P. CAMPBELL.
Ned Parsons	Mr. W. NORTHCOTE.	Mrs. Purvis	Mrs. H. LEIGH.
Jim Atkins	Mr. H. COOPER.	Mrs. Petherick	Miss ETHEL HOPE.
Dave Purvis	Mr. W. A. ELLIOTT.	Martha Widgeon ..	Miss CLARA JECKS.

From one point of view, a remarkable drama ; a very remarkable achievement ! Neither to Mr. Sims nor to Mr. Buchanan is it given to present a personal resemblance to the late Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, but their joint career in melodramatics surely has been foreshadowed by his in politics. In the startling appearance of the young Commoner of 1837 there is nothing to suggest Mr. "Dagonet" and his brother "Bard"—if photography lie not. The bottle-green frock coat, the Dick Swiveller waistcoat, the network of glittering chains, the large-fancy-pattern pantaloons, the black "muffler" tie—"above which no shirt collar was visible"—these impressive details of the famous picture find no counterpart in the portraits of the twin dramatists to-day. Nor can either of them boast of "a countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes, and a broad forehead overhung by clustering ringlets of coal-black hair, combed away from the right temple and falling in bunches of well-oiled ringlets over his left cheek." In Disraeli's reception by the Commons—his New Critics—and in the dramatists' by theirs—the Intellectual Intolerants—is distinguishable, however, the same note of baffling derision, and one may readily conceive their echoing the prediction of the dandy-politician :—"The time will come when you will hear me." Now that time has come. From the least sympathetic of quarters their drama has wrung a grudging and halting praise, and for this reason does it claim recognition as a remarkable piece of work. In outline it is a lusty, shapely member of what Mr. Pinero has called "the family of Falsely Accused," but several striking features betray its near relationship with some of Dickens' beautiful creations. This fact it is, perhaps, which accounts for the rout of the Intolerants. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—and reconciles even the Old Critics and the New. And a touch of nature undoubtedly there is in the new version of Steerforth's seduction of Little Em'ly, and Dan Peggotty's shame and vengeance. The betrayal of Tress Purvis by Arthur Tredgold and his accidental death at her father's hands, form the secondary plot. They are the broom, so to speak, which clears the way for Carrington's elopement with Sybil, and the inevitable accusation of murder, without which no hero's honeymoon can be complete. In the eyes of the audience, however, this Little Em'ly episode is the drama, and but for the general opinion that the nominal heroes and heroines must now-a-days be of gentle birth, the whole play might well have dealt with it and it alone. The characters of Tress and Dave are drawn with a firm yet tender hand, and the confession of her fall to her old playmate, Carrington—with the ensuing scene of her father's horror, grief, and forgiveness—is in language and in treatment worthy of comparison with the famous scene in "Olivia." Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. W. A. Elliott create a fine effect in these parts. Mrs.

Campbell's nervous frame vibrates with emotion. Her artistic instinct serves her truly. In her picture of Tress she is never at fault. Of singular pathos, of unutterable mournfulness, exquisite in womanly feeling is her playing in the great scene; and for Mr. Elliott's strong, sturdy, earnest work almost equal praise is due. Only a great actor could do more with Dave than he does, and Dave, it may be said, is a part not unworthy of a Willard or a Tree. Mr. Bellew lavishes upon the Adelphines refinements and natural touches to which they have been unaccustomed since Mr. Alexander left the house. His share is an admirable contribution of art, and in partnership with Miss Millard—the prettiest heroine we have, and one, moreover, with a throbbing heart in her bosom—he so dignified the episode of Carrington's return from a supposed watery grave, that a note of genuine pathos was clearly struck. Quaint Mrs. Leigh, sprightly Miss Jecks, and the inimitable Mr. Rignold raise mountains of laughter from molehills of humour, and Mr. Bruce Smith and Mr. Emden must be credited with some of the success, their exceptionally beautiful pictures of coast scenery, and a marvellously realistic wreck scene, furnishing an excuse for any Intellectual Intolerant to pay a second and a third visit to a moving play that is by far the most interesting melodrama since "The Silver King."

"THIS WORLD OF OURS."

A drama, in four acts, by Seymour Hicks.
First produced in London at the Pavilion Theatre, Monday evening, August 1st, 1892.

Sir George Ormsley ..	Mr. Frank Gillmore.
Richard Guerdon ..	Mr. Bassett Roe.
Bobby Brownlow ..	Mr. Lytton Grey.
Nicholas Lynch.. ..	Mr. W. E. Shine.
Gustave La Coste ..	Mr. G. Mayeur.
Mr. Hopkins	Mr. Henry W. Brame.
Lord Marmaduke Block..	Mr. Moyse Summers.
Policeman	Mr. H. Peet.
Graham..	Mr. J. Smyth.
Spencer..	Mr. F. Tyrrell.
James	Mr. John Skilton.
Policeman	Mr. W. Jonson.
Gladys La Coste.. ..	Miss V. Thornycroft.
Minnie Hythe	Miss Emily Rochelle.
Araminta Hopkins ..	Miss Westmacott.
Jeanne Gautier.. ..	Miss Maud Milton.

In this world of ours, a gentleman who is a baronet will—nay must, since its inevitableness is the true test of action in a play—find an old sweetheart the wife of a blackmailer, and marry her upon that person's reported decease. The blackmailer must then inevitably turn up to extract a consideration for his silence, and be inevitably confronted by a previous wife, whom Fate must inevitably have driven into service as her successor's maid. There can be but one thing for her to do, in this world of ours: drive a knife into his back—a knife inevitably marked with the baronet's name—and thus bring the inevitable accusation against an innocent man. What, in this world of ours, must be the inevitable end of a murderess like her? Mr. Seymour Hicks can show. She must—there is no other course open to her—entrust her marriage lines to a villain, fall out with him, and get her life beaten out of her in the third round of an up-and-down fight, for which a baronet's lady's-maid is inevitably qualified—in this world of ours. Meanwhile, what must the baronet inevitably be doing? Why, disguising himself as a stage Jew, in order to protect his wife when she penetrates to the villain's lair, in the hope of obtaining information, which will be supplied by the villain's inevitably comic "pal," when at the last he rounds upon the villain, as in this world of ours it was inevitable that he would. This transcript from life is understood to have attracted some attention in the provinces. With a certain class, the man and woman fight would render that inevitable. The chief thing to be

regretted, however, is that a merciless fate should have rendered inevitable the conception of such a scene, or the writing of such a play —in this world of ours.

"A LOST SHEEP."

A farcical comedy, in three acts, by WALTER PARKE and ARTHUR SHIRLEY.
First produced in London at the Opera Comique on Saturday afternoon, July 30th, 1892.

Josiah Duckweed ..	Mr. A. WOOD.	Mrs. Blacklock	Mrs. B. NELSON.
Athanasius	Mr. ORLANDO BARNETT	Ada Mayfield	Miss F. TYRRELL.
Capt. Robert Rowser	Mr. JULIAN CROSS.	Donna Lola	Miss LOWTHER.
Don Domingo	Mr. G. E. BELLAMY.	Donna Xarifa	Miss MARY MORDAUNT.
Major Bangs	Mr. S. BURT.	Miss Dedshott	Miss H. CROSS.
"Big Drink"	Mr. T. VERNER.	Madame Dazzle	Miss STELLA BROOKE.
Donald Macgrab ..	Mr. EARDLEY TURNER.	Eliza	Miss JULIA WARDEN.

Bitter exception was taken in some quarters to Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy, "The Silver Shield," and the same kind of feeling will be aroused by this farce. It is something of a slight to Mr. Grundy's work—brilliantly witty and of Scribe-like ingenuity—to mention it in one breath with "A Lost Sheep," but the plays in conjunction suggest some curious reflections. Both are guilty of lifting a veil, and letting the public behind the scenes. Now there is nothing very novel in that, inasmuch as every play lifts the veil upon something. One will betray the etiquette of the thieves' kitchen; another disclose the methods of the fashionable forger; from this we may take a lesson in abduction, from that learn how to poison with impunity. But the two in question tear down that particularly sacred curtain which veils the public performer from the public eye, and do it in a way that gives offence. The histrion and the "circussian" are dear to us. Around them we are permitted to weave a web of romance. We like to think of them as nobler beings than stockbrokers, lawyers, doctors, civil servants and critics—who make up the bulk of our world. And if anything creeps out to the detriment of that nobility, we feel sad. It is as though someone had depreciated the art of Sir Frederick Leighton, or sniffed at the poetry of Mr. Lewis Morris. A pet idol is in danger. In a book we can laugh at the little indignities of "the profession." Crummles and his commercialism, we can suffer gladly. The thought of Miss Fotheringay and the cheap mechanism which served her for soul, will leave no sting. But the reason is that they are in a book. At a pinch we can profess disbelief in mere scribes, and take refuge in the assurance of that still small voice within us, that a beautiful shell must have a pearl inside. When, however, we see our divinities in the flesh represented by their constant associates as petty and mean —not to say downright dishonest—through and through, it is another matter. That picture we cannot disregard. And so displeasing is it that, like the British matron confronted by another kind of nudity, we snort in disgust and turn our backs. Had Mr. Parke and Mr. Shirley omitted to utilise the circus element in their "Lost Sheep," the farce would have been merely a poor specimen of that old-as-the-hills piece in which a young innocent breaks from leading strings, and goes the pace like a fool. But by the introduction of dancers and bull-fighters and fifth-rate Buffalo Bills, all exhibited in a most unflattering light, they take pains to drag our idols in the sawdust, and damn themselves. One cannot deny that the fooling provokes laughter, but the laughs have an odd sound—from being on the wrong side of the mouth, perhaps. Mr. Barnett, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Bellamy acted well, with humour and with force, and Miss Warden was quite admirable; but the fun ebbed away in spite of them.

"The Jealous Wife" of George Colman needs handling as delicate as does the jealous wife of John Smith or William Brown—if she is to keep us entertained. Her jealousy must never be quite sincere. She must not suffer, though the symptoms she exhibits be reconcilable with the theory of suffering. That is to say, her jealousy must be for our amusement, not for her own pain. Now this requires a skilful touch, and when in addition it is considered that Mrs. Oakley must be handsome (or we shall suspect her husband, as she does), charming (or her transports will assault deaf ears), and refined (else will the discord suggest fish-fags and Billingsgate), the task lying before the actress is seen to be no trivial one. To say that Miss Rose Edouin (Mrs. Lewis) fulfilled all these conditions would be to say too much, but no serious exception can be taken to the performance arranged to re-introduce her to the English stage, at the Strand Theatre on the 26th July. Miss Edouin has a pleasant gift of comedy, knows all the telling bits of "business" by which the Pritchards and the Kitty Clives attained distinction in the part, and is generally capable of attracting attention while she is on the stage. Sometimes an air curiously old-fashioned pervaded manner, tone, and method—an air whose formality seemed less of antique nature than of antiquated art—but in this relation one must recall the frightful consequences of "Playing Old Comedy in too Modern a Spirit," and utter the comment under one's breath. A single point of any importance rose to the surface as one watched and listened—and yawned. This presently took shape as a doubt whether Mrs. Oakley—or rather this Mrs. Oakley—was a Jealous Wife at all. Mr. Swinburne is the great authority on Jealousy and Envy, and the gulf that lies between; as his volume of Miscellanies, and the essay therein on Charles Reade, will demonstrate. It would be a satisfaction to get his opinion upon Miss Edouin's—and, indeed, upon the deceased Colman's—representation of the nobler passion; for to the unsophisticated it seems possible to trace between it and a paltry kind of Envy a very dangerous resemblance. The support—if so it may be called—enjoyed by Miss Edouin was wobbly in the extreme. Courtly Mr. Herbert Flemming played Oakley with rare comedy insight and restraint, and exhibited an unsuspected mastery over the airs and graces of the eighteenth century gentleman; and Mr. Beauchamp the impregnable gallantly withstood the desperate assault of the Major—a desperately bad character. But at the doings of the rest—excepting perhaps the prettily shy efforts of a pretty *débutante*, Miss Marie Brooke—arose the Bitter Cry of Outcast Critics, whose torture, like Eugene Aram's, was extreme.

At this *matinée* was produced for the first time an effective little piece, called "The Postman," by Mr. Edgar Pemberton. The title reveals the play. A worthy old letter-carrier, quite at the head of his profession, with the best of motives opens a letter addressed, as he thinks, to his daughter, suffers (semi-comic) agonies over this betrayal of trust, and preaches a sermon—useful to postmen—upon his own fall. Mr. W. Edouin, employing his whole battery of comic arts, worked up his audience into a condition bordering on enthusiasm; and Miss Lillie Belmore, as is her wont, created a vivid impression in the tiniest of parts—that of a rural maid-of-all-work.

Upon the Opera Comique being re-opened on the 30th July, with a "variety entertainment," no less than four one-act trifles were produced. Of these two, "The Understudy," by Miss Bessle, and "The Bab-Ballad-Monger," by Mr. Lindo, owed their existence to Mr. Frank Lindo's mimetic powers; his extraordinary imitations of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Tree furnishing the *raison d'etre*, the humour, and the interest. The remaining two, "Marriage Bells," by Mr. Herbert Gough, and "Music at Home," rose but little above amateur level. In the former, however, the acting of Mr. Dana and Miss Florence Wade redeemed the conventional parted lovers from insignificance.

What may and what may not be treated on the stage is still a moot point. Lady Teazle may venture to the rooms of Mr. Surface and have her gown handled with an open suggestion of indelicacy, and not a soul but will smugly applaud; but if Dr. Rank refers in a meaning voice to some stockings belonging to Mrs. Helmer, outraged indeed are the virtuous. In "Hamlet," in "Faust," in "Henry VIII," spirits galore can walk the Earth—and, parenthcti-

cally, make the Dread Unseen ridiculous—and none will protest. Let the Belgian Shakespeare, however, recruit Death for his theatrical corps and the "unco' guid" are rolling horror-stricken eyes immediately. So that no one can say where we are in this matter. But if any rule can with certainty be laid down, this can—that fantasies of the breed of "Dresden China," produced at a Vaudeville *matinée* on Thursday, July 21st, are not for the footlights. The Langs, and the Dobsons, and the Arcadian begetters of "Lady Nicotines" —gentlemen all of quaint and tender fancies—could make a pretty essay or a graceful piece of verse out of the awakening of two Dresden figures, their stiff flirtations, passionate encounters, and irreparable fall and smash; but what is good between boards is rarely so on them. Actors are too heavy handed in dealing with fairy tales. They are bound to destroy cherished convictions. Their attractive humanity—the chief reason for their embracing an actor's career—becomes a barrier. Conceive a Strephon with a hearty Yorkshire accent, or a Phyllis with a ravishing Bawston twang. Miss Kate Ruskin and Mr. H. F. Edgar wore their tasteful clothes right tastefully, but there was the beginning and the end.

The same afternoon a very different piece by the same authors, Miss Alice Chapin and Mr. E. H. C. Oliphant, was tried with rare success. Painful with the ugliness of naked truth, "Shame" is as powerful an essay in the realistic drama as any yet achieved by English writers. A benevolent medical man, Dr. Conway, befriends a despairing outcast, and thus diverts her intention of suicide. Her tale involves betrayal, desertion, and the consequent death of her child. The Doctor urges her to return to her father and live down the shame and infamy, begging her to hear what he feels sure will be the confirmatory advice of his young partner, a pattern of all the virtues. Enter the partner. Mutual recognition of victim and hypocrite-victor. The young medico offers the reparation of marriage. It is refused with scorn, and the woman goes out into the night to win back her father's love and her own self-respect. Miss Alice Chapin, Mr. Frank Gillmore, and Mr. Herbert Flemming were the actors, but none of them were bold enough for this style of work. Persistent underplaying was indulged in, and a disturbing preference for the sentimental, which should find no place in a play of this class.

Some Amateur Performances.

THE OLD STAGERS AT CANTERBURY.

Canterbury, like Christmas, comes but once a year, and more than once I have thanked the gods it was so. A dozen years ago the "function" (for we are nothing if we are not "society" at Canterbury) was worse than a little slow, feebler than a little weak. The Miss Rorkes were dragged, fair and smiling captives, at the chariot wheels of their temporary conquerors, but all in vain. Even with this attraction the show was dull. Could one's eyes have rested upon them alone, this would have remained undreamt, unsaid. In "The Palace of Truth" the delicious coquettishness, for example, of Miss Kate Rorke's Azema, the pulsing passion of Mirza, as played by her beautiful sister Mary, will remain a memory that nothing can efface. But as at Burlington House, in feasting upon the loveliness of let us say G. F. Watts' ethereal "Dawn," we become conscious of marring influences in the Friths and the Petties and the such-likes that hedge it in and jostle it, so it was impossible to do full justice to the charm of those enchanting Rorke effects for the crude colouring and blotchy style of the artists around them. All this, however, was the best part of a dozen years ago, and since that time much has happened. The Home Rule of which the Old Stagers had then but the haziest notion has become an accomplished fact. A wave of democracy has swept over them. No longer are they content to rely for their well-being upon an alien race of victorious actors. They have learned to look after their own affairs. Fresh blood has been admitted to the Council-chamber. Revolutionary enterprise appears—wearing a constrained and awkward expression just at present—at the board. And all things, as in certain Revelations was expressly hinted some centuries since, "make for change." Upon this the Old Stagers are to be congratulated. It is a triumph, no whit less, for a close corporation of fifty-one years' existence to discover the secret of rejuvenescence, and, having discovered it, to experiment upon themselves. Ten years ago they ambled along in the wake of progress, to-day they lead the van. Formerly when in want of an actor they took him anywhere—from among the select crowd of Old Stagers. If he happened to fit the part, well and good. If a ludicrous misfit, it did not matter. His Old Stagership excused him. These antiquated notions are recognised no more. Now, to complete a cast, they will scour (if necessary) the highways and hedges, seeking whom they would devour, and when they have found him, they compel him to come in. "The Magistrate," their trump card this year, is a case in point. Once upon a time, Cis Farringdon, the *enfant terrible*, the bane of Mr. Posket's innocent little life, would have fallen to Herr Scrobbs, the beau ideal of a blonde dragoon—to dapper "Colonel Naghi," the courtier born, with courtliness oozing from his mobile hands—or to "The MacFingon," best type of Young England, and Lucas Malet's model, I could well believe, for her Launcelot in "The Wages of Sin.' The part might even have gone to "The McUsquebaugh" or "Il Capitano Gucini," on the plea that it must be made funny, and a protest would have anticipated Mr. Walker, London, with an "Oh, it's nothing: anybody could do it." But now are other principles in force. The actor it is understood should bear a close resemblance to his part. And the Stagers specially press into their service a Mr. "E. V. E. Hosier," for this character of Cis, and chiefly by the aid of his buoyancy, supplementing the rich ripe comedy of the leader of their Old Guard—Mr. "Oliver Twist"—marked out by nature for the part of the harassed Mr. Posket—they not only break, but pulverise all previous records, and leave upon critical as well as friendly minds the impression of a genuine artistic achievement. Apart from this comparatively novel policy of fitting the actor with a part, and the part with an actor (an *actor*, please observe), the most noticeable thing about the Stagers this year was their sensitive appreciation of change. It was James Hinton, I fancy, who wrote on "The Philosophy of Change," and

his work would repay many a manager—amateur or otherwise—if he would condescend to buy and read it. Colonel Ingersoll once pointed out that it was hard on the Israelites, after their many years' diet of manna, to have the sky rain brickbats because they asked for a chop. The thirst for a change is common to the Gentile and the Jew, and the Stagers fully realise the fact. This year they took unusual pains to meet the want. For the sentimental there was "Young Mrs. Winthrop," preceded by "The Duchess of Bayswater," and for the frivolous Mr. Pinero's "The Magistrate," with a kind of appetiser in Mr. Walkes's sparkling "Show of Hands." Now that was not far short of an ideal bill for the four nights which make up the Old Stagers' week, and, better still, it brought out the strength of the acting. In the minor plays there was but little chance for this, of course. "The Duchess" showed Mr. Alan Mackinnon in Brookfield's old part as what we have all long known him to be, an excellent light comedian, and Mrs. Leston as a droll successor to Miss Rose Leclerq; and the too-brief satire on palmistry introduced Mrs. Charles Sim as an Old Stager. But in the heavier pieces, more was done for the honour and glory of the troupe. Of Mr. "Oliver Twist"—or to give him his more familiar title, Mr. Quintin Twiss—as Mr. Posket, I have spoken, but this performance, ingenious and diverting as it was, was not to be compared with his Buxton Scott in the harrowing domesticities of Bronson Howard's fancy. Not so very many weeks ago, we had an emphatic protest against "catastrophic babies," one of the trade marks, so Mr. Walkley thought, of the New Drama. But babies who precipitate the dramatic catastrophe were before ever the New Drama began. And it was precisely for his handling of one of these dead infants that Mr. Twiss must be accounted an artist, and this particular resurrection of the Winthrops a success. Of him, too, as of Mr. Walkley's New Dramatist, "one may say what Paul Reymond says of the venerable bore in *Le Monde où l'On S'ennuie*, "il joue du cadavre,"—he makes great play with the corpse." Such play indeed that most eyes I think were dim when the curtain came down, and few who were present would have voted for the catastrophic baby's abolition. Mr. Twiss had the best chance here, for Buxton Scott is drawn with plenty of humour too, as anyone who recalls Mr. Arthur Cecil in the part will remember, but others earned a good word, to say the least, Mr. "Dodson Fogg,' "M. Lafite," and Mr. "Benjamin Banjo," filling the parts of Douglas, Dick, and Herbert, pleasantly and naturally, if with no peculiar ability. The actresses were all that could be wished, it goes without saying; for the Stagers are lavish in this direction. No tenderer heroine than Miss Marie Linden can exist. Face, voice, and figure, inspire the warmest sympathy. The blind girl of Mis Ethel Norton might without injustice be mentioned in the same breath with Miss Norreys' exquisite embodiment at the old Court. For old Mrs. Winthrop, the silver tones and sweet looks of Miss Carlotta Addison, the ideal Aunt Margaret of the stage, are all that is required. And the sturdy humour of Miss Laura Linden finds vent in Mrs. Dick Chetwyn, the much-married Yankee wife. The *ensemble* in this piece was far superior to that in "The Magistrate," but this result was not unexpected. It is easier to play domestic drama than farce, more especially Pinerotic farce, which demands a kind of passion for rehearsal to which amateurs are rarely victims. Without Mr. Twiss and the new recruit, "Mr. Hosier," the lighter play would have worn very ragged and patchy, despite, or perhaps because of the inclusion in the cast of all the stars in the Stagers' firmament; and it would be by no means a bad plan, seeing how many able actors they possess, for the Club to try a triple bill. A series of short plays would show off their second best men to better advantage than these long-cast farces. In the latter the talents get a little jumbled, and a Talent jumbled is a useless, if not actually a dangerous, thing.

Musical Notes.

"HASTE TO THE WEDDING."

Comic Opera, libretto by W. S. GILBERT, music by GEO. GROSSMITH. Produced at the Criterion Theatre, July 27th, 1892.

Woodpecker Tapping	Mr. FRANK WYATT.	Maj.-Gen. Bunthunder	Mr. S. VALENTINE.
Uncle Bopaddy	Mr. BLAKELEY.	Captain Dapp	Mr. F. ATHERLEY.
Duke of Turniptop ..	Mr. D. S. JAMES.	The Marchioness ..	Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS.
Cousin Foodle	Mr. GROSSMITH, junr.	Anna Maria Maguire	Miss M. STUDHOLME.
Maguire	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.	Bella Crackinthorpe ..	Miss SYBIL CARLISLE.
Wilkinson	Mr. PERCY BROUGH.	Patty	Miss H. CROFTON.
Cripps	Mr. WELTON DALE.	Mrs. L. Bunthunder ..	Miss D. FORD.

This is a new version of "Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie." The story became familiar nearly twenty years ago, under the title of the "Wedding March," at the Court Theatre, and it was afterwards played with success by Miss Lydia Thompson's Company at the Folly. Mr. Gilbert has now refurbished the piece, and invested it with humour of the approved Savoyard type, while Mr. Grossmith has supplied it with music of a kind which is already associated in our minds with Mr. Gilbert's whimsical lyrics. It is impossible to criticise Mr. Grossmith as a musician. We owe him too great a debt of gratitude as an entertainer to allow of the expression of an unbiassed opinion when he appears in a new capacity. Therefore let it suffice that, in his own words, "his music steers a middle course, between the inspirations of a Wagner and the strains of a barrel-organ," and that his audiences thoroughly appreciate his attempt to supply the place of Sir Arthur Sullivan. The cast is not very strong from a vocal point of view, but the little piece goes well enough to keep a holiday audience in good humour from beginning to end, thanks to a very spirited interpretation of all the leading parts.

The Criterion seems bent on reproducing the humour of a bygone generation, and for a curtain-raiser to Gilbert and Grossmith's play a forgotten operetta of Offenbach has been revived. "Poor Mignonette" is the "Pomme d'Api," in a version due apparently to an American hand, since it contains an expression or two not yet naturalised on this side of the Atlantic. The music of this piece is not Offenbach at his best, but it is full of the characteristic "spirituous and abandoned" scoring with which the composer of "La Belle Hélène" used to delight us. It includes, moreover, one really beautiful song, and a trio which is as fresh as on the day it was written.

Musical Notes in August are apt to partake of the nature either of reminiscence or of forecast. As Shelley observed to the Skylark :—

> "We look before and after
> And pine for what is not."

The only events of the month are those which happened five weeks ago. And in the dearth of actual incidents, mere matters of opinion come to assume an importance which they could not claim at a busier time of the year. Lord Dysart's views on dress regulations at the opera, Mr. Cowen's opinions on committees of management, Mr. Statham's objections to the balance of tone in the modern

orchestra, the protest of the voice trainers in general against M. Maurel's supposed heresies—these are the things with which the musical world interests itself during the time when the serious business of producing new works is laid aside. Nor are they altogether trivial matters in themselves. Mr. Cowen's unfortunate disputes—first with the Leeds Committee, and secondly with the Philharmonic directors—raise questions which directly affect the welfare of musical organisations. In the case of the Leeds dispute the issue is unfortunate, because it deprives us, for some time at all events, of the hearing of the composers' latest work ; but no one can affect sorrow that in both cases the committees are left masters of the field. Doubtless a committee is not, as a rule, so well able to judge of the details which go to make up a perfect performance of a work as is a conductor. A committee chooses artists with an eye rather to their "drawing" powers than to their special fitness for the part, and even the Leeds Committee—if we may judge from the programme of the forthcoming Festival—is not particular about allotting the part of Elijah to a bass singer, if the engagement of a baritone does not fit in with other arrangements. Again, a managing body is apt to have its ideas as to the necessary length of rehearsals seriously modified by considerations of expense, while the conductor, who has art and efficiency alone in view, can see the musical necessities of the case more clearly. But when this is said, there remain two very serious considerations. In the first place it does not appear possible for music to be carried on in England except by means of organisations governed by a representative body ; and it is inevitable that in such organisations those who provide the funds should likewise control their application. In the second place the system of autocracy has been tried and found wanting. For years Costa wielded the kind of despotism which Mr. Cowen would doubtless like to wield now, and the result was the petrifaction of all artistic impulses in England for many years. Therefore whatever be the particular merits of the two disputes in which Mr. Cowen has been concerned, and however much we may sympathise with his personal motives, we cannot disguise the fact that it is better for musical interests on the whole that he should not have succeeded in imposing his will on the Leeds Committee and the Philharmonic directors.

"*Catechism of Musical History.*" Second Part. Dr. H. Riemann. (Augener and Co).

By the issue of this Second Part the publishers have made accessible to English readers the best history of music ever written in short compass. Scarcely any fault is to be found with it except in regard to what it excludes, and its limits are so confined that a good deal is excluded, of necessity. Nothing is said about the forms of music for pianoforte solo, which occupy such an important place in present day concerts, and modern developments of the symphony have to be dismissed with a few lines of comment. The bibliography also is meagre, and takes so little notice of English works that even Grove's Dictionary is not mentioned. But allowing the excuse of want of space for omissions like these, there is nothing but commendation to be expressed for the work in itself and for the manner in which the publishers have presented it to the English reader.

Elementary Principles of Music for Public Schools. By E. D. Rendall. (Novello and Co).

This is a very excellent selection of four and two-part songs, prefaced by a few brief chapters on the elements of music. It seems admirably adapted for class instruction.

"Tristan and Isolde": A musical explanation, by Albert Heintz; and *The Meistersingers*, by the same. Translated by Constance Bache. (Novello & Co.)

The appearance of these little volumes is very timely, and they will no doubt have been found in the hands of many among the audience during the recent season of German opera. Better still if they be carefully studied before another season. Mr. Heintz goes through the whole score, phrase by phrase, referring every passage to its origin in one or other of the leading motives out of which the whole work is built up. It is impossible that anyone can do this for himself even at the second or third hearing of the work, and, therefore, these little guide books are simply invaluable to those who wish not merely to adore Wagner, but to understand him.

"Le Chant rénové par la Science." By V. Maurel. (Paris: Quinzard.)

This is a republication in pamphlet form of a lecture delivered by M. Maurel at Milan in June last. It is is in the nature of a preface to a great work which is to remodel the Science of Voice, and the Art of using it. A further instalment of the same work was delivered in the form of a lecture at the Lyceum on the 10th of last month. M. Maurel is a great artist, and what he has to say on the subject of his own art must necessarily be of the greatest interest; but, so far, his deliverances have been merely introductory, and it would be unfair, even if it were possible to criticise them, until we have before us a more definite statement, not only of his objections to previous systems, but of the new methods by which he proposes to replace them. Notwithstanding the unequalled precision of the language in which he writes, M. Maurel does not by any means succeed in conveying a definite meaning, and it would be very easy to attach to some of his propositions a meaning which he may hereafter disclaim. He complains, and with truth, that since the discovery of the laryngoscope by Garcia little or no progress has been made; that we still continue to learn and to teach on the same haphazard no-system as before, with the chance of producing an artist or of ruining a voice, according as the pupil happens to be able to find out a method for himself or not. Into this state of chaos M. Maurel believes that he can introduce law and order. That his own method cannot be wrong is shown clearly by its results in his own person, but in what that method differs from the method of his distinguished colleagues of the Paris opera, or from the method of the bygone heroes and heroines of the lyric stage, M. Maurel has not yet explained. He may be sure of the profoundest attention to the forthcoming volume, in which his secret is to be divulged.

An English National School of Singing. By Arthur Helbig. Vol. I., part i. (Robert Cocks & Co.).

This is the first portion of what—in size at all events—promises to be a monumental work, since it is intended to extend over four quarto volumes. It is therefore planned on a larger scale than any previous work on its subject except the treatise of Delle Sedie to which, by the way, Mr. Helbig makes no reference in his notice of older authorities. The present instalment is introductory in character, but it shows clearly the nature of the task which Mr. Helbig has imposed on himself. He proposes to reconstruct the art of song upon the basis of English speech. The old Italian pattern-vowel will disappear from his scheme—indeed, if we understand him rightly, vocalization as now practised will disappear altogether, and the production of tone will be studied only in connection with articulation. Criticism upon Mr. Helbig's system must necessarily be withheld until his work is further advanced. The idea of founding a school of singing upon the vowel sounds as they actually occur in English speech, is undoubtedly a meritorious one, but Mr. Helbig would do well to revise the scale of vowels which he has provisionally adopted. It is both incomplete and redundant; and it takes no notice of the primary distinction (for a singer) between open and closed vowels. The *a* in "father" is confounded with the Italian *a* with which it is certainly not identical. The Italian *a* is not heard in standard English speech, except, perhaps, momentarily in the first half of the diphthong in "loud," though you may hear it any day north of the Trent and Humber, or west of the Severn. Perhaps that is one reason why so many of our best vocalists came from those regions. It is impossible to lay aside this first instalment of Mr. Helbig's work without a word of praise for the excellence of the form in which the publishers have presented it.

Notes of the Month.

BEFORE the autumn season begins, cannot the conflicting schools of critics arrive at some *modus vivendi?* At present it is almost certain as death that what one camp lauds the other will decry, and *vice-versâ*. And this, though fun for the critics, is ruin to the actors, the authors, and the managers. It is to be presumed that all alike desire the welfare of the drama. Then, since the present state of things presages its destruction, why not advance one step further towards what the scientists call Specialisation of Function, and in place of critics being generally critics of plays, let them become strictly and simply critics of such and such kinds of plays. Thus, Messrs. Gatti propose to produce a drama by Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Sims; then let the Spiritualists attend, and the Literalists remain at home. Mr. Tree adventures upon a play by Mr. Louis Stevenson —the Intellectualists come, the Rollicking Philistines stay away. True, half the papers would contain nothing about each piece that was produced, and fifty per cent. of advertisement would thus be lost to all concerned. But half a loaf is better than none, and as things are now the out and out praise of a dozen writers is neutralised by the open mockery and covert sneers of the other side. The public would soon learn where to look for an account of this novelty or that—if indeed it ever bothers its head about newspaper criticism at all—and its own power of appreciation would be all the healthier for the absence from its daily diet of the bitter invective and stinging jibes which now-a-days make up the sum of so-called "critical judgment."

THERE is a lull in Ibsen; the voice of Maeterlinck is not heard in the land, to say nothing of the cacophonous screech of polychromatic Montanaro's parrot. We must not, however, suppose that the drama of morbid psychology is dead. Far from it. Moreover, the next demonstration in force is threatened from Scandinavia. At the time when the Independent Theatre first started on its wild career, the programme promised us something from Strindberg, though we had begun to entertain hopes that the fulfilment was as far off as the something we were to expect from the pen of Mr. Wyllie Wilde. Even Mr. George Moore's coquettings with Mr. Grein's society have been translated into incipient action through the agency of Mr. George Sims, of all instruments to be chosen for the encouragement of the Zolaesque and unconventional drama. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is the new peace disturber. In May last, when dealing with the production of "Karin" in the columns of the *Sunday Sun*, he advocated the claims of Strindberg to public or quasi-public representation in England. Luckily in this, as in other matters, Mr. McCarthy moves with the deliberate slowness appropriate to his *dilettante* literary manner; otherwise we should have had the new Swedish Prophet of the Dismal in full blast among us; instead of merely being privileged to read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr.

McCarthy's translation, "a holiday task for a holiday time," he calls it, of a part of Strindberg's preface to his one-act play, "Froken Julie."

To so facile a master of languages as Mr. McCarthy, the translation of such a trifle is no more onerous a task than, say, his rendering into English of the works of Omar Khayyam, and has, no doubt been achieved with equal skill and accuracy. Mr. McCarthy compares this preface with Guy de Maupassant's preliminary essay to "Pierre et Jeanne" and the introduction to Jean Jullien's "Théâtre Vivant"; but we have no space here at present in which to deal with so elaborate an exposition of the principles of dramatic art, besides which the "holiday task" is confessedly only a fragment. The main matter for comment now is the extraordinary grounds on which Mr. McCarthy commends two works of his new Master's, "Froken Julie" and "Fadern." No doubt Mr. Grein will accept as a compliment, as, no doubt, the writer intends it, the declaration that some of these works are just the plays we should expect to see Mr. Grein shewing to us on the stage of the Free Theatre. Of "Froken Julie," Strindberg's eulogist writes: "Nothing so meanly grim, so squalidly pitiable, has been written since Zola produced 'Pot Bouille.' Its background is a kitchen; its characters are a woman cook, a man servant, and a young lady—the young lady of the house—whose wits, like Hamlet's, are diseased. Her wretched passion for the man-servant, with its disastrous surrender, its dismal awakening and desperate conclusion, form the subject for a tragedy which may well be called repulsive, but which must be accepted as a serious, earnest, powerful attempt to present the more abject side of the human tragedy on the stage." The advocate here seems to be a mere *advocatus diaboli;* his own descriptive adjectives condemn the thing off-hand. He is good enough to express a fear that "Froken Julie" could scarcely be placed upon an English stage, not even the stage of the Free Theatre. "But," he goes on to say, "there is no reason why 'Fadern' should not be done. 'The Father' is a terribly painful play; its chief figure is a horrible woman who drives her husband to madness and to death, a more detestable, more devilish Mrs. Mackenzie"; and by way of making his recommendation irresistible, he adds, "It is, perhaps, the most cheerless play that the North has created out of its infinite despair," and so on. No words we could apply would serve to deepen the impression produced by Mr. McCarthy's own. Small wonder that even Mr. Archer has discovered a connection between the Drama and the Doldrums.

Can anyone help us to an estimate of the value of Young Grey Hair upon the stage? Time was when we knew precisely what it meant. We entered a theatre say at nine o'clock, and found a second act in progress. There came upon the scene a smooth-skinned handsome youth, with luxuriant dark hair dusted white about the temples. Were we in doubt for one instant concerning his history or identity? Never. We knew him at once for the hero, whose wife was going to be, or had been, taken off his hands by a best friend; or whose prayerful resolve it was to make London pure, London clean, and London honest. There was no mistake about him. He was bound to be a hero, bound to suffer, bound to justify those bleached patches on his head. But now, where are we! Do we sleep? Do we dream? Do we wander in doubt? Are things what they seem? Or is visions about?

An experience of ours the other evening throws the perplexities of Truthful James completely into the shade. We went to see a comedy of which the world is talking. The curtain rose. At once appeared a comely youth, grey about the temples. "Ah! poor fellow," we said, "there's the valley of the shadow of death ahead for you." But there wasn't. *Tout au contraire.* This comely person cracked jokes, flirted, seemed a little perturbed about some examination he had been in for, and was ludicrously overjoyed when he found that he had passed; but of suffering, of heroism, of justification for those Young Grey Hairs, we discovered not a jot. Naturally, we were utterly at sea in regard to his future and his past, and this bewilderment was fatal to our pleasure. What was the value of that Grey Hair. It could not be age, for he was obviously very, very young. It was not heroism, nor was it grief. It could hardly be merely a sign of youth, for there was a young athlete in the comedy who had made 121 for Middlesex against Notts, and he was not grey, and there was a lad, afflicted with cricket-mania, and his temples too were quite white-wash-less. Then what did it signify? We do so wish we knew. It is these mysteries which make play-going such a trial.

What an exceptionally strong cast we are to see in the forthcoming production of "King Lear" at the Lyceum! Miss Maud Milton, since her brilliant performance of Greta Roskamp in "The Goldfish," has been engaged by Mr. Irving for the part of Regan. What with Miss Genevieve Ward as Goneril, Miss Ellen Terry as Cordelia, and Mr. Irving as Lear, we shall have indeed a feast of good things. The wildest rumours have been flying about as to the name of the actor who is to undertake the difficult part of The Fool. Now we have been told that the part is to be played by a woman, then it was to be Mr. Gilbert Hare, who ought to have been good, then that excellent comedian Mr. J. G. Taylor. We believe the character will really be undertaken by Mr. Haviland.

Miss Georgie Esmond (the subject of our first photograph in the present issue of The Theatre) took to the stage at an early age. She made her first appearance on it at the age of thirteen, playing in "The Haunted Lives" at the old Olympic Theatre. From there she went to the Savoy Theatre to play "Ruth" in the Children's "Pirates of Penzance" Company, afterwards playing the same part on tour. Miss Esmond remained in the provinces for some time, and then came to London again, to the Adelphi, playing at that theatre several fairly important parts. After this engagement terminated, Miss Esmond accepted a two years' one with Mr. Willie Edouin at the Strand Theatre, appearing there in all pieces produced during that period; and with the exception of having understudied Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Annie Hughes at the Garrick Theatre, and played Minnie Gilfilian in "Sweet Lavender" at Terry's Theatre, her principal work has been done entirely at the Strand Theatre, where she has proved herself an invaluable member of the company. Miss Esmond already holds a high place in the profession she has adopted, and if perseverance and intelligence are to be rewarded she will yet hold a still higher one.

Coming from such an old theatrical stock as the Thornes', and being associated with the profession from his earliest years, it was

only natural that Mr. Frank Gillmore (the subject of our second portrait) should inherit a love for the stage. He was born in New York, May 14th, 1867, and made his first appearance on the stage when a boy of twelve in one of his aunt's (Miss Sarah Thorne's) pantomimes, appearing afterwards in "Nicholas Nickleby" at Astley's Theatre. School, however, stepped in and compelled Mr. Gillmore to reluctantly relinquish his boyish passion for a time. Two years in a commercial office followed, and it was then he decided to permanently adopt the stage, and accepted an offer of a three years' engagement with Miss Sarah Thorne. This meant renewed hard work, and before the conclusion of his contract he had played everything from "My Lord, the carriage waits," to Hamlet, Romeo, Claude Melnotte, Orlando, Shylock, Othello, Charles Surface, and many more. It was the playing of these characters which secured him an opening at the Vaudeville under Mr. T. Thorne; although his first part was only the small one of Captain Vane in "Fascination," he had to understudy the lead, and in the next piece an opportunity arrived to play Joseph in "Joseph's Sweetheart," in which he was very successful. Mr. Gillmore received in consequence many excellent offers, but preferred to remain with Mr. Thorne under a three years' agreement, and many juvenile leading parts fell into his hands. Mr. Gillmore's most successful characters were Harry Racket in "That Dr. Cupid," and Tom Fashion in "Miss Tomboy"; he was also favourably noticed by the press as Malcolm in "Macbeth" at a *matinée*, and as Harry in the original *matinée* of "Captain Swift." Leaving Mr. Thorne fifteen months ago, Mr. Gillmore has appeared for short engagements both in town and country, also at a good many *matinées*; but he leaves England this month for New York, where he intends to remain for three years, and where we wish him every success.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will have the sympathy (as he has earned the gratitude) of the whole play-going public in his recent action at the Law Courts. Assuming that his methods of expression have been wanting in discretion, his motives are unexceptionable, and his courage has successfully sustained a high trial in his spirited defence of the action brought against him by Mr. A. C. Payne to recover damages for libel and breach of covenant. He boldly took up arms against a system which he believed to be iniquitous, and fought his battle well. That he was unsuccessful so far as the claim for libel was concerned, is due simply to the fact that he did not take sufficient care to prevent his well-merited strictures on an odious system from reflecting upon Mr. Payne, who considered that they extended to him personally, and was supported in this not altogether unreasonable contention by the verdict of the jury, although Mr. Jones, in the witness-box, expressly withdrew all imputations against Mr. Payne. It was, as most people would think, by no means necessary to assume that an indictment of the system should include the contractor, but the jury, under the direction of the Lord Chief Justice, thought otherwise, and there the matter ends for the present.

The facts are well within the recollection of everyone, and are curiously significant. We all know how Mr. Jones, by way of protesting against what he considered the inartistic tyranny of actor-managers, took the Avenue Theatre, and was brought face to face with and defeated by the Fee Fiend. Mr. Jones declares that he did not

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MR. FRANK GILLMORE.

"We live in deeds, not years."

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know, when he took the theatre, that the contract for refreshments included the right to charge for programmes. Without wishing to throw the slightest shadow of a doubt on Mr. Jones's veracity, we cannot but say that he was amazingly ignorant of a notorious fact. For years past, the refreshment contractor has played Jorkins to the theatrical manager's Spenlow. When Press and Public have clamoured for the abolition of vexatious fees, the manager has joined his tears with theirs. He has not attempted to defend the imposition. It is no fault of his; it is that wicked refreshment contractor, who had the right when the manager first came, and his agreement has not expired. It never has expired! It never will expire until Press and Public take strong measures to convince theatrical managers, not the contractors, that the thing is not only wrong—they know that already—but that it is impolitic and unprofitable.

The worst of it is that managers are always ready with a very specious, plausible line of reasoning, which at first sight looks almost conclusive. They start with the assertion, in which no one is likely to contradict them, that they regard their calling as a business, governed by the same economical principles as other businesses. They make their living at it, and are the best judges as to the most profitable way of achieving their object, and if they do not avail themselves of this, they are the only sufferers, and no one has a right to interfere. These are the same people who, at another time, talk about their enterprise on behalf of the public, and their implied consequent right to public support. They will tell you, with the didactic air of a Chancellor of the Exchequer disposing of heterodox suggestions for the improvement of his Budget, that a thing is worth precisely what it will fetch; hint that people rather like paying sixpence here and sixpence there, than otherwise; that if visitors do not like it, they are not the sort of people managers need care about; and that no one was ever yet deterred from going to a theatre by the fear of having to pay for programmes and the custody of cloaks. Everyone, the manager will contend, knows when he buys his stall or dress circle seat that these extra charges are to come, and therefore there is no fraud or deception about the matter, and in the lower priced seats the charges are reduced in proportion.

It is useless to urge against this that neither your grocer, your butcher nor your baker charges you for the paper in which he wraps your purchases, or that if he does so by including it in the weight of your goods, the law provides a very ugly name and a very unpleasant punishment for him; that at a restaurant you are not called upon to pay for a *menu*, an exact analogue to the theatrical programme. If he be incautious enough to answer that these are included in working expenses, and are indirectly paid for by the customer, he is undone. Tell him that this is exactly what in an honest and businesslike spirit he should do, and let him see if the public will avoid his entertainment or not, when the price is straightforwardly added on to the price of admission. Or should he instance the price asked for expensive catalogues at auction sales, he is sufficiently answered by the fact that the artistic or other intrinsic merit of these things makes them valuable to the curious who have no intention of buying, and that they never would be charged for if they did not circulate beyond *bona-fide* intending purchasers, and

that the great bulk of auction catalogues are freely and gladly given away. The fact which cannot be avoided is that a programme is a necessary accompaniment to the ticket for your seat, a costless appanage to it without which it is impossible that the ordinary play-goer, or indeed anyone else, can get full enjoyment from the entertainment, and therefore full value for the money paid for it at the box-office or the agents.

One gets the first full view of the magnitude of the evil, and of the reason of its determined retention, when one comes to look at the figures given by Mr. Jones. When he found that Mr. Payne had rights in the matter, he sought to discover how much would be wanted to extinguish them, for the time being at all events. The sum required was £10 a performance, or £70 a week, making £3,640 a year; or, as Mr. Jones puts it—and no one has attempted to contradict him—a sum, when capitalised, exceeding the whole value of the theatre and the ground on which it stands. This, be it understood, for the right to present free programmes, the contractor having his refreshment and cloak-room rights left intact. Now, if Messrs. Shadrach, Mesech, and Abednego, or for that matter, Messrs. Jones, Brown, and Robinson charge a mere trifle of 60 per cent. interest on monetary advances to impecunious young men, we are apt to raise a howl about extortion and what not, even though we know that these gentlemen must run great risks, and that for many obvious reasons their net profits are probably much lower than those suggested by the rate of interest they charge. But here is a case where the profits on the programme as a matter of paper and printing alone must run to several hundreds per cent., and then there is to be reckoned in addition the handsome revenue to be derived from advertisements, frequently so numerous, extensive and conspicuous as to dwarf the matter supposed to have called the programme into existence into very small and insignificant proportions indeed. So that not only does the theatre-goer have to pay an exorbitant price for that which should be included in the price of his seat, but his programme, particularly in darkened scenes, is often almost useless when he has got it.

There is something clearly very wrong here, and then the question comes, Who is to blame? It is not at all certain that the censure should be borne exclusively by the refreshment contractor, even if by him at all, except in so far as he avails himself of a hateful custom to his own profit. No one need suppose for a moment that he gets his concession for nothing; indeed, having regard to the income derivable from it, he should have to, and probably does, pay for it very heavily; and here we come in contact with our manager, or more properly speaking, our lessee—though Mr. Paget does not in this case seem to think that Mr. Jones's indictment had any reference to him. If lessees found that managers fought shy of theatres where these outrageous concessions had been given, or that the latter demanded a substantial reduction of terms in consequence, they would think twice before saddling their property with what would soon become a serious drawback. Contractors, too, would hesitate to pay large sums for concessions with regard to theatres which stood empty half their time.

That prices are unremunerative in cases of reasonable success cannot be contended for a moment. The very handsome profits

allowed to the agents is in itself a strong proof to the contrary. It is noticeable that it is in the houses most commonly successful that fees have been abolished. In a little while, we may fairly hope, the charging of these imposts will be suspected as a means of making profits not to be reaped by the genuine success of the entertainment. Indeed, one can well believe that in cases where a play is kept in the bill by profuse "papering," the item of cloaks and programmes must be a considerable one, even though the management may not derive a direct benefit from it; and, of course, we all know of cases where admission money has not even been regarded as the staple source of income, but here we cannot suppose that there was any refreshment contract as distinct from the management.

THERE is no need whatever to adopt Mr. Jones's comminatory language here, whatever our inclination may be. The facts speak for themselves, and the remedy is largely in the hands of the public. They have only to keep away from those theatres in which they are subjected to irritation and annoyance if they will not submit to discomfort, or the loss of half their pleasure.

IN all this we have no wish to say one single word against anyone personally. We have declared the system to be irritating, and without justification or excuse. We have also tried to show that it is impolitic. In different cases the blame will lie differently, of course. The evil is obvious, the remedy almost equally so. If the public will not work out their own salvation they must even submit to pay for their indifference; but so far their hearty thanks are due to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones for his courage and public spirit in fighting their battle.

THE second part issued of the Dallastype *fac-simile* reduced from the 1623 folio bears out in every respect the promise of the first number. Students, no less than bibliophiles, will have little reason to complain if the high standard of excellence apparent in these early pages is preserved throughout; nor is the reduction such as to impair the perfect clearness of the text. Criticism, it is needless to say, must here concern itself only with the technical shortcomings or triumphs of the process employed, and inasmuch as for all its ungracious reputation, it is more in harmony with itself, or should be, when able to deal out unstinted praise, it is glad to pronounce ungrudgingly upon the perfection of the work here accomplished. The present number contains the first sixteen pages of "The Tempest," a play which, with the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, is singularly free from misprints or absurdities in the original folio.

"THE ATLANTIC FERRY: Its Ships, Men, and Working." By Arthur J. Maginnis. Under this modest title, Mr. Maginnis gives an exhaustive history of the development of Atlantic travel since the introduction of steam, and carries his readers by easy gradations from the pioneer of steam travel, the "Savannah" (1819)—bunker capacity, 80 tons—and the Royal William (1838), 276 horse power—now rotting in the Liffey,—to the marine monsters built on the Clyde or in Belfast Lough. The work is sufficiently illustrated, and teems with statistics, which, notwithstanding Mr. Balfour's denunciation,

will be found most instructive. The book is published by Messrs. Whittaker and Co.

M. PAUL BERTON, who is engaged on a translation into French of Miss Blanche Roosevelt's "Victorien Sardou at Home," is to undertake the stage-management of the Independent Theatre Society's next production, "The Duchess of Malfi."

HENRIK IBSEN, who usually produces a new play about every two years, has completed a comedy, which is already published in Norway.

New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from July 18th to August 15th, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

July 18 "Sweet Innisfail," play, in five acts, by Walter Reynolds. Surrey.
" 18 *"All the Comforts of Home," farcical comedy, by W. Gillette. Elephant and Castle.
" 18 *"Le Voyage en Suisse," Parisian absurdity, adapted by R. Reece. Grand.
" 21 "Dresden China," fantasy, in one act (author unannounced). *Matinée.* Vaudeville.
" 21 "Shame," drama, in one act (author unannounced). *Matinée.* Vaudeville.
" 25 "A Lion's Heart," drama, in four acts, by Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landech. Parkhurst.
" 25 "In Face of the Foe," drama, in four acts (author unannounced). First time in London. Marylebone.
" 25 "Enlisted," drama, in four acts, a reconstruction of Fred C. Harcourt's "The Chain Gang." Surrey.
" 25 *"A Royal Divorce," drama, in five acts, by W. G. Wills. Princess's.
" 26 "The Postman," comedietta, by Edgar Pemberton. *Matinée.* Strand.
" 26 *"The Jealous Wife," abridgement, in three acts, of the comedy of George Colman. *Matinée.* Strand.
" 27 "Haste to the Wedding," comic opera, in three acts, adapted from the French by W. S. Gilbert, music by George Grossmith. Criterion.
" 28 "The Broken Melody," play, in three acts, by Herbert Keen and James Leader. Prince of Wales's.
" 28 "The White Lady," comedietta, in one act (author unannounced). Prince of Wales's.
" 29 *"The Cross of Honour," drama, in five acts, adapted from the French by Arthur Shirley and Maurice Galley. Formerly known as "False Witness." Royalty.
" 30 "The Lights of Home," drama, in five acts, by G. R. Sims and Robert Buchanan. Adelphi.
" 30 "A Lost Sheep," farcical comedy, in three acts, by Walter Parke and Arthur Shirley. Opera Comique.
" 30 "Music at Home," comedietta, in one act, by Rose Seaton. Opera Comique.
" 30 *"Marriage Bells," drama, in one act, by Herbert Gough. Opera Comique.
" 30 "The Understudy," duologue by Elizabeth Bessle. Opera Comique.
" 30 "The Bab-Ballad Monger," a travestie, by Frank Lindo. Opera Comique.
Aug. 1 *"The Bells of Haslemere," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sydney Grundy. Marylebone.
" 1 "The Golden Chance," drama, in six acts, by St. Aubyn Miller. *Matinée.* Standard.
" 1 "This World of Ours," drama, in four acts, by Seymour Hicks. First time in London. Pavilion.
" 1 *"For Ever," drama, in seven acts, by Paul Merritt and George Conquest. Sadler's Wells.
" 1 *"A Sailor's Knot," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt Britannia.
" 1 *"The Ticket of Leave Man," Tom Taylor's drama, in four acts Grand.

Aug. 2 "Poor Mignonette," operetta, in one act, adapted from the French, lyrics by Percy Reeve, music by Offenbach. Originally entitled "Pomme d'Api." Criterion.

" 2 "Our Emma," play, in one act, by Marwood Clark. *Matinée.* Opera Comique.

" 8 "The Rose of the Alhambra," burlesque extravaganza, in three "buds," by Charles Stirling Parker. Parkhurst.

" 8 "Lota; or, A Mother's Love." drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Fred Jarman. Sadler's Wells.

" 8 "The Ups and Downs of Life," drama, in four acts, by F. A. Scudamore. Pavilion.

" 15 "Agatha; or, the Lawful Wife," drama, in a prologue and three acts, by Oswald Brand. Revised version. Sadler's Wells.

" 15 "True to His Colours," sketch in one act, by Frank Beau. Sadler's Wells.

In the Provinces, from July 18th to August 15th, 1892:—

July 18 "Clear the Way," drama, in four acts, by F. C. V. Harcourt. Stacey's, Sheffield.

" 25 "The Crimson Mask," drama, in three acts, by Foster Courtenay, Opera House, Northampton.

" 25 "Icebound," drama, in five acts (author unannounced). Star Theatre, Wolverhampton.

" 25 "Two Lovely Black-Eyed Susan," musical extravaganza, by Horace Lennard and Oscar Barrett. T.R., Birmingham.

" 30 "The Diamond Gang," drama, in four acts, by Edward Darbey. T.R., Bilston.

Aug. 1 "False Evidence," drama, in four acts, by Wynn Miller. First time in provinces. Prince's Theatre, Bradford.

" 1 "Pat," musical comic drama, in three acts, by George Roberts and Harry Monkhouse. Royal Aquarium, Great Yarmouth.

" 1 "McKenna's Flirtation," "laughing cyclone," in three acts, by Edgar Selden. Opera House, Coventry.

" 1 "Aladdin," spectacular burlesque extravaganza, in four scenes, by Terence Ramsdale. T.R., Aldershot.

" 3 "Donellan," drama, in four acts, by Colonel P. R. James. Pier Pavilion, Folkestone.

" 5 "Bridget's Blunders," farce, in one act, by Lita Smith. Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne.

" 8 "The Ballad Singer," musical play, in three acts (author unannounced). Morton's, Greenwich.

" 8 "The Deputy Sheriff," revised version of the drama "Dan'l Bartlett," in four acts. Muncaster, Bootle.

" 8 "The Three Musketeers," play, in five acts, adapted by Max Goldberg from the novel of Alexandre Dumas. St. James', Manchester.

" 15 "Cigarette," comic opera, in three acts, by Barry Montour and Warham St. Leger, music by J. Haydn Parry. T.R., Cardiff.

In Paris, from July 18th to July 27th, 1892:—

July 18 "La Métromaine," Pirou's comedy, in five acts, in verse. Comedie Française.

" 22 "Le Vengeni," lyric scene, verses by Henri de Fleuriguy, music by Alexander Georges. Panorama des Champs Elysees.

" 23 "Les Porcherons," pantomime. Cirque d'Etc.

" 27 "L'Heritage de Jean Gommier," piece, in five acts, by MM. Alphonse Lemonnier and Péricaud. Chateau d'Eau.

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MISS EVELYN MILLARD.

"Let us achieve our work with humbled souls."

—*The Wicked World.*

THE THEATRE.

OCTOBER, 1892.

"The Drama in the Doldrums."

An Open Letter to Mr. William Archer.

SIR,—The Drama may be in the Doldrums or In Excelsis: that question I am not prepared to discuss here with you, my tried companion in adversity and fellow-worker, William Archer. For the present I am not concerned with your amiable fads and fancies, but with your facts. On matters of taste I must be allowed to differ wholly with the credited author of "A Fashionable Tragedian," one of the least worthy theatrical pamphlets of our times, an undignified bit of silly satire, anonymously written, but designed personally to insult Henry Irving in his early career, when he was bravely attempting to uplift the Drama from the mud into which it had fallen.

On any question of courtesy and good breeding I shall not cross swords with the self-elected pedagogue who presumes, week after week, to lecture his brother journalists, and to assert on his own authority that their brains and intellects are vastly inferior to his own.

If I were to request the translator of Ibsen's plays to "come into court" and be examined on the true story of the "Ibsen boom," I might ask that eminent authority if, in his estimate of commercial and literary morality, it were a wholly sound policy—

1. Being a tradesman in Ibsen wares, to head the Ibsen ring;
2. To howl at scholars and students like Mr. Edmund Gosse directly they dared approach the Scandinavian manger;
3. When the Pedlar's stock was apparently "off colour" and unsaleable, to start an impotent cry of tainted fish;

If I were, my dear Archer, to test your ability as journalist as well as critic, I might ask you to give your opinion on a play the morning after it was produced, and before your gravely intellectual mind

was fortified with the opinions of every member of the press, to enable you to pursue the well-known Archerian plan of contradicting every sound and experienced opinion and of peevishly supporting the silly Ibsenite axiom that the "majority is always wrong." Nor do I accept you, my dear William Archer, and your friends—Anglo-Scandinavian, Anglo-French, Anglo-Dutch—as masters of English style from the examples of their composition that have come under my immediate notice. Polonius would, I fear, find there many a "vile phrase" and viler sentence.

No, I am not concerned with Archer the gentleman, Archer the journalist, Archer the tradesman, Archer the stylist, Archer the critic, or Archer the dramatic jockey. I have to deal with Archer the accurate, with Archer the veracious.

Not once, but at least a dozen times during the past year you have publicly accused me of failing to recognise any literary merit in "Beau Austin," the clever but unsuccessful play written by Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Louis Stevenson. In your recent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, you boldly say—

"That Mr. Scott should take the lead in this movement was not to be expected. The existing drama fully answers his *intellectual needs*. Charm of style (witness 'Beau Austin') and originality of thought bewilder and annoy him. Blind to them himself he resents the pleasure which others take in them.

"Most of the Old Critics are themselves only a little above the intellectual level of the great public; and are therefore incapable of understanding the needs and aspirations of the lesser public!

"It is to the lasting discredit of the Old Criticism that it pooh-poohed Mr. Tree's Monday Nights, and jeered at a play which, if not a dramatic masterpiece, was certainly a literary gem."

Now, my dear Archer, you know as well as I do that what you write here is absolutely contrary to fact. The literary grace of "Beau Austin" was never sneered at by, as far as I can see, a single individual: Mr. Tree's Monday nights were never pooh-poohed. You know perfectly well that you here deliberately put down in print—having no doubt carefully verified your authority—what is the exact opposite of the truth.

With that conspicuous want of taste and absence of journalistic decency for which I fear you are distinguished, you assume—nay declare—that an anonymous article in the *Daily Telegraph* is from my pen. You should produce evidence before you make any such charge, and should be taught that no man has a right to assert publicly as a fact what he has no possible power of proving.

This is what the *Daily Telegraph* said concerning the literary grace and merit of "Beau Austin":—

"We must be excused if we tell the story in plain and direct language as the authors have told their story in a very plain and direct manner.

"Mr. Henley, in his neatly turned prologue, has desired to—

"'Bring a fancy to those Georgian days
Whose style still breathed a faint and fine perfume
Of old-world courtliness, and old-world bloom.'

"And he has modestly asked sympathy for a sketch, nay—

"'A dream, an idyll, call it what you will,
Of Man still Man, and Woman, Woman still.'

"The eloquent and polished dialogue the actors deliver with delightful sincerity.

"Not a point in the smooth-flowing dialogue was missed."

In the *Illustrated London News*, under my own signature, I said :—

"*Cleverly written* as it is, *delicately conceived* and *nicely finished* as is 'Beau Austin,' still, for all that, it strikes me as being very thin and amateurish.

"*I can imagine literary men being delighted with 'Beau Austin;'* but it does not necessarily follow that 'Beau Austin' is a good play or a workmanlike play for the stage."

If, my good Mr. Archer, you fulfil your tremendous threat of imitating the Herculean labour by knocking off one or two of the three heads of your detested but still bellicose Cerberus critic, I trust your bludgeon will be made of wood less rotten than that of which is composed your feeble pilgrim's staff. You will gain more adherents to your anæmic authority if you will condescend occasionally to be accurate—or, shall I politely suggest, abandon that form of undignified equivocation known both as *suggestio falsi* and *suppressio veri*. This will be better for all of us than the cowardly practice of hamstringing your fellow horses, whilst they endeavour after a toil of thirty-two years to drag—yoked with you—the poor drama up one more heart-breaking hill !—Yours obediently,

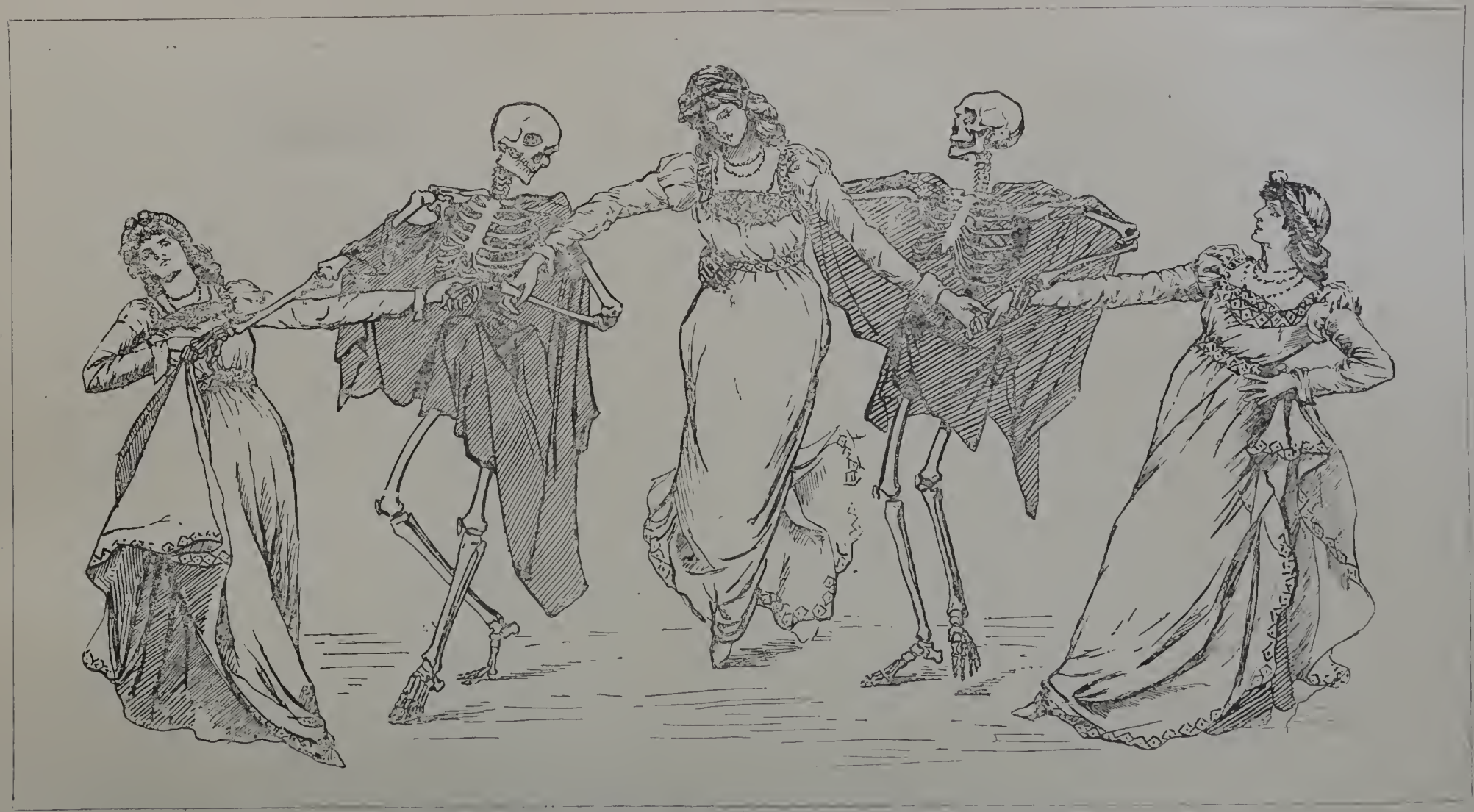
CLEMENT SCOTT.

Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W., August 2nd.

Amalfi, and Webster's "Duchess of Malfi."

AMALFI is one of those places that are better understood from the rudest drawing than from the most minute description. Encircled with mountains, at the mouth of a deep gorge, from which a torrent dashes into the gulf below, its position is unique. Its churches, towers, and arcaded houses, grouped together in picturesque irregularity, are backed by precipices of wild magnificence and lighted up by the magic colouring which belongs to the atmosphere of Southern Italy. Perhaps few travellers associate this beautiful spot with the tragic story of Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," yet the historic interests of the place are entirely mediæval, and so also are those of the play. Both the town and the tragedy bear the indelible impression of the men and manners of the middle ages. The complete collapse of the older sanctions of right conduct, the execrable example of the petty courts, the heads of which were reckless because their position was insecure, the growth of wealth and luxury, all combined to make Italy, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a hot-bed of unblushing vice. All right lay in force; the necessity for self-defence induced treachery or violence, and irresponsibility produced excess. There was, moreover, no real faith in the clergy, nor any cordial submission in the laity. The mitre and the cross had no more scruple than had the sword, and, indeed, the crosier was not incompatible with the sword. Wealthy abbeys and powerful bishoprics were regarded but as appropriate means to provide for younger sons of noble houses and to increase the influence of leading families. Even young men of seventeen and twenty-five received the Cardinal's cap, and a son of Lorenzo the Magnificent attained the same distinction in his thirteenth year. The Popes and Cardinals, moreover, being men least subject to law were least able to place themselves under restraint, and the corruption of the Papal Court spreading throughout Italian society, princelets, prelates and mercenary generals indulged in sensuality of every sort, and made a science of treachery and of crime.

Webster in his "Duchess of Malfi" has moulded into dramatic shape, with terrible power, the triumphant wickedness of mediæval Italy. His Aragonian princes are not overdrawn portraits of the men of their time. The Cardinal is experienced in simony, poisoning and lust, while the young Duke of Calabria is the very embodiment of that precocious iniquity so characteristic of the youthful nobility of the day. His type is familiar to us in the picture galleries of Rome and Naples, among those mild, beardless striplings, in their gallantly trimmed jerkins and jewelled caps; dandies looking pretty



JENNIE MOORE: "I WILL SEND HER MASKS OF COMMON COURTESANS."
"The Duchess of Malfi." *Act* iv. *Scene* i.

and harmless enough, but in whose bosoms lurked implacable hatred and undying vengeance. This burning desire for revenge, which especially characterises the brothers of Webster's unhappy Duchess, was peculiar to the Italian. A warm imagination kept ever alive the memory of injuries, real or supposed, and in a country that allowed each man to take the law into his own hands, the spirit of vindictiveness was rampant. Revenge was declared, with perfect frankness, to be a necessity of human nature "in order that others may learn to leave us unharmed." A love intrigue was so commonly followed by a tragedy that a threatened gallant was looked upon as a dead man even while he went about alive and merry. Not only a husband, but even a brother, in order to satisfy the family honour, would take upon himself the act of vengeance: nor would a father scruple to kill his own daughter if the dignity of his house had been compromised by an unworthy marriage. At this wanton cruelty the novelist Bandello exclaims "What folly it is of men to suppose their own and their house's honour depends on the appetite of a woman."

In an Italian's vengeance there was art, and to this end the nobles kept their retinue of highly paid assassins—the apparitors, messengers, spies and bravos, known generally as "Familiars," a name which had so ill-omened a significance in the popular ear by reason of its connection with the Inquisition. Military gentlemen and their wives, who were sworn to assist the Dominicans of the first order in searching out heresy, because they were attached to that family and yet not subject to its rule, were called "Familiars." Their dress, which might be varied in pattern, was black and white with no other colour, and so contrived that the black and white were always visible. The inquisitorial process, which was ostensibly developed for the destruction of heresy, became the customary method of dealing with all intrigues, political, domestic or social, and the "Familiar" was as much the servant of the noble as of the priest. So complete and effective was the organization that no one whom an enemy wished to destroy could escape. Vainly might he change his abode, spies were ever on his track. He was enveloped in a net which his frantic efforts only twisted more tightly round him. Indeed, the prospect of escape was regarded by the victim as so hopeless that it was seldom attempted.

Although the service of a "Familiar" had few attractions for the honest and peaceful, yet because it was favoured by the Inquisition, which afforded protection to all informers, it was regarded as one full of promise and reward. Skill in interrogation was a pre-eminent requisite, and northern nations obtained first from the Italian a conception of the art of political persuasion. Constant training developed acute and subtle minds, well practised in reading the thoughts of an accused person; skilled in laying pitfalls for the incautious; versed in every art to confuse; prompt to detect ambiguities; and quick to take advantage of hesitation or contradiction. Moreover, many of the "Familiars" were men who, at one time,

had embraced the career of the humanists, or poet-scholars; for the fame and brilliant position of the Italian humanists were a perilous temptation to ambitious youths, who "through inborn pride could no longer regard the low and common things of life." Thus youthful prodigies were led to plunge into a life of excitement and vicissitude, in which exhausting studies, tutorships, secretaryships, professorships, offices in princely households, mortal enmities and perils, luxury and beggary, boundless admiration and boundless contempt, followed confusedly one upon the other, and in which the most solid worth and learning were often pushed aside by superficial impudence. Webster's Bosola is a masterly study of the "Familiar" who is at the same time a humanist. He is refined, subtle, indifferent, cynical. A criminal in action but not in constitution. A man forced by his position to know all the inward resources of his own nature, passing or permanent, and conscious of the possibility of a very brief period of power and influence. He moves through the play serenely, triumphantly, neither applauded nor admired, but feared.

None the less true to the life of the day is Webster's Duchess. She is the portrait of an Italian mediæval lady. Scarce knowing what marriage is, she has found herself married to a man much older than herself, married without being consulted and without having a chance of knowing what love is, married to a man whom probably she had never before seen, to whom she is a mere investment, a mere feudal necessity, required to give her husband a dower and an heir, that is all. Yet she lives to know love; lives to be taught it by one of those many bachelors bound to flutter about in military service or social duty; she herself lives to teach it. Similarly Antonio is representative of the mediæval lover; the hero of the difficult and perilous tilting with the lance, the poet and the lute player—the very incarnation of chivalry, of beauty, of love and of faithfulness, the first and most essential virtue of mediæval love. He is symbolical, too, of the knight and of the troubadour who must worship his lady as his social superior, must address her in titles of stiff respect, must ever supplicate for love, and when it has become his due, remind his wife that she owes it him in return for loyal, humble and discreet service. He is the husband who must look forward to and recall with triumph or sadness secret meetings with his own wife.

It has been said that mediæval Italy was the land of crime, but it was not so in the eyes of an Italian. Murder, to those who were not injured by it, awakened no compunctions, and the man who committed it was by no means esteemed a murderer. If there was the darkened Italian palace, with its secret doors, and arras hangings concealing the masked assassin, while below in the cloistered court was heard the clanking armour and stamping horses, there also sounded from above, in the carved and gilded hall, the viols, lutes, and cornets making a cheering concert that drowned the cries of the victim. Thus the Italians of the early *renaissance* walked placidly

through the evil which surrounded them. For them the sky was always blue and the sun always bright; their art and their poetry were serene. Indeed, their life resembled the playing of an innocent game by those who were not innocent. Their manners were polished as among no other people in the world. Italian novelists tell us of the passion there was for false hair, for dyes, and an endless variety of beautifying waters, of plasters and of paints for every single part of the face, even for the teeth and eyelids, of soft elastic beds, costly carpets, and luxuriant bedroom furniture. The foulest criminals could discuss the platonic vapidities of Pietro Bembo's sonnets, and weep at the sweet and languid lamentations of Guarini's shepherds and nymphs; laugh at the buffoons of the mask comedy, and delight in listening to the "Canzoni a Ballo" from the green lagoons on those clear summer nights and soft spring evenings, whose fascinations we feel in the words of Jessica. The Carnivals were noted for the splendour of their processions, which have left their mark even in literature. Among a crowd of masks on foot and on horseback appeared some huge fantastic chariot, and upon it an allegorical figure or group of figures, and always the famous chariot of Death with the coffins, which presently opened. Then there was the chorus of figures forming some single class or category, as the beggars, the hunters and nymphs, the lost souls who in their life-time were hard-hearted women, the hermits, the astrologers, the vagabonds, the devils, the sellers of various kinds of wares. The songs of these masqueraders, which still remain and have been collected, are sometimes in the pathetic, sometimes in a humorous tone. To Lorenzo the Magnificent has been ascribed the beautiful song which accompanied the mask of Bacchus and Ariadne, whose refrain still echoes to us from the fifteenth century like a regretful presentiment of the brief splendour of the *renaissance* itself—

> *"Quanto é bella giovinezza,*
> *Che si fugge tuttavia!*
> *Chi vuol esser lieto, sia*
> *Di doman non c'é certezza.**

In fact the great criminals of Italy were unconscious of being criminals, the nation was unconscious of being sinful. "I sawe," says Roger Ascham, "it was there as free to sinne not onlie without all punishment, but also without any man's marking." And indeed Italy's own tragedies by Webster and Massinger would never have been understood by the Italian. But the Englishman of a purer moral atmosphere was haunted by them. It was the very strangeness and horror of the life as compared with the dull decorum of English households that constituted the attraction of Italian tragedy for Elizabethan playgoers. Keenly alive, from the study of the Bible and religious controversies, to all questions of right and wrong, Elizabethan England recognised that there existed a higher power than the mere strength of those fiercer passions of men, which

* How beautiful is youth which flies away quickly! Who wishes to be joyful let him be so; there is no certainty about to-morrow.

occurred in Italy, the land of passion, in the Middle Ages; and it remained for Webster, who understood passion in all its power and in all its weakness, in its heights and in its depths, to whom human passion was the very food, the breath, the vital principle of his mental existence, to point the moral, and to show for all time what that guilt was like which the art of Italy could neither portray nor perceive.

The story of Webster's tragedy, briefly stated, is as follows :—The widowed Duchess of Malfi, eminent in beauty and excellent in virtue, secretly marries Antonio, her steward, an accomplished and brave gentleman. Her brothers Ferdinand and the Cardinal, who had from motives of avarice and ambition, used both threats and persuasion to prevent her marrying again, are informed of her marriage by their familiar Bosola, who is their paid spy in the house of the Duchess. The brothers resolve to punish the Duchess for the supposed indignity done to their house with the most ferocious vengeance. After the murder of their sister, they themselves fall victims to the vengeance of Bosola. Space will not here allow of a detailed analysis of this masterpiece of tragedy, and the reader is referred to the many able essays that have been written by modern commentators of Elizabethan dramatic literature. It must suffice to say that there is something very touching and true to nature in the warmth yet purity of feeling that characterises the Duchess ; and knowing from the first that fiendish machinations are directed against her peace, we all along consider her an interesting object upon whom there is destined to fall some fatal calamity. In the fourth act the peculiar genius of Webster bursts forth into a strange fantastic and terrible grandeur. What effect this weird scene would produce on the stage in these unimaginative days it is difficult to conjecture. But we know from Webster's contemporaries, Middleton and Ford, that the scene powerfully moved our ancestors, and the experiment about to be tried by the Independent Society, who purpose a revival of this play, is full of interest to the lover, not only of the Elizabethan drama, but of histrionic art. For we believe this play to be better suited for representation than most of our early dramas.*

* The writer is indebted for his knowledge of mediæval Italy to Lea's "History of the Inquisition," Burckhardt's "Renaissance in Italy," and the very able essay on "The Italy of the Elizabethan Dramatists" by Vernon Lee.

Mr. Pinero and Farce.

IT would seem to be an obvious canon of the drama that in it the pathetic and the ludicrous must occur as a relief to and not an intrusion upon one another. In other words, the ludicrous can never fitly be displayed at the same "psychological moment" with the pathetic, provided that the pathos be intended as sincere. As soon as the sentiment ceases to be genuine, or is purposely and unmistakably exaggerated, it is legitimate prey to the grotesque; but unless the author gives us clearly to understand that his mood is cynical and that he means to travesty emotion, he must use his humour merely as a wholesome foil to his sentiment. The humour that would make us laugh at what we know to be genuinely pathetic is instinctively felt to be out of place. When, at anyone's invitation, we confide ourselves to his sympathy, we do not like him to turn and laugh in our faces.

Paradoxically enough, this dramatic vice (which one would consider sufficient to bar popularity) is a marked characteristic of one department of the work of our most popular and most brilliant dramatist; and it is, indeed, no weak evidence of Mr. Pinero's power in dialogue and characterisation that he has in more than one case carried the day in the face of adverse criticism elicited by this "original sin."

In his latest, and in some respects his best comedy, "The Times," there is a very obvious example of this mistake. In an essentially pathetic scene poor Mrs. Bompas and her weak, vain husband are made, when troubles are thickening round their disappointed ambition, to lose themselves in reminiscences of their former unpretentious happiness. The wife recalls their "first big half-past-seven dinner party" in their little house at Haverstock Hill, when "part of the dinner was sent in and part done at home." The husband admits the recollection and adds, in the spirit of pure farce, that "to this day he regrets the part that was done at home," and asks his wife if she remembers "where cook's cap was found." This raises a laugh, of course, but the temper of the audience towards the scene is at once rudely changed. Here is a case of genuine sentiment upon which grotesqueness is all at once inexcusably obtruded; the rather cheap "point" should surely have been sacrificed for the sake of artistic fitness and out of respect for the reality of the sentiment. Mr. Pinero's sentimentality in, for instance, parts of "Sweet Lavender" (playgoers will remember "Clemmy's" impossible rhapsodising to Dick Phenyl respecting the

all-pervading atmosphere of "Lavender") is the exaggeration of sentiment which becomes *ipso facto* ridiculous.

Even stranger than this obtrusion of the farcical upon the sentimental is the introduction of sentiment into the realm of pure farce, as, for instance, in the case of that curious *farrago* of styles, "The Cabinet Minister." The recent publication of this play has given Mr. Pinero an opportunity to place upon record (through the medium of Mr. Salaman, who contributes an introduction to the play) certain peculiarities in his theory as to the function of farce. His opinion is that "farce must gradually become the modern equivalent of comedy, since, the present being an age of sentiment rather than of manners, the comic playwright must of necessity seek his humour in the exaggeration of sentiment." Again, "farce should treat of probable people placed in possible circumstances, but regarded from a point of view which exaggerates their sentiments and magnifies their foibles."

If this be a fair statement of Mr. Pinero's position, the impression it conveys is rather muddled. It may clear the way if we admit at once that the confusion is in a great measure one of terms, and arises from the endeavour to supply the word "farce" with a new connotation. For there is no question, even in the perturbed state of modern drama, of substituting farce for comedy, or comedy for farce; both will continue to exist, and Mr. Pinero has written both. We may dignify our farces with the appellation of "farcical comedies," but farces they remain, and comedy is a thing apart.

Nothing is more difficult than accurate definition, but probably to most of us a "farce" is a play in which exaggerated types of possible people are found in possible but improbable circumstances, where actions are usually out of all proportion to the motives which prompt them, the result being that both personages and circumstances become diverting. In comedy, on the other hand, the circumstances (with a slight allowance) should not be improbable and action should follow motive with "sweet-reasonableness." Want of proportion is the essence of the farcical; pathos is incompatible with farce, but perfectly compatible with comedy.

Mr. Pinero proposes to apply the designation of "farce" to certain of his plays—such as "The Magistrate," "The Schoolmistress," "Dandy Dick" and "The Cabinet Minister"—in which he has, to use Mr. Salaman's words, "aimed less at the exposition of a plot than at the satirising of particular types of character in a possible social atmosphere." Here we get at the root of our difference with Mr. Pinero; it is impossible to class the four above-named plays together. The first three are farces—very excellent farces—in the ordinary acceptation of the term. The humour of them was due, not to "exaggerated sentiment" or "magnified foibles," but to comic situation and smart dialogue deftly used by a clever writer who knew to a nicety the conditions of farcical effect. The whole partook of the nature of legitimate caricature, as was right and proper.

But "The Cabinet Minister"—*que diable allait il faire*, etc? Here was a comedy—we may even say, in despite of Mr. Pinero, a "comedy of manners"—stage-managed (by its author) as a farce. Neither this play nor "The Times" (which, though not professedly a farce, is practically of the same nature as "The Cabinet Minister") derives its humour primarily from caricature, which is the thews and sinews of farce, but from clever characterisation and the results thereof.

That there should be a touch of caricature in the portrayal of some of the characters in "The Cabinet Minister" does not make them farcical, or rather, does not necessarily make the play a farce. Mrs. Malaprop, Sir Lucius O'Trigger and the rest of them, are they not to some extent caricatures? Yet "The Rivals" is not a farce. In "The Times" there is a mixture, and therein lies its weakness. Mr. Bompas (except at one or two moments), Mrs. Hooley and Mr. McShane belong to pure farce; Mrs. Bompas, "Monty," and the boy Howard are portraits from life. It is this curious indecision of treatment that has produced faulty episodes such as that already quoted from the play.

We may well hold that Mr. Pinero is wrong in his supposition that a modern comedy of manners is impossible. Farce pure and simple will continue to exist. Mr. Pinero has written farces; having advanced in his art he writes, when not in the serious vein, plays which are (whether he admits it or no) comedies of manners, whose one blemish is this occasional untimely introduction of an episode belonging to the distinct realm of farce. If all that Mr. Pinero means is that his latest comedies are not farces in the accepted sense of the word, "the Court is with him." But then he should not propose to fill with them the place of farce, for farce is not dead; neither should he introduce farce into them, for its substance is foreign to theirs and will not amalgamate.

This brings us back to our starting point, and we can appreciate what might be the author's explanation of such dramatic lapses as those instanced. Here, however, a suspicion forces itself upon the mind. Can it be that Mr. Pinero has invented the theory to fit his practice and shelter his idiosyncrasies—the theory, that is to say, that it is legitimate in modern comedy or farce (call it which you will) to create a sympathetic situation and then turn it into ridicule? For such a principle would countenance both his introduction of genuine sentiment into incongruous surroundings, whereby it is easy to make it appear absurd, and his tendency (this being the more reprehensible) suddenly to interfere with the legitimate effect of sentiment which has as legitimately grown from its circumstances, thus pointing a derisive finger at an emotion which has nothing discreditable in it. The scene over the box of marbles and toys, and its *dénouement* at the entrance of Lady Twombley, in the second act of "The Cabinet Minister," occurs to the mind as a case in point.

It is impossible, remembering "Sweet Lavender," "The Squire," and "Lady Bountiful," to believe that Mr. Pinero is the confirmed

cynic suggested by this treatment of some of his scenes. May the explanation not lie in the fact that his intimate knowledge of the stage—a possession invaluable to a dramatist—has so quickened his sense of what will "make a point" that he has not always been able to resist temptation in this respect, even when it led to an inartistic result? Not even Mr. Pinero's keen sense of humour and aptness for epigram is an excuse for this deviation from dramatic rectitude for the sake of a momentary theatrical effect of no very high order.

If one is inclined to lay stress on this curious twist in Mr. Pinero's method, it is because of the admirable work he has produced when in his simpler or more serious vein—when, as in "The Magistrate" or "The Schoolmistress," he has contented himself with being frankly farcical; when, as in "The Squire" or "Sweet Lavender," his sentiment has been straightforward and his humour genial; or when he has gone deeper in the drama of life, as in "The Money Spinner," "Lady Bountiful," or, especially, in "The Profligate," not only his best, but quite the best play which has appeared in England for many a day.

Mr. Pinero has shown himself to be versatile; he is a master of dialogue and characterisation, and has considerable skill in construction; most of his weaknesses (with the regrettable exception here noted) have disappeared, and his style has become ripe and individual. Lovers of the drama may well congratulate the English stage on the possession of such a writer, and in passing let it be said that we may "down on our knees and thank Heaven fasting" that we have one clever playwright who can be serious without being tedious, and is content to "point a moral" without airing an ethical or physiological hobby.

But let Mr. Pinero be more willing than he has sometimes shown himself to take his audience into his confidence. Above all, let him beware of the temptation arising from the strife between his satire and his sentiment.

R. Farquharson Sharp.

How I Broke Our A.D.C.

F there's one thing in creation that I've never understood
It is why in plays the good folks must be all so very good!
I don't speak with any malice, but I don't think in the world
That the villains get in rivers or down precipices hurled,
While the much-too-good-for-this-life hero, heroine and child
Become rich with a rapidity that makes the hearer wild!

There are many other cases I could readily be giving
Just to show a play is not much like the world in which we're living,
Although it is supposed to be this world that's represented;
Only things go on the same old way, and everyone's contented.

Now, an actor, once, to whom the subject I had chanced to mention,
Firstly smiled at me, then winked an eye, and used the word "Convention."
"Oh, well, all that I can say," I said, "is this; I've lately started
To write a play, and I from all convention have departed;
And what's more, as soon as finished, it is going to be brought out!"
My companion looked thoughtful, and I let him have his thought out.

Then he suddenly asked "where?" Said I, "Our local A.D.C.
Will produce it." But he only made the strange remark "bless me!"
What he meant by this I cannot undertake to say, I'm sure;
But the Actor always is so jealous of the Amateur!

'Twas the truth that I had told him; from all old Convention swerving
I had started on a play that would have frightened Tree or Irving;
The production by our local A.D.C. was quite decided,
And if anyone anticipated glory from it, I did.

We secured the local theatre as soon as I'd completed
The last act, and very shortly on all sides the eye was greeted
With our placards and our posters upon every wall and hoarding,
Thrills of pride to every member of the A.D.C. affording.

Very soon our flattered pride was somewhat lessened by immersing
In the deep and stormy waters of the first time of rehearsing,
To say nothing of the troubles and the trials of the casting,
Which created fears that at the time seemed likely to be lasting.

For the part that Brown was cast for was the only part Smith cared for,
But to give it up to him was just what Brown was not prepared for;
That's unless the part that Robinson considered he'd a claim to
Could be his. And then the ladies—but perhaps it is a shame to
Here repeat what they got saying, so I'd better draw a curtain.
That each fair one had the poorest part to play was very certain!

We'd secured by this time, too, a lot of most distinguished patrons,
At the head of them Her Grace of Blank, that courtliest of matrons;
From the Member for the County, of our A.D.C. the President,
I think the list included every influential resident.

Long before the night arrived we'd not a ticket to dispose of;
We were gradually beginning to recover from the woes of
The rehearsals, and the ladies to forget their little jealousies
(The reason for these tiffs among themselves is what no fellow sees!)

As author of the play I won a certain notoriety,
Especially when the rumour circulated in Society
That I had absolutely set aside, with plan intentional
All old pedantic fashions, every precedent conventional.

In due course the night arrived, and with it came the moment vital
That would show my powers dramatic to the world. My drama's title
I have left untold on purpose. I would give it, but to do so
Would not save me now from being left a solitary Crusoe
On the Island Uninhabited I may call "Unconvention";
In addition to which reason there are others I won't mention.

My hero was the villain, and my heroine a lady
Not of very lofty morals and of antecedents shady;
For it seemed to me that people would be pleased to have a stopper
Put on heroines and heroes so preposterously proper,
Who not only say not one wrong thing, but never do one wise one,
And whose moral tone is calculated only to surprise one.

Then my faithful lovers, both of them, were truly awful duffers,
And, of course, you know how Virtue in the Drama always suffers
Right through four acts and comes out triumphant, startling one intensely
In the middle of the fifth act. Well, I changed all that immensely;
For I made my play as like real life as suited my convenience—
Treated Virtue with contempt and scorn, and Villainy with lenience!

I trampled on your Chambers and your Grundy and your Pinero;
I felt so bold, I'd not have flinched had twenty critics in a row
Sat there before my very eyes in readiness for criticism,
With epigram sarcastic and the ever bitter witticism!

They weren't. I wasn't sorry, for what I had to put up with
Was quite critical enough to fill a fellow's bitter cup with;

For I could have borne with scorn, or even disapproval candid,
But it seemed to me that everyone that night against me banded
To throw ridicule upon me—laughter cruel, cold and killing,
From the stalls that paid a guinea to the pit that paid a shilling !

When the final curtain fell amid a storm of jeers and hisses
I rushed wildly on the stage and there ejaculated " This is
Rank Injustice ! " But I soon saw the infuriated pittites
Had a strong desire to emulate the ancient race of Hittites,
While the ladies in the guinea stalls betrayed a frightened pallor.
I retreated, since discretion was the better part of valour.

I discovered when their clamour and their fury were expended
That they didn't think, until the curtain fell, the play was ended ;
For an irate pittite rose then, and both forcibly and clearly
He proceeded with anathema to treat me most severely.

He demanded, in words similar, to know by—well, old Harry—
Why I didn't kill my villain off and let my lovers marry !
I considered that to argue on the topic of Convention
With this gentleman would be an act of foolish condescension ;
So I didn't. But next morning with what horror at the papers
Did I gaze ! They all advised me not to play such silly capers
On their town, if I were wise ! Upon my soul, 'twas most provoking,
For they took it as a Burlesque—Heavens ! they thought that I
was joking !

It was useless to assert that such had not been my intention,
They demanded why I showed such disregard of all Convention
As is only seen in Burlesque ! Write a Burlesque—I, who am a
Firm believer in the purpose and the mission of the Drama !

With what grace I could command, I dropped the question and re-
treated,
And I feel that my career—that's as a playwright—is completed,
For I've given up all notion of becoming great and famous—
But I think the British Public is an awful Ignoramus !

Let them stick to their Convention, and let Virtue be rewarded
And the villain his deserts meet in the way that's been recorded
For the last five hundred years ! I'll not attempt to educate them
Any longer ; and if they should want my reasons, I can state them.

I've no longer any chance, for I regret to have to mention
That our A.D.C. was shaken by my daring unconvention
To its very base ! It never quite recovered from that shocking
Night's disturbance, and between the idle laughter of the mocking,
And the subsequent desertion of a number of supporters—
A desertion headed by Her Grace of Blank and all her daughters—
Well, our A.D.C., it suffered a decease ! The cause it aimed for
Is forgotten—a result that to this day I still am blamed for.
It was ruined quite by ridicule—'twas laughed out of existence,
And the Drama Unconventional is still—far in the distance !

Clifton Bingham.

The Lyric Drama and Libretti.

WHEN we come to consider what important parts the lyric drama and opera, light and otherwise, are playing in the theatrical world, it seems very curious that so little real attention is paid to the questions of their position, standard and improvement. The absurd fiction, invented by jealous and ignorant foreigners, that England is not a musical nation has long ago died a well-merited death. Those who have any knowledge of the subject at all are thoroughly well aware of the fact that the earliest and best forms of music had their origin and growth in England, and had it not been for those retrogressionists, the narrow-minded Puritans (who alas! are not extinct yet) we should no doubt have been able at the present moment to have pointed to as many musical geniuses as are now proudly claimed by our friends on the Continent. However, if we have not yet produced a long roll of famous composers, we can at least boast that we have ever held out a helping hand to art, and have received with open arms professors and musicians of all degrees. But this is rambling away from the chief object of this article, which is to enquire into the subject of words, and not that of music. And let it be owned at once that ever since Purcell composed music to Dryden's "Aurengezebe" and the little opera "Dido and Aeneas" in 1676 and 1680, besides many another dramatic piece, the lyric drama and opera libretto as far as the "book" goes have been sadly neglected. I have waded through scores (no pun intended) of so-called lyric-dramas, and can honestly say that I have not been impressed either with the dialogue or lyrics in any work of any period. I have found that the dialogue in the lyric dramas has been far and away ahead of the lyrics, which, to put it mildly, have more often than not been execrable. Why is this? Is the art of writing sensible and singable lyrics so very difficult? And will it not dove-tail with the art of writing tolerable dialogue. It would most decidedly seem so, and yet to the bygone ages we turn for our best dramatic literature and for the best and purest forms of lyric writing. Very largely the fault is to be laid at the doors of the composers who would accept any rubbish so long as it would set. And it is, I fear, very much the same now-a-days. Pope has left us an exquisite parody of the style of song that was popular in his day. A Lady of Quality is supposed to sing:

"Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Thus, when Philomela, drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping—
Melody resigns to fate."

And yet musicians have been known to declare that nothing could be better for setting than this utter twaddle. Here is another specimen, this time the genuine unadulterated inspiration of Mrs. Piozzi's own particular muse. It was set to music by the "celebrated Sacchini," and sung by the Honourable Miss Hamilton in the tragedy of "Theodosius," as performed at Richmond House. (1794).

"Vain's the breath of adulation,
Vain the tears of tenderest passion,
While a strong imagination
Holds the wandering mind away!

Art in vain attempts to borrow
Notes to soothe a rooted sorrow—
Fix'd to die—and die to-morrow,
What can touch her soul to-day?"

Heavens! What does it mean? Is there any one in creation able to solve the enigma? Bad as are many of our drawing-room songs of the day, I do not remember to have seen one that could worthily compete with this effusion!

It is useless to go through the whole list of dramas to which the word lyric has been appended. Up to the present it must be conceded that we have not had any real English lyric drama of any lasting pretension. The art through lack of encouragement has been neglected, and if we are really to have a legitimate English opera, founded on a strictly English basis, then it behoves those who have the interests of English music at heart to incite young dramatic writers—and there's a whole army of them waiting for recognition—to turn their attention to the lyric drama, in order that we may have dialogue or recitative that is not bald, and lyrics that are not balderdash. At present, however, judging from the terms that are usually offered for a lyric-drama "book," or full-blown serious opera, it is not worth any writer's while to sit down in cold blood to write such a piece—No pay no play, should always be the cry. The best work is always accomplished by those who are well paid for the doing thereof, for I have invariably found that those who write, or do anything in the literary and artistic world, "for the love of it," exhibit very little affection in the rearing of their bantlings. Besides very little good work is achieved unless there be a reward forthcoming at the completion of the task. Art for art's sake is humbug

It is deeply to be deplored that Mr. D'Oyley Carte's venture at the English Opera House should have ended so disastrously. For the sake of British composers it was sincerely hoped and anticipated that it would have been the basis of a true insular home of music, and that sufficient encouragement would have been forthcoming from the paying public to have placed the scheme on a firm foundation. But alas! the English middle classes and the aristocracy

will support the art of every nation but their own. A beggar in Prague is a romantic figure worthy of sympathy, and on the same principle a Continental composer is so much more interesting than one of our own isle. However, let us not despair, and though the English Opera House is to blossom forth as a high class music-hall—just as if one ever did hear music at a music-hall—it may tend to increase a liking for better things. Perhaps the directors will see their way to playing one-act operettas, and dispense with the gentleman who swallows swords, and some other "artistes" who "never would be missed." If in a small way English composers and English librettists are accorded a fair trial with their one-act pieces, more important work will soon follow.

What we want is good sterling music wedded to sensible words. We do not require any more "poets" of the Bunn and Fitz-Ball school, nor of the Farnie order, which is still far from being defunct. The glories of the Pyne and Harrison *régime*, of which we have heard so much, would be a frost if revived now. Tastes are different. But we do want, and hope for, a fresher and bolder departure, that English opera, in every sense of the word, be made worthy of the great country from which it should spring.

Let us take a glance at the lighter form of entertainment which has been vastly on the increase since its permanent advent in 1870, when Miss Emily Soldene introduced "Chilperic," "Geneviève de de Brabant," "La Fille de Madame Angôt," "The Grand Duchess," and many another opera bouffe to our notice, at the old Philharmonic Theatre, Islington. Art we know is cosmopolitan, so we must not quarrel with the fact that for all these pieces we are indebted to the light-heartedness and invention of our Parisian neighbours. Moreover, we are beholden to them for the secret of instilling the fizz of champagne into our ponderous attempts at being humorous and "to the touch." Unfortunately the first instinct of the British nature is commerce and not art. Were it otherwise we should not have to travel to distant shores for what we already possess in our midst, were we sufficiently alive to the claims and value of home-cultured talents.

It is deeply to be regretted that whilst almost every other art and calling receives absolute encouragement, the drama, lyric and otherwise, is neglected, and is left to feed and make an effort to rise, by pure, unaided individual energy and originality. When Professor A. C. Mackenzie became the principal of the Royal Academy of Music, his first speech to the students was one of marvellous depth and foresight, and impressed itself upon all who heard or read it as being of singular import, as far as regards the cultivation of music. But though the professor exhorted his hearers to make opera, light and grand, the object of their especial studies, not one word was said as to libretto. This is a pity, as without a good book of words, powerful, dramatic and lyrical, no opera can possibly succeed. And under the existing arrangement, whereby, save in a few exceptional cases, the composer takes all the glory and nearly the whole of the remuneration, it is not likely that a change will take place. I

suppose what I am going to state now will be laughed at as ridiculous and rank heresy. However, it is my candid conviction that the writer of the words is quite of as much importance as the writer of the music, and each should be rewarded equally. For pray where would half the music that we possess be, if the lyrics had not, in nine-tenths of the cases, inspired the musician with the melody he has set to them? Why, it is the words alone that have been the real reason and origin of nearly all the songs that have been produced! The words suggest the melody, not the melody the words. And surely that which inspires deserves as much reward as that which it inspired.

Comic opera is the most difficult of all forms of composition, and takes more time and trouble than an ordinary five-act drama, or even tragedy. Perhaps this is another reason why so few turn their talents to this branch of theatrical work. For of a truth we have very few who have succeeded. Of the comic opera patch-workers who have gone before let us be silent—the meagreness and incapableness of what they have left behind speaks volumes to their disadvantage. It is to the future that we must look—and, now comes the query, Where shall we look? We have a great many song writers, good, bad and indifferent, mostly of the latter class. But even among the best is there one capable of inventing an original plot, of writing good dialogue, and of writing songs that shall not be namby-pamby and full of sickly drawing-room sentimentality. And lastly, but not least, of writing a comic song that shall be humorous without being vulgar, that shall be "taking," and yet not in the least offensive or of a doubtful nature? These are the component parts of opera bouffe, as every ambitious young author should know. But above all this a thorough and complete knowledge of the stage is downright essential. Without these combinations no comic opera stands a chance. A knowledge of music is not necessary, but it is surprisingly useful.

The cry for comic opera goes up every day, and the lighter forms of entertainment are extraordinarily in the ascendant. The language of music is universal, the language of words is limited to each country. Therefore it is necessary that the language should be racy of the soil that gives it birth. If we must borrow our tunes from other nations, at least let our dialogue and adaptations not descend to mere translations and our songs to buffoonery and bathos. But we deprecate the importation of foreign wares altogether, while there must be so many original authors ready to furnish everything at home, if only we took the trouble to look for them, and give them fair and legitimate opportunity and display. Of course we have the inimitable Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. H. P. Stephens, but who are to supplement these? Where is the new blood to come from, if it is never encouraged to appear? No wonder we are sneered at when we seem compelled to go abroad for our plays and operas. We fill the pocket of the foreigners while native talent starves in the by-ways at home.

S. J. Adair FitzGerald.

Some Treasure Trove.

"THINGS isn't now as they used to wos." Time was when, autumn after autumn, the Ananiases of journalism had simply to fill their columns with wild tales of sea-serpents, "gigantic gooseberries," and various other fabulous monsters, all of which were swallowed by the public with as much ease as the whale swallowed Jonah. But now newspaper-readers will none of these. The characteristic of the present age is a critical, questioning spirit, a feverish desire for wisdom, a thirst for knowledge of the cause, reason, and origin of things. Men who have reached any position of eminence, or who have not, are expected to enlighten their fellow-men as to why they got married, or why they have not done so; whether they take sugar in their tea, and, if so, how many lumps; why they do not write novels, or why in the name of common-sense they do. One of the most curious signs of the times is the alacrity with which all and sundry, without waiting to be asked, recognise it as a sacred duty to give to the world their views on these vital questions. This being so, it stands to reason that even the "largest circulation in the world" cannot publish all the communications received, and as editors are, alas, not infallible, much excellent thought which might otherwise have elevated and purified humanity, inevitably finds its way to the waste-paper basket. This fact has been particularly impressed upon me during a search for some lost MSS., when I by chance discovered the unpublished contributions to some recent discussions of more or less note, which I am now happy to be able to lay before the readers of THE THEATRE. It will be seen that the writers are quite as picturesquely irrelevant, and quite as interesting, as any of those whose productions have already seen the light.

Here, to begin with, is a letter apparently from a London author-manager, valuable, though more of a promise than a performance. The learned essay which it refers to should be instructive, when it appears:—

"SIR,—I am at present engaged on an exhaustive reply to your question 'What on Earth Possesses You to Think You Can Write Plays?' This will be written with a view to please, entertain, exhilarate, and amuse, and is constructed on those lines of managerial reasoning which have existed from time immemorial. The strong language used will be that of the present day, and an attempt will be made to bore your readers with long, tiresome, and irrelevant platitudes.

"My arguments will be found to be of questionable strength, and to include many old favourites.

"The rhetorical effects are of a kind never before attempted, and for boldness of conception and completeness of detail, it is hoped, will fairly astonish

the public. No less an effort will be made than to prove that Drury Lane Theatre is the one and only Temple of High Art, and no trouble will be spared to advertise 'The Prodigal Daughter' in a manner at least worthy of the traditions of the old National Theatre. "A. G. T. S H. S."

The next document of interest is somewhat enigmatical. The post-mark is "Homburg," and a printed circular questioning some one as to why he is "so opposed to advertisement," seems to have been returned with the mystical words, "Walker, London," written across in red ink. The following, which I am unable to quote in full, is I think the pick of the bunch. There is a philosophic insight and a wealth of classic lore about it which renders it unique :—

"I have received—or as M. Jules Lemaître, with keen critical acumen, would say *j'ai reçu*—your query as to Why I Do Not Write Criticism? When I have to answer a question of this sort, I do as my charwoman does when she comes to clean my doorsteps—I fortify myself beforehand. I mix a little less water with my '*Chateau-Poison*' at dinner, and I allow myself a *chasse* after my coffee—M. Lemaître would say, *après mon café*. Cæsar hit the right nail on the head when with happy inspiration he wrote *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*. The first point, in an enquiry of this sort, is a consideration of *la joie de vivre*, of the Schopenhauerian Will-to-Live. My orchidaceous personality. The Ego asserting itself against the non-Ego—*ondoyant et divers*—living, throbbing personality, or, to put it algebraically——

[Here follow three pages of quadratic equations, four extracts from the Thirteenth Book of Euclid, half the book of Genesis in the original Hebrew, a discussion of the works of Aristotle, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, with copious quotations in Greek, and half a page of undecipherable characters which may be Syriac or Choctaw, the whole concluding with a learned dissertation on the True Inwardness of Turtle Soup.]

"I have, I think, made myself clear.

"A. B. W. K. Y."

The simple, popular style of the above is very refreshing, and thoroughly to the point. I have, unfortunately, been unable to discover the purport of the next effusion from which I shall quote, but its author appears to be in desperate earnest about *something*. He says :—

"Some day I hope to answer your question, but the time is not yet ripe. When the time comes I shall be able to turn the tables in grim earnest. Then at last the true human chord will be touched. At last the sharp and quivering note of nature will be played on with magnificent effect. . . . . No more whining women and sickly men; no more inhuman mothers and monster husbands; no more blood-tainted youths and soured spinsters, pouring forth a flood of their pestilent pessimism—only the liver of a critic, laid bare by a critic; only a critic's nature; no more defiant selfishness and ill-concealed blasphemies, etc., etc., etc. "Cl. T Sc. T."

Now I come to a letter which appears to refer to a query sent by mistake :—

"By the soul of King Henry, this is too much! It rileth me full sore. 'Why do I not write plays,' quotha? Learn, sir, that I *do* write plays. Ay, and mighty fine plays, too, though I say it. One of them hath been produced of late, and hath caused a nice old coil. Your 'critical wits of the hour' would none of it, yet it did afford me supreme satisfaction.

"E. N G. V. L.

"P.S.—I do note that one called Will Shakespeare hath written a play called 'Henry VIII' and that it is being played at a London playhouse. I think it is only fair to state that *I* . . . . . ."

The letter which follows gives one a gleam of hope for the future of the stage. We have evidently a rare treat in store :—

"You are very laudably anxious to know why I am writing a play. As the taste of the public lies wholly with the bad play, I said to myself, 'Salvation may be found in a small minority.' This minority consists of Mr. G. R. Sims, who has offered to subscribe a hundred pounds to the Independent Theatre if it produces a play by me. I shall complete my masterpiece whenever I can be bothered. It will be English, realistic, and in the strictest sense, *original* and *unconventional;* that is to say, it will be such a play as no manager outside Bedlam would dream of producing.

"The subscriptions to the Independent Theatre for the coming season will be . . . . . "G***GE M**RE."

The following, though all too brief, throws some light on a point which has vexed the souls of many :—

"I confess I am not satisfied with the present methods of dramatic writing. When Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' was produced it made a profound impression. It was, however, remarked that the dramatic incidents of which it treated had all occurred prior to the opening of the play, and were in 'Hamlet' simply narrated. I then wrote and published 'Is His Nibs off His Nut?' as a prologue to Shakespeare's play, and succeeded in showing exactly what that writer should have done with his subject. '*That was Why.*'

"I would gladly explain my views at greater length, but I am at present engaged in a correspondence with Mr. Gladstone respecting 'The Civil Service Dust-Hole.' I am informed that the Right Honourable gentleman regards me as an excellent substitute for the ginger-bread nut and the cow.

"A*ST*N FR**RS."

The views of a well-known poet-dramatist have, unfortunately, been irretrievably lost, all that is left being a tobacco-scented slip of paper with a postscript, which reads as follows :—

"Provided your readers do not understand what I have written, they may in time learn to appreciate it as much as I do myself. "O. W."

And now I must reluctantly bring my burrowing amongst this fascinating literary flotsam and jetsam to a close, with what seems to be a reply to an offensively personal question :—

"As you have doubtless learnt from the columns of *The Referee*, the gold-headed cane which has been my constant companion for many years, and has travelled with me over many a thousand miles of land and sea, went through the iron grating the other night on the pier at Brighton and fell with a melancholy plash in the depths of the ocean. I am not, however, without hope that the stick may float, and that I may recover it. *As soon as I do so I shall have pleasure in calling at your office in person* to reply to your query as to Why I Do Not Write English? It will, I think, be the last time such a question is put to "D*G*N*T."

These extracts must suffice for the present. I think, however, I have quoted enough to show that the sweepings of a waste-paper basket may be quite as edifying as the correspondence columns of a newspaper during "silly season."

William Alison.

Lavinia Fenton.

THE number of English actresses who have married Peers is not very large, and Lavinia Fenton, who became the wife of Charles, third Duke of Bolton, is one of the most conspicuous of them. Her father was a lieutenant in the Navy, called Beswick who went on duty shortly before the child's birth, requesting, it is said, that in case a son was born he should be called Porteus; if a daughter, her name should be Lavinia. The mother, shortly after Lavinia's birth, married a Mr. Fenton, who lived in the Old Bailey, and the couple then set up a coffee-house near to Charing Cross. The child speedily became a favourite with the frequenters of the tavern for, as one of her biographers tells us, she was "of a vivacious, lively spirit, and a promising beauty," and "had some singular turns of wit, which shew'd her of an aspiring genius." She was especially quick at picking up the popular tunes which the "humming Beaux," as the musical gentlemen of those days were called, used to sing, and a comedian who was among her mother's customers took pains to teach her to use her voice properly. She was sent to a boarding-school while still very young, and remained there until she was in her teens. In the meantime, the coffee-house at Charing Cross had been given up, and her mother had returned to her former home in the Old Bailey. As soon as she left school, we are told that Lavinia made use of a "killing coyness" to attract the opposite sex, with the result that a student of the Inner Temple, a Portuguese nobleman, and a mercer's apprentice, were soon at her feet. The Portuguese was the favourite, and the story goes that on one occasion when he was imprisoned for debt, Lavinia sold her jewels to obtain his release.

In 1725, her thoughts turned to the stage, and in March in the following year she made her first appearance as Monimia in Otway's "Orphans; or, The Unhappy Marriage," at the new theatre in the Haymarket. She was immediately successful, and in consequence, as was always the case in those days, had a number of presents and letters sent to her by unknown admirers. One gentleman declared that for love of her he was changed from "the most lively, brisk, fashionable, mannerly, genteel Beau in the army, to the most dull, insipid, slovenly, out-o'-th'-way temper'd dunce in Christendom." He adds, rather comically, that unless she looks favourably on him, his heart, which is the barrel of his body, will certainly burst and blow him into atoms. A week after her first appearance, she shared a benefit with an actor called Gilbert, and took the part of Cherry Boniface in "The Beaux' Stratagem." Lavinia played at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was managed by Rich, who paid her

the not very magnificent salary of 15s. a week. Her popularity was soon immense, and she became "the most celebrated toast in town," and was praised on all hands for her graceful acting. Up to the end of 1727 Lavinia Fenton's career had been promising, but not specially remarkable. Her good looks and her graces of manner had secured for her a very considerable following, for in those days a pretty woman was far more assured of success on the stage than she is now. But not even then were good looks sufficient to obtain for their owner anything like lasting popularity.

On the 29th of January, 1728, Gay's famous "Beggars' Opera" was produced for the first time by Rich at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The manager felt extremely doubtful as to the success of it; neither Swift nor Pope thought it would take, though Congreve said it would "either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." The cast was a fairly strong one, but little was spent in staging the piece. Walker played Macheath, and Miss Fenton was cast for Polly Peachum. In the middle of the first act the Duke of Argyll, who was sitting in an adjoining box, was overheard by Pope and Swift to exclaim: "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them." The Duke was no false prophet, and the success of the "Beggars' Opera" was unequivocal. In the notes to the Dunciad it is stated "this piece was received with greater applause than was ever known," and it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. The verdict of the first night audience was afterwards more than confirmed; the "Beggars' Opera" was played almost continuously until the 9th of March, a run at that time quite unprecedented.

If the play was a triumph, so was Lavinia's performance as Polly Peachum. She became so completely the rage that Gay, writing to Swift, who had desired him to secure an early copy of "Polly's messotinto," says:—"Polly, who was before unknown, is now in so high vogue that I am in doubt whether her fame does not surpass that of the opera itself." So completely did Miss Fenton identify herself with her part that after the performance she was called Polly Peachum on as well as off the stage, and her real name was never heard. Lavinia Fenton ceased to be, and Polly Peachum took her place. Crowds of beaux waited to escort her home every night after the performance. Many pictures of her appeared, and a perfect cyclone of adulatory poems arose. Her charms were dilated upon in numberless broadsheets, in verses of which the following "by a person of honour," will serve as a specimen:—

Happy *Johnny Gay*
Whose successful *play*
Is made the *theam* of all we say,
And our pills for Melancholly,
But this is all
Due to *Poll*—
When th' house is full—
Who drew them there but *Polly!*
For who can stay did *Polly* call,
For who can stay did *Polly* call
Prevailing, lovely *Poll*.

The "person of honour" was a distinctly feeble poet, and his prodigal use of italics is not easily understood. But it must not be supposed that the cup of the triumphant Polly was without its drop of gall. Many of the broadsheets were uncomplimentary; some of them went so far as to call the fair one very ugly names indeed. Amongst the effusions was a pamphlet entitled "Letters in Prose and Verse To the celebrated Polly Peachum from The most Eminent of her Admirers and Rivals," in which she is variously addressed as "Most amiable Lady," "Most unaccountable Charmer," "Charming Ma'am," "Stupendous Madam," and so forth.

The most impressive moment of Miss Fenton's impersonation in the "Beggars' Opera" seems to have been her appeal to Mr. and Mrs. Peachum to spare Macheath when she sang the ballad "O! ponder well; be not severe!" It is stated that her passionate rendering of the song caused intense enthusiasm and secured the success of the play. She looked charming in a dress described by Macklin as being "very like the simplicity of a modern quaker," and one of the scenes of the play is the subject of one of Hogarth's pictures, in which Lavinia's future husband, the Duke of Bolton, is represented watching her intently from one of the side-boxes. When the first run of the opera was over, Miss Fenton's salary was doubled, and she appeared as Almida for Quin's benefit in Vanbrugh's adaptation of "The Pilgrim," by Beaumont and Massinger, while a few days later she played Ophelia. On the 6th of April, Genest records that she appeared for the benefit of Walker, the actor who played Macheath on the first production of the "Beggars' Opera," as Leanthe in "Love in a Bottle." Her own benefit took place in the same month, when she acted Cherry in "The Beaux' Stratagem," and popular as she was, gave universal offence by joining pit and boxes, with the result that the benefit was anything but a success. But manager Rich, who had always been amongst the most devoted of Polly's admirers, came to the rescue, and taking the receipts himself that night, gave her another benefit on the 4th of May, when the "Beggars' Opera" was played again, and the aristocratic occupants of the boxes, pacified by the restoration of the barriers dividing them from the pit, came in gratifying numbers.

Lavinia Fenton made her last appearance in her old part in the 62nd representation of the "Beggars' Opera," on the 19th of April, 1728. She had only been on the stage two years, and in that time had gained one triumph and made no failures. On quitting the stage she became the mistress of the Duke of Bolton, and in a letter from Gay to Swift he says:—"The Duke of Bolton, I hear, has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled £400 a year on her during pleasure, and upon disagreement £200 a year." The Duke was twenty-three years older than the lady, but they seem to have got on well together, and Lavinia was faithful to her lover for over twenty years, during which time three children were born. At all events, soon after the death of the Duke's wife, in 1751, Polly gained another triumph by marrying the noble widower, and becoming

Duchess of Bolton. This was a matrimonial success which eclipsed even her histrionic success in the "Beggars' Opera." Her conduct as a wife was admirably discreet, and she seems to have been popular, although it is stated in the *New Monthly Magazine*, that for some cause she was so detested by the lower orders about her place of residence, that after her death they were with difficulty prevented from dragging her body out of the coffin. Very probably there is little truth in this tale; malicious paragraphs were the backbone of the newspapers of those days.

The Duke died three years after his marriage with Lavinia, and that his wife kept his affection to the end is proved by the fact that he provided handsomely before his death for his illegitimate children by her (there was no issue after the marriage), and by his will bequeathed all his property to his "dear and beloved wife." Unfortunately the Duchess's conduct after her husband's death is not altogether what one could wish. In the expressive phrase of Horace Walpole she "after a life of merit relapsed into her Pollyhood." She went to Tunbridge Wells for the sake of her health, and "there picked up an Irish surgeon." Walpole goes on to state that "when she was dying, this fellow sent for a lawyer to make her will; but the man finding who was to be her heir, instead of her children, refused to draw it. The Court of Chancery did furnish another less scrupulous, and her three sons have but a thousand pounds apiece, the surgeon nine thousand." Whatever truth there is in this story, it must be remembered that the Duke of Bolton had already placed the three sons in question in a strong financial position. Walpole gives no hint of this, and probably he did not know it, but it very materially lightens the imputation he makes against the Duchess.

It would, of course, be absurd to call Lavinia a great actress. That title is not won by a single success in such a play as the one Swift nicknamed "The Newgate Pastoral." Her performance of other *rôles* seems to have been adequate if not remarkable, but as Mrs. Charles Mathews says:—"The abilities of Miss Fenton cannot be disputed, the universal panegyrics of the time, and the anxiety of the managers to monopolise her services, assure us that no actress or singer could at any period of the drama be more popular." She will be known to students of the stage as long as the play is remembered which she helped to make a success, and which made, to quote a contemporary jest, Gay *rich* and Rich *gay*. Certainly her private life was not all that a moderately stern moralist could desire. But the stage of those days was not as the stage of ours. The age of Lavinia Fenton was openly vicious, and the theatre inevitably mirrored the age. For the rest, she had many virtues, including fidelity and affection, to compensate for her many failings. In a word, like the vast majority of her fellow-creatures in all ages, she was neither too good nor too bad. Her appearance, to judge from the contemporary prints, was graceful and charming, rather than absolutely beautiful. A portrait of her by Hogarth in the National Gallery represents her with a vivacious expression, in a

wonderful dress of green, red, brown, and gold. That her charms were not entirely physical may be assumed from the statement of Dr. Warton that "her conversation was much admired by the first spirits of the age, particularly by old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville."

C. J. H.

The Wraith of a Rose.

ENVIED once a withered rose
That slept upon a maiden's breast,
Far more a thousand times than those
By Spring and budding strength caressed.

That flow'r, now mine, the past redeems,
And lights the year's long darksome rift,
Time fades it more, yet fresher seems
The trembling kiss that graced the gift.

'Twas watered with a silent tear,
That fell from clouds of parting gloom,
That makes the faded leaves appear
A flow'r of everlasting bloom.

Horace W. C. Newte.

Plays of the Month.

"THE QUEEN OF MANOA."

A new play of modern life, in four acts, by C. Haddon Chambers and W. Outram Tristram. First produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Thursday evening, September 15th, 1892

Armand Sevarro ..	Mr. Lewis Waller.
Baron Finot..	Mr. Cyril Maude.
Lord Chudleigh	Mr. H. Flemming.
The Rt. Hon. Richard Malvern	Mr. Edmund Maurice.
Major Garrett	Mr. Chas. Collette.
Mr. Hill	Mr. Rudge Harding.
Mr. Wildrake	Mr. W. Cheesman.
Mr. Archibald McNair	Mr. J. H. Batson.
Mr. Quaverly	Mr. Bindloss.
Lord Topsam	Mr. Cave Chinn.
Mr. Budleigh	Mr. Knox Orde.
Sir Charles Minster ..	Mr. Kingscote.
Allan	Mr. Phillips.
Servant	Mr. Albert Sims.
Lady Violet Malvern	Mrs. Langtry.
Miss Dorothy Blair ..	Miss Marie Linden.
Lady Helmore	Miss H. Lindley.
Mrs. Paddington Clover	Miss Emily Cross.
Lady Dashley	Miss Rose Nesbitt.
Miss Undercliff.. ..	Miss Ingreville.
Mrs. Manton	Miss Kate Tyndale.
Mrs. Macham	Miss Anna Hardinge.

A Brazilian "savage" in swallow tails, Sevarro by name, having gazed for one-minute-and-a-half into the purple eyes of Lady Violet, employs undertones and confides a secret to her. In a voice musical with something or other—possibly passion, probably intention—he informs her that she is the long-sought Queen of Manoa. Seeing that the lady wears a coronet of diamonds, and that he is a "savage," his mistake is intelligible. Less so is that which leads him to pay her—the youthful wife of his elderly host—the attentions properly due to his betrothed, Lady Violet's cousin, Dorothy Blair. However he is not less impulsive than handsome, and he persists in pursuing her, until she is compromised and Dorothy is wretched. Then the flirtation bladder is pricked. Malvern, the lady's Right honourable husband, a portly person with whiskers and a Parliamentary manner, proves a dark horse. He has led us to believe that his belly is his god; whereas in reality his care for the *menu* was merely a blind. He dotes on his wife, and tactfully cuts the knot that Sevarro is tying her up in. An appeal to her honour is sufficient. Moved by that sense of duty which actuates every woman who has married her grandfather (or an equivalent) for money, and sincerely anxious to avoid giving Dorothy grounds for serious uneasiness, she administers the *coup de grace*. Unhappily in doing so she follows Armand's pernicious example and adopts an undertone. Although a "savage," he knows what that means, wrings from her a sort of faltering Yes-No-and-a-gasp admission that she loves him, and taking her by surprise ensnares her to a kiss. That kiss is Judas-like in its effect. It works ruin all round. On the strength of it, Armand jilts Dorothy, believing that his Queen of Manoa will fly with him to the regions where that fabled city is supposed to lie, and when his virtuous if love-sick monarch declines to leave her portly spouse, and invites the romantic savage to regard her as his sister, he responds by disturbing the little fishes in the Thames at Marlow. This may sound unattractive, but really in action it is not unentertaining. Truth to tell, the play presents such a succession of surprises, that much feebleness and more irrelevancy are lost sight of in amazed bewilderment. Lady Violet through two acts looks like a very villainess, but proves in the end a very pattern of virtue. Malvern begins as a glutton, but executes a dazzling quick change

into a domestic sage and saint. For half the play we are led to regard Baron Finot—a stage cynic, naturally French—as the guardian angel of Dorothy and Armand, but this is only another of the authors' diversions. He has no more to do with the plot than the Malverns' non-comical lady reciter or their worse-than-Adelphi guests. So it is all the way through. What the nature of the principal characters may be, none but the authors dare more than guess. The composition is hazier than a view by Whistler of the Chelsea Embankment in a fog. One scene there is indeed excellently written—the appeal of Malvern to his wife—but this is all, and even this is hardly a gem bright enough to dispel, or precious enough to compensate for, the surrounding haze. Much good work was wasted on the piece. Mrs. Langtry, regally beautiful, several times touched a note of sincerity, and more than once was on the verge of moving her audience. Vibrant Mr. Waller endued the faithless Sevarro with a manliness few actors could compass. Mr. Flemming was "very, very good" as a good young peer who had once been "horrid." Mr. Maude, in effective wig and clothes, delivered all the best lines with point, and scored an easy hit. Mr. Maurice dared what few would dare—and still fewer could hope to accomplish as he did—that alarming contradiction, a dignified buffoon. Something of this sort he achieved as the Tom and Jerry cornet in "Beau Austin." To the highest form of art along these lines M. Tarride introduced us last summer in the pantomimic "Don Juan." The Right Hon. Richard is not equal to that. For one thing, he has not an equal chance. But Mr. Maurice presents a very able and impressive study, and gathers a handful of honours from a well-nigh barren tree. Miss Marie Linden, thrice welcome back to the stage she has too long deserted, invests Dorothy—a mere skeleton of a part—with all the grace and sweetness that the character can bear. But not all this wealth of beauty and of strength can conceal the poverty of motive or the threadbare action, and "The Queen of Manoa" must regretfully be classed among the inexplicable experiments, and, moreover, the disastrous.

"THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER."

An Up-to-date Sporting Drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. First produced at Drury Lane Theatre on Saturday evening, September 17th, 1892.

Sir John Woodmere ..	Mr. Henry Neville.
Maurice Deepwater ..	Mr. James Fernandez.
Captain Harry Vernon	Mr. Leonard Boyne.
The Hon. Julian Belford	Mr. Julius Knight.
Lord Banbury	Mr. Harry Nicholls.
Dudley Roper	Mr. J. L. Shine.
Tom Blinker	Mr. Arthur Williams.
Miserable Jim	Mr. C. Dodsworth.
Joseph Gunn	Mr. Frank Damer.
French Waiter	Mr. Campbell Gallan.
Major Ormsby	Mr. Frank Harrison.
Mr. Wood	Mr. James Francis.
Captain Woodstock ..	Mr. Standley Wade.
Sir Walter	Mr. Alfred Collins.
James	Mr. Thomas Terriss.
Rose Woodmere ..	Miss Millward.
Violet Woodmere ..	Miss B. Horlock.
Dorcas Gentle	Miss Fanny Brough.
Maid servant	Miss G. Cook.
Concierge	Mrs. B. de Solla.

Criticism has no more to do with the autumn drama at Drury Lane than had the head of Charles the First with Mr. Dick's Memorial. The conditions of production preclude the employment of any such standard of judgment. This hardy annual should rather be looked on as a venturesome tenant—a tenant reckless enough to attempt the farming of a wilderness of an estate. If he pays his rent and does not impoverish the ground he is a good tenant, and if he can't make both ends meet he is a bad one. And in either case there is no more to be said. The famous dictum of Alexandre the Great had a subtle inner meaning which not even "Spectator" has fathomed. "Give me four boards and a passion, and I will give you a drama." So it ran,

did it not? Observe the "four boards." Not forty thousand boards, for on them he knew that the passion he asked for would pan out so thin that it would simply emphasise the acres to be covered. But four—a wee stage, implying a wee theatre—where not an atom of force would be lost. Now at the National Theatre—hereafter to be known as the Grand National—there are forty thousand, more or less, and even a dozen passions do not go far. We cannot get near enough to become absorbed in the action of the *virus*. The victims are such a huge way off that we cannot feel very much more intimately concerned in their squirmings and shriekings than in the death throes of cholera-stricken multitudes in Russia, or of thousands roasted by an eruption in Japan. We merely take an impersonal interest in sufferers at a distance. They form items of news, that is all. The human side of the story evades us, or rather we lose it in the distance. Nothing but the outlines are visible, and they are not striking enough to produce a lasting impression. Consequently, at Drury Lane we just glance over the leading figures ranged behind the footlights—and become alive to the awful emptiness behind. This, of course, shrewd gentlemen like Mr. Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris discern, and, very rightly from their point of view, bend their energies upon that emptiness rather than the drama. That is to say they endeavour to find a tenant who will utilise every square inch of ground in a generally attractive way. "The Prodigal Daughter" is exactly the tenant they want. What simplicity and beauty she has are borrowed from a very much older sister, Olivia Primrose, whose pathetic graces and refinements remain however with the original. This matters little. The show, the show's the thing: and this prodigal tenant leaves not a foot of the ground unturned. Amazing is the use it is put to: and amazing will be the harvest reaped. To country mansions with horses and hounds and huntsmen in pink, succeeds the Paris Grand Hotel, alive with carriages and visitors in gorgeous evening garb, and from Paris we flit to Aintree, where a bold attempt to poison the favourite is dexterously foiled, the Grand National is run in full view of the house, and the un-nobbled "Duke" romps in a winner. This scene out-Herods Herod. The stage-managerial obstacles faced and overcome might daunt a Stanley. And the excitement aroused by a dozen thoroughbreds, the water jump, the yelling crowds, the touts, the bookies, the jockeys soused and welshers lynched, practically puts an end to the play. There is another act—for the return of the prodigal and the discomfiture of the villains—but nobody listens, for "The Duke" has romped away with all the honours, whether of the racecourse or the evening. Were criticism not superfluous, and almost impertinent, many weak spots might be fingered. As for example this swamping of the primary by the secondary plot, the failure of the writers to rein the public in once they start on the nobbling of "The Duke," and the racing interest. But criticism is not wanted, nor is there room for it. It must suffice that there is the usual melodramatic plot, compounded of simpleton fathers and over-trustful daughters, of foully dastard lovers and Machiavellian blackleg financiers. There is also the comic couple—this time a Quakeress and a callow lordling—whose carpenter-scene-in-the-pantomime class of humour never palls, so long as Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. Nicholls employ their talents on it. Sad to relate, there is also the happy-ever-after ending, purchased at the expense of much self-respect—the heroine wedding the brutal ruffian who gratuitously betrayed and deserted her, and her cousin accepting a gentleman

whom she has implicitly credited with that unspeakable meanness. This, however, the audience barely grasps, for "The Duke" monopolises all attention. The actors have little opportunity, but what there is they make the most of. Mr. Arthur Williams as an honest stable help does the best work; he is wonderfully natural and artistic. Mr. Neville is a hearty English squire. Mr. Fernandez a sinister villain, and Mr. Shine a comic one. Mr. Boyne rides the favourite, and Mr. Knight, a rugged actor of distinct promise, achieves many infamies as the gentleman-jockey who is yet an unstable hero. Miss Millward exhibits more of the genuine power she has lately acquired, playing the Prodigal with fine intensity and passion. Miss Horlock, of course, looks sweetly pretty, and Mr. Dodsworth asa broken jockey, dramatically creepy, does not. And here the cast practically ends. "The Duke," once "Voluptuary" realwinnerof a real Grand National, however, must be mentioned, for he it is who is more important than anyone—it is through his exertions that "The Prodigal Daughter" is saved.

"THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION."

A farce, in one act, by ISRAEL ZANGWILL and L. COWEN.
First produced at the Royalty Theatre on Saturday evening, September 17th, 1892.

Vernon Howard	Mr. FRANK LINDO.	Mary	Miss LIZZIE RUGGLES.
Bill Boggles	Mr. R. H. DOUGLASS.		

Any work to which Mr. Zangwill's name is appended as that of author or part-author challenges attention. Mr. Zangwill is a wit of the first water, and his immediate success with his "Bachelors' Club" and his "Old Maid's Club"—books which scintillate with diamond-like wit, hard and clear and brilliant—entitles him to a more than respectful hearing when he tries his hand at a play. This farce, though evidently some years old, is not unworthy of his recent record. A wealthy young Socialist, infatuated to the extent of practising what he preaches, and in theatrical parlance "realising his poster," gives a "professional working-man" the run of his house—and portable property. Mr. Boggles improves the occasion and pawns right and left for drink, until Howard's very superior and comely domestic—an American millionairess in disguise, bent upon discovering for herself the character of the enthusiast she was always intended to marry—discloses the joints in Mr. Boggles' armour, weans Howard from Quixotism, and metaphorically bears him off to the registrar. The thin plot is hardly discernible beneath the lavish spread of wit and humour. Good things abound, and hits are distributed impartially in every direction. Mr. Douglass acted with great humour as the British working-man, of the Eccles or J. F. Sullivan type; and Mr. Lindo and Miss Ruggles were bright and amusing as hero and heroine. The farce is so clever that it deserves wide popularity, although in some respects behind the time, and the wealth of broad low comedy with which its authors have endowed it should enable it to secure its deserts.

The re-opening of the Vaudeville by the Messrs. Gatti on the 14th September may prove an event of importance, as a declaration of policy, for they then revived "Our Boys." It was an occasion for some to rejoice and some to blasphème, for in many quarters it had been thought that Byron's day was past. With Mr. David James available for the Butterman, this was an estimate a little too previous. The humanity of his study, always remarkable but now more persuasive than ever, soon beat down every vestige of opposition, and secured for the thirteen-hundred-night-old comedy a boisterous welcome. With him the play stands. Without him perhaps it might fall. And that in spite of

the very strong cast engaged to support him. Of his associates most are familiar. Mr. William Farren, the original Sir Geoffrey, plays that Byronic aristocrat with all his original hauteur. Miss Cicely Richards, the inimitable slavey, is again inimitable. The rare humour of Miss Sophie Larkin is once more wasted upon the simpering Miss Champneys. And although not the original Talbot, Mr. E. W. Gardiner repeats in that libellous caricature a familiar study—first tried at the Criterion two years ago. Miss Eva Moore, pretty and charming, is new to the thankless part of Violet, once associated with Miss Roselle, as is Miss May Whitty to that of Mary Melrose, whose most distinguished representatives hitherto have been Miss Kate Bishop and Miss Olga Brandon; while Mr. Reeves Smith as Charles treads in the big footsteps of Mr. Warner, and, in one sense, the smaller ones of Mr. Willard, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and Mr. Leonard Boyne. These new comers act extremely well. The pity of it is that such talent as Miss Whitty's, for instance, should not have the chance of doing better. The comedy as a whole has perhaps never been so brilliantly played; but *the* performance stands out in startling relief nevertheless, and Mr. James in this revival makes good his claim to be classed as a great comedian.

The revival of "Betsy" at the Criterion on August 22 calls for little comment. The innocuous humour of Mr. Burnand's discreet adaptation of a *risqué* farce remains. The humour of some of the original actors, alas, does not. With some of their substitutes no fault can be found. Unctuous Mr. W. J. Hill may well be supplanted by unctuous Mr. Blakeley, whose diverting drawl and grotesque facial contortions would move a Socialist to laughter. Mr. David James, junior, is fully equipped to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Alfred Maltby, the original Mr. Dawson. Now and then Mr. James does indeed step outside his part to indulge his appetite for drollery, but this is pardonable—now and then—in such a piece. Then Mr. Giddens is available once more for the lively Dick Talbot. But what of the successors to piquant Miss Lottie Venne, to poor Lytton Sothern, so bright and boyish and sunny, to Mrs. "Grannie" Stephens, quaintest of solicitous mothers, to Miss Mary Rorke, of the lovely Irish beauty and the dainty Irish brogue? These, alas, are not all they might be. Miss Jenny Rogers is a comely little soubrette with much in her favour, but of the French *finesse* employed by the Betsy of Miss Venne she knows nothing—not even, like Flibbertigibbet, from hearsay. Mr. Welton Dale, too, loses infinitely through never having seen a good model, as Dolly. He inclines to the comedian, when he should be the boy; forgetting that boyishness, like virtue, carries its own reward. One new comer there is, however, to be heartily welcomed. Miss Ellis Jeffreys, by the aid of a superb physique and a certain air of distinction, secures for Madame Polenta a prominence she never enjoyed before, and sets a few wits busy upon Miss Jeffreys' future career.

Some Amateur Performances.

"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," BY THE SHAKESPEARE READING SOCIETY.

"Balder the beautiful is dead! is dead!" sings the poet, and if Mr. Barlow is to be believed, our national appreciation for blank verse is in the same pitiable plight. Through the pages of the *Contemporary* resounds his lament, merciless in its denunciation, comprehensive in its reproach—a reproach from which not the very (Wellington Street) Temple itself of Shakespeare is exempt. Exempt! Nay, they that minister therein are singled out and held up for especial reprobation as arch-offenders against him they profess to honour—and the people, says Mr. Barlow in effect, love to have it so! "Have they," he asks, referring more in sorrow than in anger to the "gaping crowds" who nightly throng the Temple, "heard Shakespeare? Have they heard the matchless music of Shakespeare's verse? Have they heard the passion, the pathos, the love, the wrath, the gentleness, the tenderness that are in Shakespeare expressed and rendered back to them by the adequate elocution of intelligent and instructed interpreters?" Evidently not, in Mr. Barlow's opinion. A dire reflection! "On horror's head horrors accumulate," for the natural question is forced upon us, If these things be done in the green tree, for what may we reasonably look from the dry? Well, if the Shakespeare Reading Society be included in the latter category, I answer, Considerably more than might be imagined, even if they be judged solely upon the merits of their last production, and for the moment, their creditable roll of former achievements be put completely out of court. Listening to them, at any rate, it is possible to catch some measure of the matchless music of "the master's" verse. In truth, perhaps here and there may be sounded an uncertain note; at moments the swelling symphony becomes but the faint strain of a far-away melody, but not for an instant does the echo die away. Neither are they wholly ignorant of that rule upon which Mr. Barlow lays such stress—and in the breach of which Sara herself is numbered among the transgressors—that "in reciting verse special expression may be given either to what may be called the dramatic music of the verse, or to the syllabic music. The two methods are not wholly compatible; one must sometimes be pursued at the sacrifice, or at any rate the temporary sacrifice, of the other." True, O critic! But here is a little band who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who have not subscribed their signature to the modern heresy which is for exalting the dramatic music, no matter at what cost, to the rhythmical structure of the verse. And the world of art is the richer for this band of loyal workers. It is to them we look, and not in vain, for the revival—always interesting if not always adequate—of the lesser known works of the master dramatist. Their net is cast wide, and if, as in the present instance, the haul be not perhaps of the happiest, it is not without its charm. To this comedy indeed applies in equal measure Mr. Lang's verdict on "All's Well that Ends Well." "Being Shakespeare's, it has gifts of poetry, wisdom, humour, tenderness, and truth; but most of his immortal children are far more richly dowered; to most we return more frequently and with heartier pleasure." There is small suggestion of virility in either Valentine or Proteus—their beards are but budding, and their wisdom teeth in abeyance—and a forcible rendering would have been misplaced, for thereby would the comedy be unduly weighted. Hence the parts were entrusted not unwisely to the hands of ladies. That their rendering would be a trifle tame, their intensity a thought too thin, was inevitable—though Miss Dresser's Valentine, be it said, was noticeable for its pretty air of boyish sprightliness—but at least the requisite balance of the play was struck and maintained. Good intentions, we know, do not always attain their destined end, and Miss Julia Queenson's well-meant efforts were not crowned with success. She elected to play Proteus with the loud pedal down, and the result was a deafening dissonance which effectually drowned the drift of the character. A

misconception, and a grave one! Neither was Miss Rose Mitchell absolutely faithful to her model. A bold, resolute picture, of a truth, but in no sense a portrait of Thurio the Foolish. Mr. G. H. Blagrove's Duke was a vigorous, incisive piece of work, full of broad effects. Carefully studied, too, was the Eglamour of Miss Montgomery, whilst Mr. Leonard Howard's appreciation of Launce was on a very high level of humour. That Mr. T. L. Mannering failed to attain the same level was in the main due to a tendency to exaggeration, for his Speed was not without merit of a certain kind. Practically thrown away upon the small part of the Host, Mr. William Poel yet contrived to make it stand out as a vivid bit of character. Gracious, and withal spirited—a very valuable item in Sylvia's list of charms—was Miss Gertrude Fox's rendering; and rarely sweet and winsome—moving, too, in a marked degree—Miss Florence Bourne's presentment of Julia.

"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED," AT KILBURN.

"He was all soldier and very much man," is the description given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Dick of a picture in which he depicted a soldier in action. But the public being of a queasy stomach—despite the assertion of Mr. Barry Pain's Journalist that "the circulation of a newspaper depends upon the blood"—did not recognise in his conception anything approaching to the well-groomed, beneficent-looking object it had heen accustomed to see curvetting gaily in the Lord Mayor's Show, or "processing" ponderously in attendance on Her Majesty, and it passed by on the other side. Then Dick took his picture home, and he painted out the savagery, replacing it by a look of seraphic mildness; "man being naturally mild when he is fighting for his life," and "the soldier being naturally trim and smart in the heat of action;" he polished up his accoutrements, until the blood-bespattered, battle-begrimed desperado became an irreproachable specimen of a tailor's dummy—an "oil'd and curl'd Assyrian bull." This was the merciless revenge taken upon his work by Dick—grimly sardonic—and treatment not a whit less merciless is that to which Dick himself is subjected at the hands of his adaptor. This the Dick we know! A Dick tamed and conventionalised, with never a hair out of its place, and his mind, like his feet, metaphorically encased in patent leather shoes. A Dick who might be of the confraternity of the Young Men's Christian Association and would not, we are well assured, ever afford grounds for a debate as to the advisability of admitting a ravening wolf into the fold; a possible Sunday School teacher, officiating with gusto at Sunday School teas, whom we should view there with equanimity, confident that he would never bring discredit upon his calling. A very estimable young man in his way, but not for a moment Mr. Kipling's creation. And why not? Was it fear of the audience that stayed Mr. Courtenay Thorpe's hand in transplanting Dick "with all his imperfections on his head," from the library to the footlights? Here in London, in truth, we suffer grief and pain. Our dramatists have many things to say unto us—we have novelists burning to be delivered of their message—but we cannot bear them (the messages not the novelists) yet, or at any rate we refuse to pay for them, which, from the messenger's point of view, amounts to the same thing. But are things in this parlous state, on what Fuchsia Leach calls "her side the pond," where Mr. Thorpe's play was produced in the first instance? A big nation where everything from capital to railway accidents is on a correspondingly generous scale—a country where Judge Lynch is still apt to break bounds when his feelings get beyond his control—will not accept a bit of genuine human nature! There was no spot of American soil for Dick as he is, untamed, unpolished "very much man!" It is incredible. There is another and more probable theory. It was not as dramatist, I think, that Mr. Thorpe "feared his fate too much," but as actor. It was not that, in adapting Dick, he had both eyes on the audience, but that he had one eye upon Mr. Thorpe, for whom the part was designed, and, accurately gauging his own capabilities—for beyond all question Mr. Thorpe is the exponent of the poetical rather than the material side of life—pruned the intractable, wayward overgrowth in accordance with the trim limits of the conventional flower-border. And without doubt Mr. Thorpe is right, from his own point of view. There was nothing to be gained by struggling helplessly in the massive folds of a giant's robe, wherein his delicate method would be lost as completely as a light under a bushel. It is after all no small achievement to recognise one's limita-

tions, and within those limitations he does some very good work, calling into existence, not Dick perhaps—let him not be deceived upon that point—but a being of considerable charm and, at rare moments, of pathetic truth. But Dick is not sole sufferer. The novel is compassed by a one-act play, and as a natural consequence, the characters are victimised. It is no easy feat to reduce each figure to its due proportion, and to obviate the difficulty, Procrustes' rough-and-ready method presents attractions of its own. Thus, Torpenhow finds his length of limb considerably curtailed, whilst Bessie, stretched to her farthest limits, looms imposingly upon the horizon. This latter is a pardonable error, however, when she happens to be in the hands of Miss Frances Ivor, whose powerful grasp of the passionate, untutored spirit was the event of the evening. The cast was completed by Mr. Gottschalk's somewhat irresolute Torpenhow, and Mrs. Thompson's Maisie, a colourless conception. Verdict, a play with no lack of interest; but not the play we went out for to see. Yet another effort —yclept "Amos Tyrrel"—from Mr. Thorpe's pen! The spirit of prudence had in one instance steered him clear of the quicksands, but surely she was nodding, or peradventure worsted in her conflict with valour, when he set out to essay Amos, recently acquitted of murder, and thirsting to revenge old wrongs upon the head of his late counsel. Mr. Thorpe is not cast in the denunciatory mould, and, though in his quieter moments every word told, his performance therefore, despite much genuine hard work, as a whole missed its mark. Mr. Ferrand made a dignified Q.C., and Miss Graham made a dainty *ingénue*, whilst Mr. Gottschalk filled in with considerable skill the somewhat sketchy outlines of a humorous valet. There was no just cause why "The Rough Diamond" should have hung fire. It is an admirable old play, and, like a good silk, will almost stand by itself. That it should not do so altogether was apparently a matter for surprise to the actors, who for the most part evidently deemed their support quite superfluous; one notable exception, Mr. Thorpe, who flung himself heart and soul into the breach, working like a galley-slave to conceal the deficiencies of his comrades at moments—too, too rare, alas!—even striking sparks by sheer force from his petrifying surroundings.

"GOOD FOR NOTHING," AT THE KILBURN TOWN HALL.

"Deliver me from my friends," would be a petition which would figure, I fancy, rather prominently in Nan's litany, were she endowed with independent speech. To the budding amateur she is a veritable Aunt Sally. He hauls her out, and props her up, and derives infinite satisfaction from pelting her with sticks. Then he rams her lawless little head against the wall, gouges out her bright eyes, and if there is yet a kick left in her, inflicts sundry stabs from which the sawdust streams, leaving of her lissom body nought but a shapeless carcass, with which he promptly mops the floor. And then he rests on his laurels, panting perhaps, but proudly conscious of "something attempted, something done, to earn the night's repose," and all with the quaintest air of meritorious enjoyment. It is not that he is wantonly destructive—that he is thirsting to pay off an ancient grudge against her. His affection for her is boundless as the ocean, and his boisterous caresses every whit as undiscriminating. He has her safely in his grip, but how to treat her he has not the remotest idea, and so it ends in the game of breaking a butterfly. Poor Nan! She had a desperate struggle for life at Kilburn, but to no avail, the destroyer was upon her. Miss Maud Hickman's picture of the little street hoyden was in truth not without its gleams of intelligence, but gleams which could only faintly pierce the dense pall of ignorance and self-distrust by which she was hampered. As to the Tom, Harry and Charlie of Mr. Treadaway, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Robinson, they were performances chiefly memorable for their depressing discomfort, all of which might have been materially minimised by a timely appeal to an efficient stage-manager. A nice comprehension of Croker, the misogynist, by Mr. Stanley Greig, and Browser, humorously touched up by Mr. Havelock Collins, were the noticeable features of "Dearest Mamma," but opposed to Miss Robinson's unnatural Mamma, Miss Hickman's nerveless Mrs. Honeywood, and the Harry Clinton of Mr. Robinson—still unaccountably depressed—they did not lighten the general atmosphere to any appreciable extent.

THE "AGAMEMNON," AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

That of a triumphant conqueror is the attitude adopted by Bradfield College towards things dramatic. Two years ago the dread citadel of Sophocles' "Antigone" yielded to their admirably sustained attack. With "Excelsior" for their watch-word, they journey on from strength to strength, and to-day, burning like Alexander for fresh fields to conquer, nobler heights to scale, they roll their eyes greedily where the cloud-tipped pinnacles of Æschylus' masterpiece rears its head aloft. Splendid enterprise! And surely splendid failure with a masterpiece is nobler than that "even saunter into success," which to other minds than Sacheverell's, is but a "crueller name for failure." Not that "splendid failure" shall be writ down against the name of Bradfield College—no, nor splendid success neither, my masters—the age of miracles, save for Lourdes, being past. But the enterprise being luckily backed by much talent, and more intelligence, came within measurable distance of it. Foremost of all loomed the figure of Clytemnestra, grandly impressive in its tragic passion, and if in respect of power Mr. Blagden's performance must rank lower than that memorable one of Mr. Benson's, it is but common fairness—than which by-the-way there is nothing more uncommon—to add that in his hands not an iota of the tragedy was lost. The Ægistheus of Mr. H. B. Gray was throughout distinguished by a repose almost majestic in its solemnity. Mr. Lydall played Agamemnon with studious care and no lack of dignity. Mr. Willis as Cassandra was spirited, if at moments unequal. Mr. George Hawtrey's admirable stage management perfected the accessories. Bradfield College will "march prospering."

Musical Notes.

"CIGARETTE."

Libretto by E. Warham St. Leger and "Barry Montour." Music by J. Haydn Parry.
Produced at Cardiff, August 15th, 1892.
First performance in London at the Lyric Theatre, September 7th, 1892.

Marquis de Portale ..	Mr. Oswald Yorke.	Cigarette	Miss Bankhardt.
Claude	Mr. Jos. O'Mara.	Comtesse de Montrouget	Miss H. Jones.
Mons. Bastian	Mr. S. Lascelles.	Babette	Miss May Lawrie.
Sergt. Mouston	Mr. L. Holland.	Mdme. de Vauricourt	Miss Godfrey,
Gaston	Mr. Alfred Warner.	Lady Superior	Miss H. Vicary.
Justin	Mr. Lyons.	Mother Lou-Lou ..	Miss M. Erle.
Benzoline	Mr. A. J. Evelyn.	Julie	Miss Celia Loseby.
Nicotine	Mr. Cairns James.	Clarisse	Miss Jessie Bradford.
Violette..	Madame Albu.		

The joint authors of this production seem to have written the whole of the work before arriving at an understanding as to whether they were engaged upon a burlesque, an operetta, a grand opera, or a melodrama. By way of compromise, it is described in the programme as a light romantic opera. The main outline of the plot is one which has done duty in many very serious productions, but the accessories are those of the lightest of burlesques, and no one listening to the work without the aid of the author's prompting would suppose that he was called upon to take seriously the love story of the disinherited son who wins a marshal's *baton* in a fortnight, or the hopeless passion of the *vivandière*, who falls in love with her wounded commanding officer. As if to convince the hearer that he is really listening to a burlesque, the authors have introduced more than the average percentage of incongruities. In 1805 the Marquis of Portale and his friends are masquerading in the costumes and manners of Louis Quinze, in sublime ignorance of the Revolution and the New Empire. There is an hereditary feud between the family of the Marquis and that of his neighbour, the Countess of Montrouget, therefore naturally the son of Portale and the daughter of Montrouget fall in love, and equally inevitably the former is disinherited and the latter sent to a convent school. In a few days Claude has covered himself with wounds and glory, has become the hero of Ratisbon, and a Colonel. In Act ii. we are favoured with a glimpse into the stern discipline of a convent school, where the young ladies indulge in pranks in the garden after supper, and where the 195th Regiment (with the Colonel and one man wounded, but otherwise in excellent preservation) are bivouacked on their way from their triumphs. After the introduction of a troop of soldiers into a convent, there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that, in Act iii, Napoleon has suddenly decided to confiscate the chateau of Portale, and confer it upon Claude, nor in the fact that Marquis and Countess suddenly determine to drop the quarrel of four centuries, and bless the union of their children. But it is somewhat surprising that all this story has nothing whatever to do with the heroine Cigarette, who gives her name to the drama. She happens to be *vivandière* in the Colonel's regiment, and nurses that fortunate young man through his serious illness. She assists him in reclining more or less ungracefully on three doorsteps and a

sofa cushion in the crisis of his disorder, but when the end of the story arrives, there is no place for her, and she carries her blighted affections off by the prompt door, unheeded amid the general rejoicings. Mr. Haydn Parry deserves condolence in his task of setting such a libretto to music. To be compelled to write sentimental ditties for a *vivandière* who ought to be beating a toy drum is bad enough, but it is worse when he is bidden to give her a rataplan song, at the end of which she has to sigh and languish for her wounded Colonel. The hero and heroine are such uninteresting personages in themselves that only by the extreme of convention is it possible to take their passion seriously. Mr. Parry's love songs, therefore, lose all their reality and half their sweetness. Only once in the whole play does he persuade his audience that he is in earnest, and that is in the *finale* to Act ii, a very effective *ensemble* founded on the principal theme of the lovers' duet in the first act. This is decidedly and by far the best number in the score, but the vocal gavotte in Act iii. is also a skilful piece of work excellently scored and in perfect taste but for a shade of "modernity" in the harmonies. Throughout the work the orchestral accompaniment is nearly always interesting, far more so indeed than the voice part, which is conventional and lacking in distinction. An unaccompanied chorus for the soldiers' bivouac is a good specimen of part writing, and if we may judge from the numbers mentioned, Mr. Parry is capable of doing better work than "Cigarette" when he gets a libretto in which he and his hearers can take an interest.

"THE WEDDING EVE."

Comic opera. Libretto adapted by W. Yardley from "La Veillée de Noces" of M.M. Bisson and Bureau-Jatiot. Music by F. Toulmouche, Ernest Ford and "Yvolde."
Produced at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, September 10th, 1892.

Kernöe	Mr. Joseph Tapley.	Seneschal	Mr. William Elton.
Doulas	Mr. G. Barrett.	Elisabeth	Miss Kate Chard.
Sacrovir	Mr. A. Wilkinson.	Anne Marie	Miss Annie Douglas.
Katula	Mr. Leonard Russell.	Charlotte	Miss Yata Whynier.
Vaton	Mr. C. Royelle.	Jeannette	Miss Mabel Love.
Yeucensir	Mr. Arthur Norman.	Yvonnette	Miss Decima Moore.

The story of "The Wedding Eve" is slight, too slight indeed for a three-act play, though the main incident is one that lends itself excellently to the purposes of light opera. Yvonnette is in love with the peasant Kernöe, but her father has been detected in the act of smuggling, and to save his life she must wed the elderly Seneschal. According to Breton custom the betrothed pair must spend an evening together under surveillance, and the bargain is voidable, as the lawyers say, if both parties are not satisfied at the end of this period of probation. Consequently, Kernöe personates an astrologer, who predicts the speedy death of Yvonnette's first husband. The Seneschal naturally prefers to be number two, and the lovers are free to fall into each other's arms. The rest of the play is padding, either leading up to or falling away from the central scene, yet the whole must be pronounced distinctly successful as an entertainment if not quite commendable as a work of art. So many hands have been employed in the production that it is difficult to know where to apportion praise or blame. Two authors and two adaptors are responsible for the book, while a fifth has added lyrics, and three composers have contributed to the musical setting, but certainly not the least share in the successful result belongs to those responsible for the dressing and mounting of the piece. The musical setting of the play is—as to M. Toulmouche's share in it—quite as attenuated as

the plot. He possesses a certain flow of bright sparkling melody, but apparently no powers of construction and no resources in orchestration. His English assistants have, however, brightened up the score considerably by the addition of several songs and dances. The refrain of "Polly up a Plum Tree" proved irresistible to the gallery, not a little of its success, however, being due to the skill of its interpreter, Miss Kate Chard. The romance of Yvonnette in Act ii. is, perhaps, worth more as a piece of music, and Miss Decima Moore does full justice to it as to the rest of her part. The gem of the work would have been the trio in the first Act if only M. Toulmouche had bestowed the pains upon it which its excellent and original outline deserved. Nothing is wanting to give effect to the piece either in mounting or in the representation of the principal parts. The comic business will doubtless improve with use, and the spectacular part of the entertainment is such as needs no improvement.

There is very little promise of novelty on the concert platform this autumn. Illness, pre-occupation and other untimely events have robbed the great provincial festivals of several new works, and Mr. Hubert Parry's setting of the story of "Job" is the only new work of oratorio proportions which is announced for reproduction in London. This will be produced by the Highbury Philharmonic Society, to whose enterprise we owe the introduction to London of the same composer's magnificent "De Profundis." The Royal Choral Society announce no novelty except the "Missa Solennis" of Miss Ethel Smyth, a young lady in whose compositions Her Majesty and the Empress Eugénie are understood to take a great interest. The other performances comprise Dvorak's "Requiem," and the more familiar standards of the oratorio platform. The Crystal Palace programme for the winter includes one or two minor novelties of interest, notably a symphonic poem by M. Wormser, the composer of "L'Enfant Prodigue," and an orchestral number from Moszkowski's opera "Boabdil." This opera has been so well received in Austria that it is to be hoped there is some truth in the report that it may be heard here during the autumn season. It is too early as yet to speak with certainty as to Signor Lago's forthcoming season at the Olympic, but Signor Lago has striven so gallantly in the face of active obstacles and passive indifference, to establish a permanent home for opera in the capital, that it is to be hoped he may be able to fulfil his own expectations, in which case he will be sure to fulfil the expectations of the public. At the present moment opera seems to be decidedly flourishing in the large towns of the north. The Carl Rosa Company have produced Bizet's "Djamileh," and have been playing Mascagni's two works, Meyerbeer's "Prophet," and Verdi's "Aida." to crowded houses in Dublin and Belfast. Two minor opera companies are doing good business with the "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Sir Augustus Harris will begin his autumn season with the same work.

Of light opera we are promised plenty. In addition to "Cigarette" and "The Wedding Eve" already produced, and "Haddon Hall," a notice of which will appear in the next issue of THE THEATRE, we are promised a season of comic opera at the Shaftesbury, beginning with an English version of "Ma Mie Rosette," and following on with revivals of other past successes of the French stage. The Prince of

Wales's is also to be devoted to comic opera, or rather to musical burlesque, and "Cigarette" at the Lyric will immediately give place to Lecocq's new opera.

Parsifal: Its Musical Motives Explained. Translated by Constance Bache from the German of Albert Heintz. (Novello, Ewer & Co.)

This little book is on the same lines as the companion volumes (on "Tristan" and "The Meistersingers"), already issued by the same publishers. Mr. Heintz analyses the score phrase by phrase, referring each passage to the motive upon which it is founded. In the case of "Parsifal," this kind of assistance is even more necessary than in the composer's earlier works. True, at present, "Parsifal" can be heard only at Bayreuth, but as the Austrian copyright expires next year, the great sacred drama is sure to be given at Vienna, and when the spell is once broken, the Bayreuth management can have no further interest in withholding the work from other countries. May we suggest to the publishers that a companion work to these three little volumes, dealing with the Niebelungen Ring, would be welcomed by many who hope to have an opportunity of hearing the trilogy next season.

Notes of the Month.

The Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been very fortunate in drawing writers of note with his seductive query "Why Don't You Write Plays?" but with none has he been so lucky as with Ouida. Many of the correspondents have been entertaining, some even instructive, from the curt Mr. Thomas Hardy—whose painful recollections of a bitter controversy respecting the relationship between "The Squire" and "Far from the Madding Crowd" possibly account for several sentences being docked of the personal pronoun, as who should say "In answering as playwright I should link another name with mine"—to the shrinkingly modest Mr. Shorthouse, concerning whose inclusion—as though he were another Charge at Balaclava—all the world (surely) wonders. But the liveliest reading is provided by the lively Ouida. In the sublime words of the national poet:

> "She is so sprightly,
> Trips so lightly,"

and dashes with such daring into the heart of the enemy's country.

One of her chief objections to writing plays—now that she is more than seven, for at that comparatively tender age she wrote several, in spite of her discovery that this form of composition did not give her a free enough hand—is the quality of an English audience. This is getting to close quarters. Several of her predecessors hovered on the verge of a similar impeachment, but novelists have their public to consider, just as an actor has his, and at the last moment they sidled off on a side issue. Not so the undaunted Ouida. "An English audience," she maintains, "is like the Chinaman, who likes a big, staring red dragon on his shop sign, or a monstrous blue lion." Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind. "An audience which could accept Mary Anderson seriously as a tragic actress is an audience absolutely incapable of knowing what is good and what is bad upon the stage—is, in a word, a wholly uncultured audience; and the English audiences did this all over the country."

Now, is this true, this second statement? The first is only an expression of opinion, and may be left alone. But the second purports to be a statement of facts, and as such must be faced. That Miss Anderson (the disrespectful mention of whose name will, we trust, be noted by "Carados's" rigidly punctilious colleague, Mr. G. R. Sims) was accepted all over Great Britain as a *popular* actress no one would venture to question. But that she was anywhere regarded as a *tragic* actress, there seems no evidence at all to show. True, Miss Anderson had, before she unhappily retired, gone somewhat tardily to (histrionic) school. True, she had had time to spell t-r-a-g-e-d-y tragedy. But when did she ever adopt the method of Dotheboys

Hall, and go and embody it? To the last she was feeling her feet in serious drama: in tragedy, if Ouida wills, though her only tragic parts (*parts*, mark, not impersonations) were Juliet and Hermione. Whereas the people loved her for her Perdita, her Galatea, and her Pauline. And even had she made her fortune with the heavier parts—which was notoriously not the case—would that have proved that her would-be tragic acting was universally considered acceptable?

THE truth is that much misconception exists about acting. You go to the theatre; you experience a condition of the senses akin to a mild ecstasy; you come away; and in order to enjoy that experience again, and yet again, you become a playgoer. Now what proportion does acting bear to the personal qualities of one or more of the actors and actresses in the composition of this charm which holds people of all ages and classes in thrall? Frankly to discuss the question as it affects ladies and gentlemen now on the stage, would be a little embarrassing, but in the case of Miss Anderson there need be no mock modesty, She has retired, after making a handsome fortune, and winning the respect and esteem of hundreds of thousands of both sexes, and nobody's feelings will be hurt. Hers, too, is the best typical example the stage affords, so every way the time seems ripe for the truth.

OUIDA asserts that Miss Anderson was seriously accepted as a tragic actress all over the country, because many thousands flocked to her from all parts, and her star waxed bigger than her artistic betters'. But who that ever watched a house under Miss Anderson's spell, could doubt for a moment what was its attitude towards her. From the boy at the back of the gallery to the bald-headed critic in the stalls, everyone in the place—men and women alike—were in a curious sort of way completely in love with her. Perdita, Parthenia, Juliet, Galatea, it made no difference, so long as the woman she represented was young and sympathetic. We did not blink at her beauty, dazzling as it was; nor need there be any blinking now at the fact that one and all we were her slaves, because of that beauty.

THE average sensual man—and woman—being rarely blessed with rich endowments of grace and loveliness, finds intense delight in gazing upon others more favoured than himself. The theatre affords the most convenient opportunities for the indulgence of this harmless taste, and therefore to the theatre he hies; for there he can bask for an hour or two in an Elysium otherwise unattainable. There is nothing discreditable to him in this. It is merely a proof of a natural craving for the ideal. But an eagerness to bow down and worship before a lovely image is as far removed from an appreciation of acting, as were the Mohocks from the Mohicans.

OF acting as an art it is certain that the average man knows little. He would pass a poor examination in *technique*. There Ouida is in the right. But she confuses the issue wofully when she ascribes Miss Anderson's success to the inability of the public to distinguish what is good from what is bad upon the stage. The public distinguished in this case as in every other. Broadly speaking, they

knew the wheat from the chaff. But wheat or chaff, there was always such loveliness to reward them, that for its sake, they counted the latter only less precious than the former. Show them beauty and they are bound to run after it, being but human. Show them genius and they are certain to run after that too, in a different fashion. Genius, however, is rare, and hardly affects the question. For the most part, the success of an actor or actress is in exact proportion to his or her capacity to inspire this harmless, impersonal love. Most of the popular favourites to-day owe their position to this power. Only one or two enjoy the vogue Miss Anderson had, because only one or two are gifted in an equal degree. Nature's endowment in her case was lavish, and her following was therefore great. The question of art was purely subordinate. She might have tragic or comedy powers, or she might not. What the multitude wanted first was charm. That she had, and the multitude worshipped accordingly.

For some time it has been felt that the gibes of the critic were misplaced, and that the handsome *jeune-premier* wanted more than good looks for his stock-in-trade. Recent developments show an alarming advance in the demands he has to meet, and even Mr. Wilson Barrett's "young gentlemen of birth and breeding" appear unfitted to cope with them. Under these circumstances it is proposed to found a "*Jeune-Premier* Training College," where the stage hero may master those accomplishments which the modern playwright expects him to possess. The Prospectus states that the Ordinary Course of Instruction will include—

The Scaling of Precipitous Cliffs and the Falling Therefrom ;
Diving from Dangerous Heights, and the Seemly Rescue of Men and Women immersed in Canvas, and other, Waves ;
The Riding of Buckjumpers, Racers, and other Uncommon Stage Quadrupeds ;
The many methods of Battering, Throwing, and Killing (villains and policemen understood) employed in various countries ;
together with other curious arts and sciences, which it is confidently expected will be shortly required of the Leading Man.

The Prospectus then goes on to say that Acting also will be taught, but as the demand for it is very limited, it will be regarded as an Extra, and charged for as such.

A reciter is bound to amass a wealth of anecdote, and Mr. Clifford Harrison—the best and most popular reciter we have—enjoys better opportunities than most persons for making his anecdotal pile among interesting people. In addition to this, he is something of a critic, and something of a poet, with a happy knack of story telling, and a graceful fluent style. His two volumes of "Stray Records," just published by Bentley, make therefore most agreeable reading, a sample or two of which will prove its quality.

The Prince of Wales, it appears, made one of the audience at almost the first of Mr. Harrison's public recitals. He could stay, however, only until the end of the first part. "I am going on," he said—after asking the reciter to include in the second part Adelaide Proctor's pathetic "Story of a Faithful Soul," "for the Princess is so fond of that"—"I am going on to another kind of recital, where I'm afraid that the speaking will be not nearly so good." The "other kind of recital" was a great debate in the Commons.

Mr. Ruskin and Robert Browning both figure prominently in the book. The best story of the former is in the shape of an ejaculatory criticism—"Bother those recitations! that's what makes you draw so badly! telling horrid lies about girls swimming the Rhine on horseback, and the like bosh!" A general accusation by the latter is of interest. "Upon my word, I think it ('How they Brought the Good News to Ghent'), is the only bit of verse of mine most people know anything about!"—

"Browning was surprised," Mr. Harrison says, "at what he called my daring in reciting 'Holy Cross Day,' 'My Last Duchess,' and 'Saul.' And when I told him I was going to give 'Count Gismond' he said, 'Pray don't! Mrs. Grundy will have a fit in the front row of the stalls if you do, and there'll be a panic, and she'll write to the *Times* and the Lord Chamberlain, and your charming recitals will be prohibited.' I told him I was not afraid, as Mrs. Grundy never came to hear me at Steinway Hall. 'Good gracious!' he said, 'no wonder everybody else goes! What a charming and delightful place! Please always keep a seat reserved for me. I shall come whenever I can."

A criticism of Mr. Gladstone's reading is very suggestive, and well worth preserving. It seems to indicate that if Mr. Harrison had not found salvation as a *fin-de-siecle* reciter, he might have done so as one of the New Critics. Here is what he says:—

"Mr. Gladstone's reading . . is undoubtedly very fine. The voice comes from the chest, like an Italian's, and not from the throat, as with most English people. The pronunciation would be perfect were it not for a certain broadness; but I am not sure that this quality does not give a measure of power and force to the utterance, which makes it the more full of individuality and character. In public speakers (I do not refer to actors or to dramatic elocution) I am strongly in favour of personal characteristics being as far as possible preserved. That would be a poor and unwelcome art which would eliminate them. They are, properly trained, as important as 'style' to an author, or touch to a pianist or painter. Both Mr. Gladstone's and the Archbishop's delivery and enunciation—so fine, and yet so unlike anything taught as 'elocution'—advanced my belief that the art of public speaking, apart from the stage, has as yet been unstated and unconsidered by the majority of teachers of elocution. I believe its rules should be differentiated entirely from those of dramatic speaking."

The volume is crammed with anecdotes and passages, as lively and as interesting as these, and without doubt Mr. Harrison has produced in "Stray Records" the freshest and chattiest book of the season.

The first of the portraits which we give this month is that of Miss Evelyn Millard, who although but a recent acquisition to the Metropolitan stage, has already taken a high place in public favour. Miss Millard's very first appearance before the footlights was early in 1891, when she trod the boards without speaking in the play of "The Dancing Girl" at the Haymarket Theatre, understudying one of the other characters. Having in this way gained a practical familiarity with the stage, Miss Millard was given an engagement by Miss Sarah Thorne in June, 1891, to play "leading lady" parts with her stock company at Margate for a season of three months. At Margate she played a great variety of parts, including amongst others Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet," Julia in "The Hunchback" and Hero in "Much Ado About Nothing," Miss Thorne taking a great interest in the talented young lady she had, so to speak, discovered, and giving her much practical help and discriminating encouragement. Miss Millard profited so well by these, that in

September Mr. Thomas Thorne gave her an engagement as leading lady for his provincial tour, in the course of which she played Sophia in Mr. Buchanan's play of that name, Clara Douglas in "Money," the title-rôle in "Miss Tomboy," and Fanny Goodwill in "Joseph's Sweetheart." In the last-named part she appeared at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in October, and there attracted the notice of Messrs. Gatti, who were quick to discern her talent, and at once secured her for the Adelphi, where she appeared in December in the part of Constance in "The Trumpet Call." On April 23rd of this year Miss Millard appeared as Alice Lee in "The White Rose," and on July 30th as Sybil Garfield in "The Lights of Home," the part she is now playing.

Mr. Lawrence Irving, whose portrait is the second of those we present this month to our readers, is a son of the eminent tragedian, and was born on December 21st, 1871. He was educated at Marlborough College, and was intended for the Diplomatic Service. He was accordingly sent first to Paris, when he left school in 1887, and then to Russia, where he spent three years. Mr. Irving had always a liking for amateur theatricals, and when he was in St. Petersburg in 1889, he got up a performance (the first public performance in the English language ever witnessed in that city) in aid of the funds of the Imperial Conservatoire of Music. The performance was highly successful, and Mr. Irving, as treasurer, had the pleasure of handing over to the Conservatoire no less a sum than £200. His own histrionic efforts were much praised, and Mr. Irving very soon afterwards determining to abandon the Diplomatic Service, formed a sudden resolution to go on the professional stage. On his return to England at the beginning of last year he immediately set about putting his design into execution, and gave such earnest study to the art of acting that in August last he was able to make a public appearance, which he accordingly did at Dundee in the part of Snug the Joiner in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Company. He stayed with the Company until January of the present year, playing amongst others the parts of Paris, Lorenzo, Nym, Osric and Conrad. Mr. Irving's success as an actor is perhaps as strong an instance of hereditary talent as could be found, for it does not occur to many to be found worthy, after so short a probation, of a London engagement. Mr. Irving, however, appeared at Toole's Theatre in "Daisy's Escape" this year; and has retained his position there. He gives great promise of achieving a high position eventually.

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MR. LAWRENCE IRVING.

"'Tis in ourselves, that we are thus or thus."

—*Othello.*

EGLINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS.

New Plays

Produced and Important Revivals in London, from August 18th to September 19th, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

Aug. 18 "The Porter's Knot," revised version, in three acts, of the adaptation of "Les Crochets du Père Martin." *Matinée.* Crystal Palace.
" 22 *"The Red Lamp," play, in four acts, by W. Outram Tristram. Grand.
" 22 *"Betsy," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French by F. C. Burnand. Criterion.
" 29 *"Godpapa," farcical comedy, in three acts, by F. C. Philips and Charles Brookfield. Grand.
Sept. 5 *"The Grip of Iron," drama, in five acts, by Arthur Shirley. Surrey.
" 5 "Clementina," farce, in one act, by Edward Moncrieffe. Surrey.
" 5 *"The New Wing," farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. Arthur Kennedy. Parkhurst.
" 5 *"Driven from Home," drama, in four acts (author unannounced). Lyric, Hammersmith.
" 7 "Cigarette," opera, in three acts, libretto by E. Warham St. Leger and "Barry Montour," music by J. Haydn Parry (first time in London). Lyric.
" 10 "The Wedding Eve," comic opera, in three acts, adapted from the French by W. Yardley, lyrics by Frank Latimer. Trafalgar Square.
" 12 "Pat," musical comedy drama, in three acts, by George Roberts and Harry Monkhouse. Parkhurst.
" 12 *"A Big Fortune," drama, in four acts, by William Bourne. Grand.
" 12 *"The Golden Ladder," drama, in five acts, by G. R. Sims and Wilson Barrett. Lyric, Hammersmith.
" 12 "The Ballad Singer," musical play, in three acts, by Tom Craven (first time in London). Elephant and Castle.
" 14 *"Our Boys," comedy, in three acts, by H. J. Byron. Vaudeville.
" 15 "The Queen of Manoa," play, in four acts, by Haddon Chambers and W. Outram Tristram. Haymarket.
" 17 "The Prodigal Daughter," drama, in four acts, by Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris. Drury Lane.
" 19 "Our Native Home," drama, in five acts, by Charles Whitlock and John Sargent. Surrey.

In the Provinces, from August 15th to September 8th, 1892 :—

Aug. 22 "Cartouche and Co. Limited," burlesque, in two acts, by H. Chance Newton, music by George Le Brunn. T.R., Birmingham.
" 22 "Little Claude and the Big Lady of Lyons," burlesque sketch, in one act, by W. F. Field. Royal Park Varieties, Southampton.
" 29 "Cinderella the First," comic opera, in three acts, written by Arthur H. Ward, composed by Henry Vernon. Bijou and Assembly Rooms, Neath.
" 31 "Sir Jack O' Lantern," comic opera, in three acts, written by Arthur H. Ward, music by Henry Vernon. Bijou and Assembly Rooms, Neath.
Sept. 5 "The Decoy Bird," drama, in three acts (author unannounced). Town Hall, Luton.
" 9 "Richard Whittington, Esq.," burlesque, in three scenes, by Edmund Payne. T.R., Bury.

In Paris, from July 27th to September 1st, 1892 :—

Aug. 18 *"Les Trois Sultanes," comedy, in three acts, in verse, by Favart. Comédie Française.

,, 26 "La Femme du Commissaire," vaudeville, in three acts, by Maurice Hennequin. Cluny.

,, 26 "On ne Badine pas avec l'Honneur," comedy, in one act, by Paul Ginisty and Jules Guerin. Cluny.

Sept. 1 "Les Boussigneul," vaudeville, in three acts, by MM. Marot, Pouillon and E. Philippe ; music by M. Okolowiez. Renaissance.

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MISS MABEL LOVE.

"Stage masks may cover honest faces,
And hearts beat true beneath a tinselled robe."
—MASKS AND FACES.

EGLINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
LONDON.

THE THEATRE.

NOVEMBER, 1892.

The Apotheosis of the Music Hall.

IS close upon two hundred years since Jeremy Collier published his "Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage." The result of this fierce and, from any standpoint but an artistic, justified attack on the Restoration theatre, was immediate and effective. Congreve, brilliant as was his talent, cut, as we know, a poor figure in attempting to reply to it; Dryden barely attempted a defence—ultimately, indeed, he as good as admitted Collier's position.

It seems to me that it would be well if a Collier of to-day were to give voice in as strong a manner on another matter, say, "A Short View of a Phase of Modern Culture and its Attitude towards the Variety Entertainment." A matter involving æsthetic rather than moral issues—still one, it may be thought, which would adapt itself to the very uncompromising qualities of Collier's method! Though lacking the ability or inclination to undertake the task, I may perhaps be permitted to make a brief comment on the spirit which governs some of our cultivated moderns in their view of music-hall shows. No attempt need be made here to trace this spirit from its original French source, it is sufficient that it prevails amongst us, and that it is an evil thing, inasmuch as it affects those whose judgment in art matters is likely to influence the judgments of others less capable possibly of forming opinions for themselves.

Let me say at once that, on one score, I take no objection to a music-hall performance. Let it be granted that its popularity justifies its existence; that it provides, for the most part, harmless amusement for a class of persons whose small share of taste it is not likely to corrupt. It is only when this form of amusement is lauded on account of its artistic qualities, and appreciated so that the legitimate theatre may be depreciated by those to whom one is always inclined to listen with a patient ear, that a protest seems at all necessary.

The music-hall artist, it is said, is the true descendant of the Bohemian player (that mythical personage) of previous times; only in the music-halls, one is told further, do you find the art of acting solely dependent on the personality of the actor, unaided by the "cumbersome accessories" which depress the modern theatre. It is due, however, to Mr. Irving to point out that he is not solely responsible for the invention of the "cumbersome accessories." The only difference between the accessories of the modern theatre and those of the time of Sir William Davenant is that they are now less cumbersome and carried to much greater perfection. This, however, only by the way. Is the "artiste," as a matter of fact, of the music-hall solely dependent upon his personality for the work which he has in hand? Of course we know that he is not; he is aided, as the actor is, by headlights and footlights, by music, by limelight, if he wants it; by more or less irrelevant scenery; and frequently by an elaborate and extraordinary make-up which is more calculated to draw the attention of the audience than the more legitimate make-up of the actor. Nevertheless, the art of the actor and that of the "artiste" are two different things; though since actors have found it a paying business to take to the "halls," they have brought with them some of their art, and the points of comparison are more numerous now than they were formerly. To give a ready definition, the "artiste" needs simply to give free and boisterous play to his talents—an omnibus driver who could sing energetically and tell a good story would make an excellent "artiste"; and a knowledge of music would not be particularly to his advantage. The actor, on the other hand, is tied down to certain forms; he has to express himself through the part which he is playing—that is, we appreciate his individuality in proportion as he conveys the effect of verisimilitude in his presentment of a character which is not himself. When it is said that Mr. Irving puts his personality into the character of Mathias, the word is used in a special sense, for we may not believe that there is any other affinity than an artistic between Mr. Irving and the Polish inn-keeper. The actor may be roughly compared with the sculptor: what one works out in marble the other works out in his own person, and the individuality of each is admired in so far as the result approaches perfection.

Will this make my meaning clearer? A month or two ago, when Mr. Arthur Roberts was appearing at the Empire, the eminently capable *Star* man, who writes under the name of "Silhouette," made Mr. Roberts' appearance the occasion for stating what he considers the contest and the contrast between the music-hall and the legitimate drama. "The former," said "Silhouette," "not merely permits, but demands all the individuality of which an actor is possessed. The latter requires that the most individual of actors shall sink his individuality in his part, shall subordinate himself to fit the framework which has been prepared for him; in a word, shall be a single instrument in an orchestra, a single voice in a

chorus." This assertion may be admitted, but it will be plain that the *Star* man is here using the word individuality in its limited sense. "Silhouette," however, goes on to say : "Mr. Irving, who is a man of genius, may be justly blamed, from a certain standpoint, for his brilliant obtrusion of personality into all the characters which he represents ; and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who is a man of talent, might, on the same showing, be exalted to the skies because his personality is unimportant, and he can assume the appearance of any character." Quite so ; when Mr. Irving's personality—that is, something which outrages one's sense of consistency in the playing of a certain part—becomes obtrusive, then Mr. Irving fails as an actor. And it by no means follows because Mr. Tree may be able to assume any character that his personality is unimportant. Garrick, who so far as one may judge was at once the greatest and most versatile actor the English stage has ever seen, and who could so disguise himself as to act unrecognised by his own wife, could hardly be said to be without personality. Without doubting that Mr. Irving in the performance of certain parts displays genius, it is the argument of equivocation to say that he is great through his limitations. "In Mr. Albert Chevalier," says the sophistical "Silhouette," at last giving himself away, "we can see what the music-hall can do for the artist of individuality." Why Mr. Chevalier is pre-eminently an artist because he sinks his individuality in his part ; because he subordinates himself to fit the framework ; because he is not the Mr. Chevalier of quiet manners, not the Mr. Chevalier who rusticates in his charming houseboat and is addicted to fishing ; but *because* he is so perfectly a coster. Indeed, Mr. Chevalier's art is so much the art of the theatre that his coster seems to have stepped bodily out of a play ; and it may be doubted that he would be less effective if he were "the single instrument in an orchestra, the single voice in a chorus."

Too much importance is attached, by those who would depreciate the art of the modern actor, to the fact that he is aided by accessories ; that he is aided in every way that the ingenuity of the stage-carpenter, the art of the scene painter and the costumier can devise ; that in consequence of these, little imagination is necessary for him to be able to realise the surroundings in which he is supposed for the time being to be placed. These things, however, are of little, if of any, advantage to the actor himself, in so far as the realisation of his part or environment is concerned, though they are undoubtedly a means of assisting the audience in the illusion of the play. The forest scene, for instance, which from our seat in the pit or the stalls appears to be such a real bit of still-life, appears to the actor behind the scenes about as unlike a forest as anything can be. The heavy trees which we see in the foreground are to him grotesque frameworks of wood and canvas ; the landscape at the back, blotches of blurred colour ; he looks to the sky and his eyes are dazzled by rows of headlights, beyond which in the lofty galleries is hanging a confusion of scenery ; at either side the white-washed walls of the

theatre are visible behind an array of side-scenes. It may seem paradoxical to say that every new feature which is introduced to assist the audience in the realisation of a particular scene—interiors, perhaps excepted—requires for the same purpose a greater imaginative effort on the part of the actor, but there is little doubt that this is so. There is little doubt that from the point of view of the player, the clearer the deck the better he will be able to enter into the conception of his part.

"I go to the music-halls because there I find entertainment—at the theatres I am bored," said an apostle of the New Spirit to me the other evening. This is a type of remark which is at present going the round; it is the proper thing to say, if you wish to be reckoned quite up to date, quite *fin-de-siècle*. Before asking what there is to entertain in a music-hall, it may be suggested that the theatre, rightly understood, is after all not a place of entertainment, as that word is ordinarily used. Is the primary function of a work of art—and a play is, or ought to be, a work of art—to entertain?

What is the quality of an average variety entertainment? Suppose we go to a hall where there are some twenty turns, take our seat in time to see the first, and wait till the curtain falls on the last—a feat which would be beyond the endurance of the most ardent disciple of the latest cult. But we do it, and having done it may sum up what we have seen. To anyone whose ear has not been cultivated solely by the street barrel-organ the music is appalling in its monotony and mechanism. The songs which it accompanies are equally barren in idea and inspiration; these songs may be divided into five classes, which, in the course of the evening, are, with nominal variation, repeated. They may be roughly classified, as follows:—Sentimental, domestic, marine-descriptive, masher and bib-and-tucker. It is sufficient to say of the Sentimental that it competes in inanity with that known in the drawing-room, and wins! The Domestic introduces us to a household of which the pawn-shop is a main prop; the public-house a main solace; and where any trifling disagreement between man and wife is settled by a bout of fisticuffs. The Marine-Descriptive is sung in sailor costume; it opens with the sailor parting with his lass; progresses to his life on board-ship under a villainous captain; to the storm the wreck, the floating spar, the prayer, and "Rescued!" The phase of masherdom which the Masher song represents has been immensely popular for the past ten years or so; it varies little in idea or treatment, and is too familiar to call for description. The Bib-and-Tucker ballad, which is at present much in vogue, is an unobjectionable variety. Even when it is made suggestive, and is unnecessarily vulgarised, it is perhaps less unpleasant to see a woman personate the skittishness of a school-girl than the airs of an impossible masher. As a whole, what these songs reflect of contemporary life and manners, in so far as they reflect anything of either, is Philistine and unpleasant. The rendition, however, of low life is, of course, quite within the province of art; and in the music-halls one undoubtedly often gets glimpses which suggest that there

are great openings in this direction, as indeed there are in other directions, for the one-part performance, if it is done artistically.

With each song it is usual for the singer to display his or her facility, or want of it, as a dancer. Sometimes this is limited to a walk-round and shuffle, which is quite unimportant; the leg-twisting business, too, has had its day, and palls; and as the skirt-dance necessitates some comprehension of gesture and posture, it is seen only occasionally to advantage on the music-hall platform. The dance wherein the "talent" may be truly said to excel is the step-dance; it seems to have an instinct for this form, and does it incomparably well.

Then come the acrobats, equilibrists, and contortionists. The acrobatic "turn," when taken solely by men who show agility of limb and power of muscle, is often admirable; but when women take part, a heavy and dangerous part—when, for instance, one woman is made to bear on her shoulders a father and a number of brothers and sisters—then you are held in momentary fear that she will be done some fearful injury. It is equally painful to witness the performances of the trapezists and contortionists when the dangerous *rôles* are undertaken by women, whose faces often bear beneath the make-up and behind the artificial smile, an expression of tragic significance. The gyrations of the contortionists and boneless persons always seem to me to be purposeless and ugly. If it is astonishing to see an india-rubber or boneless person spread his legs on the backs of two chairs placed opposite each other, bending his body backwards until he is able to place his head before his stomach, it is not graceful. The human body adapts itself to various movements which may be made with satisfaction to a spectator's sense of the beautiful, but to see a gentleman, without any regard to the manner in which God has made him, place his head on the ground, and without moving it make his legs walk round it, is a form of entertainment the precise merit of which it seems difficult to define.

The art of the music-hall "artiste" is much of a kind; it is energetic, and there is a complete absence of reserve; it always bawls at the top of its voice. Mr. Chevalier is, as I have already suggested, the best example of what the average "artiste" is not; his songs rise to the level of good verse, they are set to effective melodies, and are sung contrary to all the traditions of the "artiste's" method.

There are, of course, others of artistic attainment on the variety stage, but one may not generalise from exceptions; nor do these materially affect the tone of an ordinary performance.

RUDOLF DIRCKS.

"Leo."

A STORY.

AT the present day, when we are most of us fighting, struggling, and jostling each other in the race for bread; when every trade and every profession is over-run; when the competition for the prizes of this life is enormous and disheartening, it is often asserted that the poetry of existence is dead; that heroism and chivalry are things of the past. And yet this is not so! Men may harden their hearts against their kind; they may profess cynicisms—utter disbelief in all things good and beautiful in human nature; and yet goodness and purity, heroism and chivalry still exist in this whirlpool of struggling humanity, this modern Babylon; aye, and in every town and hamlet throughout the civilised world. Let me tell you a little story of real life, and then assert, if you can, my gentle readers, that heroism is dead, and that the age of martyrs is past.

Some years ago I happened to be in a small country town. Having despatched my business and partaken of a fairly good dinner, I enquired if there was anything worth seeing in the place, or whether any entertainment was advertised for that evening. A mouldy-looking waiter, who had evidently vegetated in the town, and never been further in his life, informed me, with a considerable amount of suppressed excitement, that a menagerie—or, to use his own words, a wild beast show—had arrived, and was to be open to the public at seven o'clock. Judging by the waiter's manner, I concluded that the town was not accustomed to such wild dissipation, and that nearly the whole of the inhabitants would, in consequence, turn out on this great occasion. Having nothing better to do, I decided to go with the general stream, and soon found myself among the yellow caravans, which in my youth used to possess for me so great an attraction; in fact, I have had more than one thrashing for playing truant when a menagerie came to my native town, for wild beasts were always my special delight. I had not been in an exhibition of the kind since I left school, not even in the Zoo, and something of my boyish enthusiasm came back when I saw the majestic lions and fierce tigers pacing up and down their small cages. Most of us are fond of revisiting the scenes of our childhood; as a rule it is something of a disenchantment, it is true, for things we thought grand then seem small and insignificant to our more matured tastes; but still there is a charm in going over the old ground. Take, for instance, the harlequinade of a pantomime; how weary and dreary all the old jokes and business seem to us now, and yet when we go at Christmas we find the children round us

are laughing with might and main, as we laughed many years ago; and we like to sit out the pantomime with our children by our side, for old associations' sake. It was with something of this feeling that I walked round the menagerie with an interest I should hardly have believed possible. True it is that the nobler wild beasts are always worth seeing, but few of us take the trouble to go and see them in after life, unless it be for the sake of our youngsters.

By-and-bye came the time for feeding, and the keepers appeared with various kinds of food, chiefly raw meat and bones. There is something terrible, I always think, in the grand savageness of lions and tigers when being fed; all their nobility seems to vanish when they tear and rend the flesh asunder. I was standing opposite the tigers' cage, looking idly on, when I was struck with the face of one of the keepers. The man evidently had some authority in the exhibition, for he did not actually feed the animals himself, but seemed to simply direct the other men. It was pretty evident, however, that the animals knew him, for when he approached the cage they crouched down as if afraid. The man had once been handsome, for he had a fine head of curly hair (which now was silver-grey), with light blue eyes, and clear cut, intellectual features; but right across the face—horribly disfiguring it—was a huge scar.

I felt strangely interested in the man, and had a violent desire to know how he came by that terrible scar, and when feeding time was over, and the keepers' work was done, I managed to catch him alone, and ask a few questions about the animals. He answered all my queries quietly and respectfully, and after some ten minutes' conversation I asked if he could get out for a drink.

"No, sir," he replied, "thank you all the same, but I never touch drink now."

"May I ask why?"

My friend hesitated for a moment, and then said slowly and calmly, "Because it has been my ruin and my disgrace; because I was once a drunkard, and almost a murderer."

I hardly knew what to reply, but I was extremely anxious to learn more of the man's history, for I could plainly see that there was some dark chapter in his past life, so I said:

"I am afraid that I have touched on a painful subject. Believe me, I don't want to be inquisitive, but I am exceedingly interested in you, and perhaps could be of some service. Would you tell me how you came to get that scar on your face?"

"Ah! sir, it was all through the cursed drink. I will tell you my story with pleasure, but I warn you it is a sad one. I cannot do so now, however. If you would stay until the people go, I could give you as long as you like."

"I shall be only too glad to stop," I replied eagerly, and then the man, touching his hat, went off to attend to some work. A little more than half-an-hour remained to closing time, during which I strolled idly about, thinking and wondering all the time what history was attached to that scarred face. All my life I have been in the

habit of making indiscriminate acquaintances. It is a passion with me to stroll about the streets when the rest of the world is asleep; to watch the wretched outcasts sleeping on stone benches, and to haunt the coffee stalls at street corners. Many strange tales have I heard during these midnight wanderings; tales of misery, passion, and sin; stories which would draw tears to the eyes even of the most hardened. I felt sure that the keeper's story would be something out of the common, and was all impatience to hear it. At last the bell rang, and the people began to go out. My new friend appeared in a few minutes, and we were soon comfortably seated on a stack of hay, he with his pipe—which he said he preferred—I with my cigar.

"I don't know, sir," he began, "what made you think that I had a story to tell worth listening to, but you are quite right, I have; and it is a story worth printing in letters of gold. My true name matters little, but as you may have guessed, I come of a thoroughly respectable family; in fact, my father was a clergyman. In youth I was wild and headstrong, and ran away from home at sixteen. What happened after then until I became a keeper in a menagerie, is of little consequence; suffice it to say that drink was my curse even before I was one-and-twenty. Gradually I sank lower and lower, and finally became a member of this show. Perhaps through my not knowing what fear was, and also from several acts of fool-hardy daring, I was promoted by my employer to the charge of the tigers and lions. From a boy I have possessed considerable knack in training wild animals, and I exercised my skill in my new occupation to such good end, that at last I used to go into the cages and put the animals through a regular performance. I must now mention that soon after joining the show I married the proprietor's daughter. We had one child—a boy, who, if I may venture to say it without egotism, was possessed of rare beauty, and was as good as he was beautiful."

The poor fellow's emotion, while speaking of his boy, was painful to witness, but with a great effort he at last went on:

"When Leo, for so we called him—for he was as brave as a lion—was eight years old, he began to help me in training the animals, though much against his poor mother's wish. Gradually he became so bold that he insisted on entering the cages with me and holding the tarred hoops of fire, through which the beasts jumped. Wherever we went, the lad's beauty and bravery became the talk of the town, and crowds flocked to see us. During all these years, I had never got over my craving for drink; in fact, it was the sole cause which prevented my employer taking me into partnership. One terrible night, never to be forgotten, I was quite drunk, but insisted on going through the performance as usual. I had obtained an apparently complete mastery over the animals, but several of them, mostly tigers, were never to be absolutely trusted, for they are treacherous by nature, so I invariably carried a revolver. We entered the cage of lions as usual, and, in spite of my condition,

everything went well. Then came the den of tigers—the most ferocious beasts of all ; these we made jump through burning hoops, as I have already described, as the last grand finish to the performance. What happened I cannot properly describe, but I will do my best. In trying to whip one tigress who was lazy and refused to jump, my foot slipped, and through my drunken condition I fell. In an instant the tigress sprang upon me, and buried her claws in my face. There was a second's awful pause, and I could hear the people going frantic with horror outside the cage. My boy Leo, however, grasped the situation in a moment, and saw that in another minute I should be torn to shreds. Quick as lightning he sprang forward and placed the flaming hoop on the back of that tiger, holding it firmly on the skin ; with a wild roar of mingled pain and rage the beast let go her hold of me ; and, turning round, with one bound stretched my darling boy on the floor of the cage. My own hot blood was pouring down my face and into my eyes, but I could just see sufficiently to pull out my revolver, take aim, and fire. Without a cry, the beast rolled over, shot through the brain. The other animals were too frightened to make any attack. In a few seconds we had the lad out of the cage, but, God help me ! he was fatally hurt, and I had only time to clasp my little hero to my heart, and to receive one faint, loving embrace in return, before his gentle spirit passed away."

The man finished, breaking down utterly ; tears streamed down his face, and I felt unable to comfort him with a single word.

* * * * * *

That tale of childish heroism has haunted me for many a long day. The scene was so vividly described by the poor father that I have often pictured to myself that little martyr, giving up his life without a moment's hesitation for the father he loved, and then sinking quietly and peacefully into eternal rest. May he indeed "Rest in Peace."

PERCY NOTCUTT.

"Pharaoh," by Wilson Barrett.

IN his author's note, and upon his bill of the play, Mr. Wilson Barrett applies to this tragedy the terms "romantic drama" and "romance." In doing so he is guilty of some injustice to himself and it. Were the world conversant with Mr. Pater the definition might serve, for his description of romance as "the addition of strangeness to beauty" would certainly embrace "Pharaoh"—as, indeed, it would embrace many rare things, from the priceless jewels of Mrs. Mackay to the highly wrought prose of Mr. Oscar Wilde. A narrower definition, however, is more to the taste of a people partial to a Nonconformist conscience, and something that suggests the wildly improbable is invariably associated with romance in the popular mind. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin gets nearest the mark in one of his lectures on Architecture. The real and proper use of the word romantic is, he asserts, "simply to characterise an improbable or unaccustomed degree of beauty, sublimity or virtue." This does not quite meet the case; for romance, in its accepted sense, has frequently nothing whatever to do with virtue, sublimity or beauty. But if an improbable or unaccustomed degree of depravity and vice be also understood then Mr. Ruskin's definition hits the centre.

Now, in this sense, many a drama is romantic, though it be not so-called. Most of Shakespeare's tragedies and many of his comedies—"As You Like It," "Much Ado," and "The Merchant of Venice" among the number—are romances. So, too, are most of the modern society plays, intended to reflect the very tone and temper of the age. Judged by this standard "The Dancing Girl" is every whit as romantic as "The Silver King," and the arch-realist himself turns flighty romancer when he selects for treatment such "improbable and unaccustomed" ignorance as that of Nora Helmer, or the abnormal morbidity of a Hedda Gabler. But on the same test being applied to "Pharaoh," it is seen that the play is mis-called. True, its background is romantic enough. Strangely-clad people flit in and out of the massive palaces of Ancient Thebes. The semi-barbaric Egypt of four thousand years ago lives again, in dazzling splendour. The blue waters of the Nile, the sandy stretches of the desert, the raiment and customs and hue of the dusky throng, these are all redolent of romance. Real, however, are the men and women so curiously garbed, and real are their passions, aspirations and ambitions; real with the realism of the present day. And this it is, this grafting of familiar types, human with an everyday humanity, upon an unfamiliar period of the world's history, which constitutes the play's chief charm.

Mr. Barrett's ingenious structure has its foundations in history. The nineteenth dynasty of the Egyptian kings was founded by Rameses, who usurped the royal power, and, after a brief reign, bequeathed the sceptre to his son, Seti I. This Pharaoh, hero of the play, strengthened his hold upon the throne by wedding Tuaa, granddaughter of Amanophis III, one of the monarchs of the previous dynasty, and thus nipped in the bud all blossoming conspiracies to restore the former line of kings. With this fact begins and ends the author's indebtedness to history. In it lay merely the germ from which his four strong acts have sprung, and to all intents the play is quite original.

The drama opens in the courtyard of Pharaoh's palace. A victorious chant is being sung. Arni, the descendant of the old blood royal, and rightful heir to the throne, has gained a brilliant victory over the Khetas, conquerors of Northern Syria, and his triumph has inspired the song of peace. Though the leader of Pharaoh's armies and outwardly a loyal subject, Arni is secretly sowing rebellion in the breasts of the people, and but awaits the fitting moment to rise against the King. Chief of his adherents, and most active preacher of sedition, is Pharaoh's fool, a mis-shapen Dwarf, Pennu the Bat, whose devotion to Arni and his cause is partly due to personal affection, partly to a thirst for vengeance. The double motive is disclosed in his attempt to win a powerful noble, Amanophis, to the rebels. Heated with passionate pleading, his stunted form quivers in its filmy garments, his lithe fingers twitch and tremble, and his one eye glares hatred as he recalls his wrongs.

"Why do I hate Seti?" at length he bursts forth, "Seti is son of Rameses. Rameses, to make his stolen crown secure, spared neither thought nor gold. As he made priests and councillors to guide and teach, so he made fools to cheer and make men laugh. Amongst other things, he ordered half-a-score or so of dwarfs—misshapen things—twisted and gnarled out of all human forms—things that to look on make men smile and women shudder. Things born to be men, caught at the birth, and bought as men buy puppies, squeezed into presses, their young sinews, bones, and flesh forced into moulds, as men force wax and clay, and the fair forms the mighty gods designed in their own image were by the will of a Rameses or a Seti distorted to such a thing as I am. Look upon me. Rameses and his line have made me what I am. And yet thou askest why I hate him and his well-shaped son—this Seti. Had there been no Seti, the Bat had been a Man, formed to be loved by women. Rameses lived, Seti lives, and so the Bat lives too. Do I hate Seti? Look upon me. Throw filth upon a man's pure garments. Doth he love thee for defiling them? Distort his body and defile his soul. Shall he love thee too for that? Do I hate the dead usurper, Rameses? Do I hate the living son, Great Seti? Again I pray thee, look upon me.

But if his body be twisted, his soul is straight, towards Arni, Amanophis, and his daughter Tuaa, all that now remain of the old

blood royal, and to speed a marriage between Arni and Tuaa, the Dwarf sets his mind. To such a match three great obstacles present themselves. Tuaa loves Pharaoh. The King is secretly enamoured of her in return. And Arni loves, and is jealously beloved by, the Princess Latika, who has gained for her lover many potent allies at the court. This last barrier the Dwarf recks little of. Latika is rich, and "money buys men even to treason." She is beautiful, and "beauty blinds men even to the fear of death." Therefore her heart and brain and purse must still be used. But, when the need for her beauty and her wealth is past, she must be flung aside, "like a worn-out shoe," and Tuaa his kinswoman must be Arni's bride. To this scheme Arni at first turns a deaf ear. He loves Latika "better than his life." But at length he owns that if without his cousin as his queen he cannot gain the throne, then though it were but to reign for one short year, he would barter life and love and all. Latika's love is of a purer kind. In it ambition plays no part. Throne, or no throne, Arni is her king—his love is her world. The dread that oppresses him finds no place in her heart, and in the song she sings to lighten his gloom she unbosoms herself of her creed.

"Turn thy bright face to me, disc of the sky,
Orb that enlightens the world.
Lacking thy brightness I surely must die,
My soul into darkness be hurled.
Thou shalt be Lord over life, over death,
King of all Kings, unto whom Ra gives breath,
Lord of the Desert, Lord of the Nile,
Lord of the people, who live by thy smile,
Lord of my Life, Lord of my Soul,
Thou shalt be Lord of all,
Thou shalt be Lord of all."

The conspiracy ripens, chiefly through Latika's skill and courage, when Tuaa innocently betrays her love for Pharaoh. Overjoyed at the prospect of avoiding possible dissension between the rival lines by wedding the woman he loves, Pharaoh proclaims the marriage for the morrow, and commands Arni to wed Latika on the same day. To hinder this design, which must inevitably ruin all his hopes, Arni, with Latika's aid, abducts his cousin, who is ignorant of Pharaoh's discovery and proclamation, and braves the suspicions of the King. The game is dangerous. One point lost means death, but though death is near—"his raven pinions beat about our ears, so close he hovers"—Arni never falters. For a throne he will stake his all. Again, Latika proves his guardian angel, and when search is made in her house for the missing girl, at the risk of her life she throws the enemies of her lover off the scent. But this sacrifice in his cause is her last. When Arni, driven to bay and madly set upon the prize now almost within his grasp, claims her assistance in his scheme to marry Tuaa, and thus give the signal for revolt, the outraged woman flares up in jealous rage, and, in a moment of frenzy, reveals the whole plot to the King. With a price upon his head, Arni hews his way to the city gates, and deserted by all but the faithful Bat, who has been mortally wounded in the struggle, flees for refuge to the turret of the Temple of Apis. Here he encounters his chief enemy, whom he

hurls from the battlements, and here Latika, stricken with remorse, creeps to the feet of the man she has betrayed and humbly sues for pardon. Blind to his own infidelity, he heaps upon her the bitterest reproaches :—

Arni : Thou did'st betray me unto Pharaoh, and with that betrayal vanished all my hopes, my ambition, my throne, my sceptre, and my crown. Dost know that ?

Latika : Yea, I know it.

Arni : And knowing it, what dost thou say ?

Latika : That, had I not betrayed thee unto Pharaoh, thou wouldst have betrayed me, and with that betrayal would have gone all *my* hopes—hopes of happiness with thee ; my ambition—which was to be thy wife ; my throne—thy footstool ; my sceptre—the distaff ; and my crown—the motherhood of thy children, Arni.

Arni : Thou hast deserved all this, hast thou not ?

Latika : Have I not loved thee, Arni ?

Arni : Ah, that is enough to balance it all, is it not ? Thou hast destroyed me, but thou hast loved me ; betrayed me, but all is well, for thou hast loved me. I might have been a king. Thou hast made me an outcast, But I should be content, for thou hast loved me ! I might have ruled the world ; I am a beggar ! The gates of the palace stood wide for me. Thou hast opened the portals of my tomb. But all is well—for thou hast loved me !

Latika : Reproach me, Arni ; but come back to me. I will be so true henceforth, so patient and so loving. I will so merge my self in thine that thy every wish shall be obeyed ere thou canst give it words. Come back to me.

Arni : Hearken unto this woman ; hearken, ye gods, unto this all-generous, all-sacrificing soul, this faithful heart that knew no throb that was not for me; no thought but of my good, no wish but for my welfare ! Come back to thee, yea, I *will* come back to thee. Come thou to me. Arni's arms are open wide. Come, come to them—and death !

To spare his soul the burden of this crime, Latika plunges her dagger into her breast and falls dying at his feet. The sight recalls him to his better self. His fury disappears before a mighty wave of love and pity. The scales fall from his eyes. Thrones and sceptres, shattered hopes, his own abasement and defeat, weigh nothing in the balance against the life of the woman he loves. But it is too late to snatch her from the grave. Faintly she murmurs the beautiful love-song, and, happy once more in his love, she dies. And he, abandoned by his followers, hemmed in by his enemies, bereft of Latika, deserted and alone, rejects with scorn the pardon Pharaoh offers, and, as the guards are battering at the gate, dies by his own hands.

Here is the barest outline of a story teeming with incident and glowing with dramatic fire, but most noteworthy by reason of its average humanity. Though full of pictorial charm and tinged with poetic colouring, the play demands no effort of imagination to get on level terms with the motives of its characters. Strip Arni, Pharaoh, and the rest, of their gorgeous jewelled robes. Dress them in the disfiguring garments that we wear to-day. Clap upon their heads in exchange for the glittering Egyptian headgear the stove-pipe ornament we all adopt. And they would pass unchallenged as travellers from the East at any dinner-table in the land. Their stately mien might attract remark. Their figurative language might awaken surprise. Credulous in belief, excitable in fancy, a prey to superstition, they would, no doubt, fall easy victims to the vultures of the city, and their appeals

to the sword and disregard for human life would keep the humanitarian leader-writers fully occupied. But in all essentials they are one with us. Mr. Barrett, in fact, has entirely eschewed the heroic vein. He has worked with the brush of realism in the medium of romance. Two elements of drama, hitherto regarded as almost irreconcilable, he has with great adriotness fused. And, in "Pharaoh," against a brilliant background of what Mr. Louis Stevenson calls "the poetry of circumstance," he boldly exhibits the prose of character and conduct.

Mr. Barrett, as a playwright, wins an easy victory. He knows the "average sensual man," and of stage-craft he was long since acknowledged a master. Through two acts, therefore, he is lazily busy setting the drama well upon its feet. Pharaoh's singers chant melodiously of peace. Everywhere are langour, and luxury, and love. For the eye and ear a feast of exquisite pictures and enchanting melody, whetting the appetite for action. Then suddenly there comes the call to arms. At once all is bustle and excitement. The clash of arms succeeds the treacherous stillness of intrigue. The clouds gather, the sky darkens, the muttering of the storm is heard. The reins are flung upon the neck of passion. Sweeps the drama, with its furious freight, towards the tragical conclusion. And, noble figures at the last, lit with red flashes of fury and chilling gleams of despair, Latika and Arni meet their doom.

Here shows the skill of the playwright. The art of the dramatist lies otherwhere. This appears in the treatment of Latika, of Pennu the Bat, and more especially of Arni. These central characters are drawn with a vigorous hand, in the full consciousness of their dramatic worth. No more impressive figure of its kind than the maimed, distorted Bat—not Quasimodo nor Bertuccio—has ever limped or fluttered across the stage. But Arni is the absorbing study —a powerfully-conceived study of a simple nature subjected to the debasing influence of an insatiate ambition. The gradual sapping of the man's nobility of mind is indicated with much skill. Straining human might and courage to the utmost, and daring the fates to enter the lists against him, yet dimly aware that in his struggle for the throne he is sacrificing all that is noblest in manhood, Arni presents a spectacle of real moral significance. He is no Macbeth, "letting I dare not, wait upon I would." Resolved upon his course, nothing can stay him. Since to be true is to court failure, he will be false and gain his end. False to his king, false to his kinsmen, false to the woman he loves; sinking deeper and deeper into the pit his own hands have dug; crushing every noble impulse lest it hinder his advance upon the one thing he covets; his wilful faithlessness begins his ruin, and completes it. Imperious and arrogant, superb in his self-confidence, he tears at the very foundations of natural law and justice to pave his pathway to the throne, and falls buried in the wreck his audacious recklessness has wrought.

Fit mate for Arni, and fit companion picture is the heroine Latika, a passionate woman whose whole ambition is for and

through the man she loves. Her pride and her glory are in him. For him she lives, and for the greatness he aspires to. When, therefore, his falsity stands self-confessed, her world totters and crumbles into dust. Unlike him, she has no self-dependence. For his sake she has been more than woman. Cast aside, and seeing another preferred before her, she sinks to something less than woman, and in a moment of madness betrays her lover to defeat, disgrace, and death.

By reason of these two characters, "Pharaoh" must, amid any surroundings, stand out as a drama of enduring interest. Mr. Barrett is wise in his generation, and makes no virtue of the interesting problem presented through these well-contrasted natures. He is content to leaven with it a magnificent display of spectacular effect. For those who want no more than haunting pictures of the Nile, sapphire blue against the brown hills baking in the heat, and silver in the moonbeams; of Thebes, with its hundred gates and mighty marble palaces; of the strange garb of Pharaoh and his court, his slaves and soldiers, councillors and dwarfs—for such the play will prove a brilliant novelty. But there are others who will find in the daring schemes and crushing fall of Arni the Egyptian a human interest second only to that inspired by Claudian—unquestionably the most engrossing dramatic creation of our time. Of the acting that gave the drama life, it may be said that, for the most part, the actors saw their opportunities and seized them cleverly. The dramatic nature of the character of Pennu enabled Mr. Franklin McLean to create immediately a profound impression as the bat-like mannikin. He played, moreover, with great intensity, and upon occasion with genuine feeling. Mr. Cooper Cliffe also achieved a great advance as Pharaoh, and Miss Gwendolen Floyd and Mr. Austin Melford rendered notable service respectively as the *ingénue* Tuaa and Arni's chief enemy, a wily courtier named Narmeni. Around Arni and Latika the action circles, however, and as the latter Miss Maud Jeffries for the first time struck a resounding note of passion which promised, in combination with her poetic personality, to open up a wide range for her talents in the future; while Mr. Barrett, burdened with a more complex character than usual, doffed the romantic for the realistic method, and, abating not a jot of his virility, lent the ambitious warrior a plausibility which excited an absorbing interest in his varying fortunes.

"Pharaoh" was produced at the Grand Theatre, Leeds, on Thursday, 29th September, 1892, with the following cast:—

Arni (a descendant of the old line of Kings deposed by Rameses)	Mr. Wilson Barrett.
Seti I (Pharaoh of Egypt, called "Son of the Sun")	Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe.
Narmeni } Seti's Coun-cillors	Mr. Austin Melford.
Amanophis } Seti's Coun-cillors	Mr. Stafford Smith.
Phranes (a Messenger)	Mr. H. B. Gibbon.
Kophra (Captain of the Guard)	Mr. Prince Lloyd.
Dumb Slave..	Mr. Paul Belmore.
A Priest..	Mr. A. Mervyn.
Seti's Slave	Mr. A. E. Field.
Pennu the Bat (a Dwarf and Court Buffoon)	Mr. Franklin McLean.
Latika (an Egyptian Lady)..	Miss Maud Jeffries.
Tuaa (Daughter of Amanophis and Cousin to Arni, a Princess of the Old Royal Blood)	Miss Gwendolen Floyd.
Mutana } Etruscan Slaves of Tuaa	Miss Alice Gambier.
Naputi } Etruscan Slaves of Tuaa	Miss Daisy Belmore.
Kadra (Latika's Slave)	Miss R. Northcote.
Singing Slave	Miss E. Desmond.

When Summer's Here!

LET ev'ry form, and ev'ry thing,
With gladden'd heart rejoice and sing,
For now in gold is clad the year,
When love is born, when Summer's here!
O! Poet, court thy soulful muse;
In tender fancy shape infuse
With love, that wakes throughout the land,
In ev'ry heart, from ev'ry strand.
Let king lay down his crown awhile,
Peasant look up and wear a smile,
And ev'ry living thing rejoice,
The sounding wave proclaim its voice,
In endless murmurings of love,—
And sun bear witness from above,
That ev'ry action, ev'ry thought,
With simple purity be fraught,
That none may know remorse nor fear,
When love is born, when Summer's here!

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

Sandgate, August, 1892.

"King Lear"—A History of the Play.

THIS tenderest, most poignant and most sublime of tragedies is of composite origin. The main story, that of King Lear and his daughters, is an old one variously narrated. In the "Gesta Romanorum," it is told of Theodosius, "a wise Emperor in the City of Rome"; Geoffrey of Monmouth gives it in his "Historia Britonum," where in a long list of monarchs—stretching from Brutus, the great-grandson of Æneas, down to Cadwallader, who died in Rome in 689 A.D.—appears, tenth in order, King Lear, who, we are told, reigned sixty years, somewhat before the times when flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built by Romulus and Remus. Lear was thus definitely placed in the first half of the eighth century before Christ. The novel of "Perceforest" tells the story, with the mythical history of Britain previous to the reign of Arthur; and it is also to be found in Layamon, Robert of Gloucester, Fabian's "Concordance of Stories," Warner's "Albion's England," Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Holinshed's "Chronicle," Camden's "Remains," and the "Mirrour for Magistrates." A previous play was in existence, called "The Chronicle History of King Leir," which would have probably escaped attention but for the success of Shakespeare's tragedy. This was most likely printed in 1593 or 1594, and reprinted in 1605. It was probably founded on Holinshed, and Shakespeare may have made use of it, but he is much more likely to have gone to the fountain head. The fact, however, is immaterial. In the original story of Leir, there is no mention of Gloster or his sons. For this part of his play, which he has interwoven with the other with characteristic skill, Shakespeare is apparently indebted to Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," where it is to be recognised as The Story of the Paphlagonian Unkind King. Shakespeare's tragedy could not have been written earlier than 1603—as is proved by internal evidence—nor later than 1606, and the earliest known edition is a quarto published in 1608. Gloster's reference to "these late eclipses," &c., is believed by some to prove the date of writing, shortly after the great eclipse of the sun in October, 1605, and the words, "machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders," occurring in the same speech are supposed to allude to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot on the 5th November of the same year, Aldis Wright's conclusion from these surmises being that "Shakespeare did not begin to write 'King Lear' until the end of the year 1605." The time would be short, but, remembering that "The Merry Wives of Windsor," according to tradition, was written, rehearsed, and performed in fourteen days, the feat would seem comparatively easy.

This calculation, however, precludes the possibility of any performance having taken place in the previous May; but, on the other hand, the passages which seem to fix the later date may have been interpolated afterwards.

The 26th December, 1606, is the date of the first recorded performance of Shakespeare's "King Lear," and it took place at Whitehall in the presence of King James, but the weight of opinion is that the first representation took place in 1605, probably about the 7th May. Malone assumes that Burbage was the first Lear, and Davies, in his "Commentaries," suggests that Taylor was the first Edgar, but there is no satisfactory evidence on either point. The tragedy was seen again after the Restoration for a little while in its unmutilated shape. The theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields opened in 1662, and at some time between then and the outbreak of the Plague in May, 1665, "The Tragedy of 'King Lear,' as Mr. Shakespeare wrote it, before it was altered by Mr. Tate," was played there, according to Downes in his "Roscius Anglicanus." Davies declares that "in all probability Nokes, whose face was a comedy, acted the Fool to Betterton's 'Lear'; if so, we may guess the consequence," thus subscribing to an opinion not held exclusively by him, that the Fool's part endangered the impressiveness of the King's.

Up to this time the tragedy does not seem to have commanded any great measure of public favour, for little or nothing is said of it by contemporary critics, and, prior to the folio of 1623, two quarto editions only were published. Nothing is known of the performances of Burbage or Betterton, and when we next hear of it, it is at the Dorset Gardens Theatre in 1681, when Nahum Tate's extraordinary version was the one represented.

Nahum Tate was the gentleman whose name we know in connection with that of Dr. Nicholas Brady and a metrical version of the Psalms. He succeeded Shadwell, on the latter's death, as Poet Laureate, and was a very various, as he seems also to have been an extremely impudent, person. I cannot refrain from referring for a moment to the diversity of the writings he attempted. First of all comes the Psalmodic work, in itself a sufficiently arduous undertaking. In addition to this I find that he wrote, adapted or translated, two farces, five or six tragedies (mostly in five acts, blank verse and prose), many translations, including one of Ovid's Remedy of Love, Art of Beauty, the Metamorphoses, &c. He also edited translations of Ovid, Juvenal, and Lucian by Garth, Dryden and others, and Cowley's poems. He must have been eminently (as indeed a Poet Laureate would need to be) a poet of occasion, since we find him writing in 1685 "On the Sacred Memory of our late Sovereign (Charles II.), with a Congratulation to his present Majesty (James II.)"; in 1691 "A Poem occasioned by the late Discontents and Disturbances in the State, with reflections upon the rise and progress of Priestcraft"; and in 1716 "A Poem sacred to the Glorious Memory of Queen Anne." This does not include odd *epithalamia*, "Panacea; a Poem on Tea," and a score or so of trifles

of that sort. His adaptation of "King Lear," moreover, was not his only Shakespearean offence. Recorded against him are also "The History of King Richard the Second; acted under the name of 'The Sicilian Usurper.' Altered from Shakespeare," and "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth; or, The Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus. A Tragedy in 5 acts and in verse. Altered from Shakespeare." Tate's modesty may be further gauged by the fact that on the title-page of his play "Injured Love; or, The Court Husband," he isdescribed as "author of the Tragedy called 'King Lear.'"

Tate, in a dedicatory epistle, accuses one Thomas Boteler of having incited him to the deed. It was "an obscure piece recommended to his notice by a friend" (Boteler), who had discovered it to be "a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder" that Tate "soon discovered that he had seized a treasure." Thereupon, "out of zeal for all the remains of Shakespeare," he determined to rewrite the play. "It was my good fortune," he adds, "to light on one expedient to rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the tale, which was to run through the whole" a love betwixt Edgar and Cordelia, that never changed word with each other in the original. ". . . The distress of the story is evidently heightened by it, and it particularly gave occasion for a new scene or two, of more success (perhaps) than merit." "More success (perhaps) than merit" is simply delicious!

As a matter of fact, mangling is the only word which can in anywise represent the effect of Tate's efforts on the text, De Quincey going so far as to speak in this connection of "the filth of Tate." Tate entirely rewrote the last act, making the whole play end happily. "This method," he says, "necessarily threw me on making the tale conclude in a success to the innocent, distrest persons; otherwise I must have incumbered the stage with dead bodies, which conduct makes many tragedies conclude with unseasonable jests." One shudders to think of "Hamlet" as it might have been in the improving hands of Mr. Tate. In this version there are touches which would not be ineffective among an audience of lovers of cheap melodrama to-day. Lear at eighty and without weapons tackles four murderers in deadly combat in old-fashioned Surrey-side fashion, and settles two of them. Edgar has a fine "fat" chance when Cordelia is set upon by two ruffians hired by Edmund. Of course, he rescues her in dashing style, and puts her assailants to flight. Oswald, the Steward, disappears, his place being taken by a gentleman usher, and the Fool is abolished altogether.

For the happy ending excuses can be found. "The Chronicle History of King Leir" ends cheerfully, and the same is the case in Holinshed's "History," "The Mirrour for Magistrates," and partly in "The Faerie Queen." Dr. Johnson, too, defends Tate, declaring that "if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor." This, it will be

observed, is only an individual opinion offered in support of a public opinion to which Johnson was not always so ready to defer. "In the present case," he says, "the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity," an expression for which Steevens reproves him :—"Dr. Johnson should rather have said that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side ; the original drama was approved of by Addison :—

'Victrix causa *Diis* placuit, sed victa *Catoni*.'"

De Quincey acquits the public taste in the matter, and argues that "the degenerate taste which substituted the caprices of Davenant, the rants of Dryden, or the filth of Tate for the jewellery of Shakespeare" should be charged against the managers, not one in a thousand of the public being furnished with any means of distinguishing the original text from the spurious. Richardson also condemned the alteration, in his "Clarissa." In the 1681 performance, Betterton was the Lear, Mrs. Barry the Cordelia, and a Lady Slingsly the Regan.

Tate's version was also used on the 30th October, 1706, at the Haymarket (afterwards Her Majesty's, and now in process of demolition), Betterton being the Lear and Mrs. Bracegirdle Cordelia. On the 29th November, 1715, at Drury Lane, Barton Booth was Lear, and Mrs. Booth, formerly Miss Santlow, the Cordelia. She was a beautiful woman and a graceful dancer, but it is said rather a cold actress in tragedy. Davies says that "Booth rendered the character more amiable, or, to speak critically, less terrible than Garrick." In 1720 (15th October), "King Lear" was played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. Antony Boheme, who is said to have given it "a trait of the antique," was the Lear, and Mrs. Seymour Cordelia. Then, at Drury Lane in 1739, Quin was the Lear and Mrs. Seymour again Cordelia. Quin's was not a remarkable performance.

Garrick first played the King during his first season at Goodman's Fields, 11th or 18th March, 1742, repeating the performance at Drury Lane on the 28th May. Tate's version was used, and Mrs. Woffington was Cordelia. But we must not begin to appreciate Garrick's Lear until 1756, when he entered into direct rivalry with Spranger Barry in the same part, before which time he had played it also at Dublin, and made his first appearance in the part at Covent Garden on 11th June, 1746, with Mrs. Vincent as Cordelia, Mrs. Cibber having also previously played the character.

On the 26th February, 1756, Barry, who had also previously played the part in Dublin, appeared as Lear at Covent Garden, where it was played six times. Garrick's subsequent performance at Drury Lane on the 28th October of the same year, with Mrs. Davies as Cordelia, was the signal for a flood of criticism and epigram. The three best known satirical efforts in verse are :—

The town has found out different ways
  To praise the different Lears ;
To Barry they give loud huzzas ;
  To Garrick—only tears.

The second—

A King—*nay every inch a King*—
  Such Barry doth appear ;
But Garrick's quite another thing ;
  He's *every inch King Lear.*

We can easily understand that Theophilus Cibber, ever on the look-out for a chance of injuring Garrick, could not let matters remain thus. Referring to the first epigram, he asks, "How if it be not true ? For 'tis as certain that Mr. Garrick has had other applause besides tears, as 'tis true Mr. Barry, besides loud huzzas, has never failed to draw tears from many of his spectators." With quite characteristic malice, he hints that Garrick was jealous of Barry, and gives another epigram :—

Criticks attend—and judge the rival Lears ;
Whilst each commands applause, and each your tears :
Then own the truth—Well he performs the part
Who touches—even Garrick—to the heart.

A fourth epigram also survives, based upon the difference in the physical proportions of the two men.

When kingly Barry acts, the boxes ring
With echoing praise, "Aye, every inch a King !"
When Garrick dwindling whines, the assenting house
Re-whispers aptly back, "A mouse ! a mouse !"

Garrick, in this revival, was desirous of freeing himself from the tyrrany of Tate, but the restorations announced were slight, and included neither the tragic termination nor the re-introduction of the the Fool. He had been strongly urged, and, indeed, he desired to take the latter step, but his courage failed him, in spite of the assurance of Woodward, who had undertaken the part, that he would be very chaste in his colouring, and not counteract the agonies of Lear.

Barry played Lear again at Drury Lane 7th October, 1769, with Mrs. Barry as Cordelia, and was followed by Garrick, 21st February, 1770.

Previously to this, George Colman had made a fresh version of "King Lear," principally, it is believed, for the sake of a rising young actor named Powell. It was better than Tate's, but far from being Shakespeare. Colman omitted the leap down Dover Cliff, and wished to suppress the putting out of Gloster's eyes, but found that the incident was too closely interwoven with the story. Like Garrick, he wanted to retain the Fool, but, also like Garrick, he was reluctantly dissuaded on the old ground. The love scenes between Edgar and Cordelia were left out, but Tate's happy ending was preserved. This version was produced at Covent Garden 20th February, 1768, but made no success. Powell, the Lear, seems to have been a young actor of great promise, but his career was short.

There were further revivals at Drury Lane and Covent Garden in 1774, 1776, 1779, and 1780. In January, 1788, Mrs. Siddons first played Cordelia, for her benefit at Drury Lane—with Kemble as Lear—the version being Garrick's, with portions of that of Tate restored and some five minor characters added, apparently by Kemble. Neither the Lear nor the Cordelia went for much, though it is said that Kemble was "very great in the curse," and neither Hazlitt nor Leigh Hunt mentions the Lear as a part of Kemble's. Pope played Lear at Covent Garden 6th January, 1794, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Esten; on 18th May, 1808, at the same house, Kemble repeated Lear, to the Cordelia of Miss Smith, and, on the 27th February following, again, at Covent Garden, to the Cordelia of Miss Bristow.

The mental affliction which clouded the later years of George the Third's life rendered it impossible that a tragedy running so far parallel to events of current historical interest should be publicly performed in England during the King's lifetime. Immediately on his death, however, two Lears sprang up at once, in the persons of Junius Brutus Booth and Edmund Kean.

Booth was first, at Covent Garden on 13th April, 1820, with Sally Booth as Cordelia, Macready as Edmund, and Charles Kemble as Edgar. Booth is said to have made Lear "the victim of his ignorant distortion and unshrinking audacity."

Kean made his first appearance as Lear at Drury Lane 24th April, 1820, Mrs. W. West being the Cordelia. Lear was one of his greatest impersonations, if not his very greatest. The rehearsals for this revival were characterised by extraordinary care and frequency, and it is recorded of Kean that on one occasion he acted scene after scene before the pier-glass from midnight till noon-day, and that, in order to observe the details and manifestations of real insanity, he constantly visited St. Luke's and Bethlehem Hospitals.

The more important event was Kean's second revival on the 10th February, 1823, when the bill announced that "in obedience to the suggestions of men of literary eminence, from the time of Addison, that the original fifth act of this tragedy should be restored, the proprietor deems it his duty to pay deference to such opinion; and on this evening Mr. Kean will conclude the character of Lear as originally written by Shakespeare." This is the first fully recorded performance of the play given approximately as Shakespeare intended it to be acted, but even here the Fool was not restored. Some laughter was caused by the difficulty with which Kean carried his Cordelia, Mrs. West. On the 24th, further restorations from Shakespeare were made, and, it is said, were enthusiastically received. Hazlitt found grave fault with the impersonation; it was "altogether inferior" to Kean's performance of Othello. "He failed, either from insurmountable difficulties, or from his own sense of the magnitude of the undertaking. . . . He was too violent at first, and too tame afterwards. . . . He made the well-known curse a piece of downright rant. . . . He tore it to tatters, to very rags."

Hazlitt also says: "The impression produced on our minds was,

that instead of its being his masterpiece, he was to seek in many parts of the character;—that the general conception was often perverse or feeble; and that there were only two or three places where he could be said to electrify the house." It has also been said that it was "quiet, gentle, yet intense, and each word and sigh seemed to come as from a breaking heart." As to the change in the text, *Colburn's New Monthly* (probably Talfourd) declares that it "produced no appalling effects, as had been anticipated, but was received with silent tears."

There is no need to do more than to record the fact of Vandenhoff's appearance at Covent Garden as the King on 9th December, 1820, with Miss Foote as Cordelia. The same may be said of Young's performance of the same part in a non-Shakesperean version at Drury Lane, on 30th March, 1829, with Mrs. West once again as Cordelia.

Macready originally played Lear in a modified version, having restored the language of Shakespeare to the play as early as 1834, but it was not until he was firmly established in management that, on the 25th January, 1858, he produced the Shakesperian version, with the restoration of the Fool. He was terribly nervous about this, and as his Journal shows, was almost in despair. An entry on 4th January, just three weeks prior to the production, reads: "Went to the theatre, where I went on a first rehearsal of 'King Lear.' My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts in poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy, or distract the spectator. I have no hope of it, and think that at the last we shall be obliged to dispense with it. Settled the scenery, which will be very striking." Meadows, a low-comedy actor, was the person then selected to play the part, but on the following day hope had dawned upon Macready, and he wrote of a conversation with Messrs. Wilmott and Bartley, his prompter and stage manager, "Mentioning my apprehension that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed, 'Miss P. Horton is the very person!' I was delighted at the thought." And Miss Priscilla Horton, known to a later generation as Mrs. German Reed, did play it with great success. The whole performance was a great success, although Macready was nervous, and thought that he failed in the character. "I must own," writes Campbell, "I missed the splendid eyes of Kemble in the old King's appearance; but still, Macready's performance is that of a masterly actor." Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, speaking at the farewell banquet to Macready in March, 1851, spoke of the "titanic grandeur of Lear." Macready added the tragedy to his repertory, and played it afterwards both here and in America.

Phelps played Lear at the Surrey and during his second season at Sadler's Wells, 5th November, 1845. The text here, as in all revivals

worthy of mention subsequent to Macready's in 1838, was the full Shakesperean version. Phelps' rendering of the part was a careful following of Macready's. Charles Kean revived the tragedy at the Princess's on the 17th April, 1858, with Miss Kate Terry as Cordelia and Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Arthur Swanborough) as Regan, Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett) Goneril; Ryder, Edgar; Walter Lacy, Edmund; and Miss Poole, the Fool. Charles Kean was generally considered to excel in the pathetic parts, and Mr. Cole writes that "Mr. Kean's attitude and expression when he flung down hia hunting spear, and fell on his knees before he uttered the celebrated curse on Goneril, presented a picture worthy of the pencil of a Raphael." In June, 1861, Phelps also appeared at the Princess's in Lear.

The present generation of playgoers has seen no notable revival of the tragedy in English, that of Mr. Edwin Booth at the Princess's Theatre in 1881 excepted. Both Rossi and Salvini, however, presented it in Italian when they visited London, and their performances will be remembered by many. Madame Sarah Bernhardt also played Cordelia in Paris in 1868, when a French version was presented.

G. W. Dancy.

"Souvenir."

A LITTLE sunny smile,
A little kiss,
A little time beguile
In perfect bliss.

A little time to walk
(She dare not stay.)
A little while to talk,
And then,—Good-day!

A little crystal tear,
A little sigh,
A little sob of fear,
And then,—Good-bye!

Trixie Ellis.

The First Covent Garden Theatre.

BEFORE Christopher Rich was forcibly ejected from Drury Lane (November 22nd, 1709), he possessed a lease of the old deserted theatre erected by Sir William Davenant in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the patent granted to him by Charles II. On the strength of these he built a new theatre on the same site in Portugal Row, the architect being James Shepherd, who also designed the theatre in Goodman's Fields.

Christopher Rich died November 4th, 1714, shortly before the new edifice was completed. It was therefore opened by his son, John Rich, the celebrated harlequin, and the father of modern pantomime, spectacle, and stage splendour—at once the Bologna and the Farley of his day. The new building was opened on December 18th, in the same year, with "The Recruiting Officer," and the receipts on the first night were £143—a sum not exceeded during the whole of the season, except upon the performance of "The Island Princes," by command of his Majesty.

The class of entertainment provided by John Rich met with such success that he resolved to put into execution a plan he had for some time contemplated—the erection of a theatre upon a larger scale than any then existing. Accordingly, in 1730, he began to raise subscriptions for it by publicly exhibiting the designs of his architect, James Shepherd, and stating the principal features of his scheme.

A plot of land at the back of Bow Street was selected as a spot suitable for the structure, then occupied by some old buildings left standing by Inigo Jones when he erected the Piazza and Colonnade in 1633. These ruins were said to have formed part of an ancient convent, whence that part of London originally derived its name. According to another authority, however, there never was a convent at this spot, the site of Covent Garden having been a garden of the Abbey of Westminster, whence its name.

The designs appear to have received immediate encouragement, since *Read's Weekly Journal* of Saturday, January 16th, 1731, stated that the subscriptions exceeded £6,000, that the building would shortly be commenced, and that the designs had met with universal approval. It also added that the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was to be disposed of to the Crown, for the Commissioners of the Stamp Duties.

The demolition of the old ruins began in February, and the next notice appeared in *The Daily Advertiser* of Tuesday, March 2nd, announcing that "the new theatre, which is to be built in Covent

Garden, will be after the model of the Opera House in the Haymarket, and by the drawing that has been approved of for the same it is said it will exceed the Opera House in magnificence of structure."

Passing over a newspaper report that Gibbs was intended to be the architect of both the theatre and the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, we find by *The Daily Advertiser* of Thursday, April 29th, "that a great number of workmen are daily employed in digging the foundation near Covent Garden, on which a new playhouse is to be very speedily built for Mr. Rich, the master of the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, notwithstanding the various reports to the contrary."

No doubt in these rumours the wish was father to the report; but that the works continued to advance is proved by the same paper of Friday, August 6th, which stated that "the new theatre building near Covent Garden for Mr. Rich is carrying on with such expedition and diligence, there being a great number of hands employed therein, that it is thought it will be completely finished and ready to receive the audience next winter. Several persons of distinction resort thither daily to view the said works, and seem much pleased with the performance."

This expectation, however, was not realised, partly perhaps from want of funds, but more probably owing to an accident which it was said affected the security of the building. According to one newspaper report, part of the roof fell in, causing the death of one of the workmen, and injuring others. Another report contradicted this, stating that it was simply a rafter which fell, and that the roof was in no any way damaged.

Rich confidently anticipated opening the new theatre for the winter season of 1732, and on closing the Portugal Row house on June 2nd of that year, concluded his advertisement with the words, "being the last time of the company's acting in that theatre." This anticipation, also, was not fulfilled, and the following semi-official announcement appearing in *The Daily Journal* for September 18th: "We hear that Mr. Harvey and Mr. Lambert have been employed some time in painting the scenes for the new theatre in Covent Garden, and that Signor Amiconi, who painted the Lord Tankerville's excellent staircase in St. James's Square, is to show his art in the ceiling of that theatre, and in order thereto hath prepared a design, in which Apollo is represented in an assembly of the Muses dignifying Shakespeare with the laurel. As the several hands employed require some time further to execute their undertakings, we are informed the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields will be opened again in a few days, it being determined not to act in that of Covent Garden till the decorations are quite finished." The old theatre accordingly opened with "Hamlet."

At length the new building was ready, and with the opening announcement (December 7th) in one paper the following admonition appeared in another :—

"Thespis, the first of the dramatic race,
Stroll'd, in a cart, for gain, from place to place :
His actors rude, his profits came but slow—
The poet he and master of the show.
To raise attention he employed his art
To build another, and more costly cart ;
New asses he procured to drag the load,
And gained the shouts of boys upon the road.
Awhile the gay machine attention drew,
The people throng'd because the sight was new ;
Thither they hurried once, and went no more,
For all his *actors* they had seen before ;
And what *it* was they wish'd no more to see—
The application, Lun, is left with thee."

Lun was the pseudonym of John Rich, under which he performed harlequin in his own pantomimes. His popularity occasioned Vander Gucht to engrave a scene print with the distich—

"Shakespeare, Rowe, Jonson now are quite undone :
These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Lun !"

It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more simple and unostentatious than the advertisement for the original opening of the "New Theatre Royal, Covent Garden," which appeared as follows :—

"By the Company of Comedians.—At the Theatre Royal, in Covent Garden, on Thursday, being the 7th day of December, will be revived a comedy called 'The Way of the World,' written by Mr. Congreve. The clothes, scenes, and decorations entirely new. And, on account of the great demand for places, the pit and boxes, by desire, will be laid together at 5s., gallery 2s., upper gallery 1s., and, to prevent the scenes being crowded, the stage half-a-guinea. N.B.—All persons who want places are desired to send to the stage door, the passage from Bow Street leading to it, where attendance will be given, and places kept for the following nights as usual."

In illustration of this advertisement it may be observed that in the old English theatres, even down to those of the eighteenth century, some of the superior positions consisted of seats erected on the stage, or chairs placed in front of the curtain. At Drury Lane, in 1733, these seats were converted into stage boxes. It may also be mentioned that, from the situation of the Covent Garden house, the two entrances were approached by long covered passages, one running out of Bow Street, and the other being the eastern colonnade of Covent Garden piazza, at the end of which was a magnificent arched doorway, with columns and enrichments of the Ionic order. It is towards this entrance that Hogarth's caricature of "Rich's glory, or his triumphant entry into Covent Garden," represents the procession advancing. This print has been erroneously dated 1728, but refers to Rich's removal to the new theatre in 1732.

There are but few materials now extant for a description of the original interior of his house, but the well-known view of the stage during a riot in 1763, before any considerable alteration was made, shows that it was small, the fronts of the boxes flat, that there were twisted double branches with candles against the pilasters, an absence of footlights (the stage being illuminated by four hoops of candles, surmounted by a crown hung from the borders), on each side of the stage a pedestal, with painted figures of "Tragedy" and "Comedy,"

and that the orchestra was of a bowed form, adapted for twenty performers.

Though the comedy with which the house opened had been before the public some thirty years previous, there was no second piece, the novelty of the new theatre being considered a set-off, and sufficient to command the highest of first-night prices. On the second night, however, "a new prologue and several entertainments of dancing" were added. The address was given for the first three nights, and on December 11th popular prices were announced.

The first night was not so successful from a financial point of view as was anticipated, the receipts being only £115, the second performance realising the sum of £61 7s. 6d., which was not exceeded during the run of the comedy.

The following was the cast :—

Fainall	Mr. QUIN.	Lady Wishfor't	Mrs. EGLETON.
Witwou'd	Mr. CHAPMAN.	Millamont	Mrs. YOUNGER.
Sir Wilful Witwou'd	Mr. HIPPESLEY.	Mrs. Marwood	Mrs. HALLAM.
Mirabel	Mr. RYAN.	and	
Petulant	Mr. NEALE.		
Waitwell	Mr. PENTSETHMAN.	Foible	Mrs. STEVENS.

The season consisted of 123 performances, at six of which Royalty were present, and the house closed on June 1st. On December 16th Miss Norsa made a successful *débût* as Polly in the "Beggars' Opera," on which occasion the receipts were £108. As an indication of her success, it may be mentioned that the second performance realised £122 11s.—more than the opening night.

Comedy and opera were the principal productions, but tragedies were also presented, on February 25th "Macbeth" being announced "with all the usual flyings, sinkings, and decorations proper to the play." One of the novelties of the season was Gay's opera of "Achilles," which met with marked success for a short period, and then, for some unaccountable reason, became a decided failure. A newspaper, commenting on the transient success of this opera, concludes with: "But such has ever been the uncertainty of public taste and theatrical exhibitions, that the house was actually *dismissed* on the 9th of May with the same opera."

Among the productions of the first season may be mentioned "The Cheats; or, The Tavern Bilkers," "The Mock Lawyer," "The Rape of Helen," and Shirley's "Parricide."

It will be gathered from the foregoing that there were hostile feelings towards the theatre in Covent Garden, and the managers of Drury Lane evinced a rather illiberal rivalry towards it from the very first announcement of its opening. "The Way of the World" was also produced at Drury Lane the same evening the new theatre was opened, and when "King Lear" was presented at Covent Garden, it was opposed by "Henry VIII." at Drury Lane, and later on "The Beggars' Opera" was produced at the latter the same night as it was announced for the former. According to chronicles of the day, however, the new house "met with complete success, and was honoured by the whole of the public."

W. S.

A Commission.

THE little village of Rotherdene, Norsex, which lies about 100 miles from London, was one morning a few years ago in a state of consternation and excitement, which was in marked contrast to its usual placidity. It was one of those quiet out-of-the-way places which are still occasionally to be found, where people jog on contentedly all through their uneventful lives, and where, although it would be too much to say that a Radical had never been seen, such a one had never yet managed to obtain a following; and the Squire, Tom Heddrow, and his family, followed at a respectful distance by "the quality" generally, were still regarded by the village folk as constituting a superior order of humanity, and were understood, in company with the parson, to be the persons referred to in the Church Catechism as "pastors and masters," "all your better's" being taken to mean a sort of second class, including the doctor and all persons partly or entirely of independent means.

Such abandoned wickedness as actual crime directed against pastors and masters were almost without a precedent in Rotherdene, barring an occasional case of poaching on the part of the more hot-blooded and daring among the younger men; but on the summer morning, which happened to be a Saint's Day, on which this story begins, the Beadle (there was actually a Beadle still—with a cocked hat—at Rotherdene), on going to unlock the church for morning service, had discovered that the grave of the not-long-since deceased aunt of the Squire had been grossly desecrated, the new headstone which her sister, Miss Josephine, had had executed in London at great expense, and erected only the day before, having been wantonly defaced. A great piece had been chipped out of the very middle of the stone with a chisel, of which the marks were plainly visible, the very inscription itself being disfigured.

Not only was the outrage a piece of almost incredible wickedness in the eyes of the simple villager, but it was quite incomprehensible even to persons who were well aware that human nature may sometimes sink even to lower depths of baseness still; for neither the deceased lady, nor the squire himself or any of his family, as far as he knew, had an enemy who might have adopted this means of inflicting annoyance, nor was it conceivable what gain anyone at all could have expected would accrue from the perpetration of the indignity. There was no local monumental mason near at hand whom professional jealousy might have stimulated to the destruction of the London artist's work, thinking Miss Josephine's commission

should have been given to himself ; and the stone, being a new one, and of inoffensive appearance, could neither on the one hand have attracted the attention of any wandering Visigoth, who had chipped off a piece as a memento, nor on the other hand have excited the resentment of some purist of an archæological student, who had sought by this means to avenge an insulted taste.

Tom Heddrow was as completely puzzled as vexed. As he said to his old college chum, Bob Hare, who was spending a part of the Long Vacation—so necessary to the average newly-called barrister—at Rotherdene House, "What the deuce is the object of it? The chisel marks show it was done purposely, but who could have done it? I've never been down upon anybody about here yet, though I daresay, now they've made me a J.P., I may have to, some day. But I've never even sat on the Bench in my judicial capacity as yet. Perhaps one of these anarchist chaps has been sent down from London, on my name being gazetted as the Lord Chancellor's last addition to the Great Unpaid, to do something nasty in a general way, just to warn me to mind my P's and Q's and let everybody off without a stain on their characters."

"Look here, old man," replied Bob ; "why not try as a first step to find the man who did it, and then ask him as a friend to tell you what he did it for. If it was a stranger, I wouldn't do anything about it at all, and you can easily find out if there has been one hanging about, for somebody must have seen him. If, on the other hand, it was somebody about here (I only say if, you know, dear boy. Don't get angry !), you could probably find him through the tool he used. There can't be a very large number of people in Rotherdene who have stone-chisels that fit the marks."

"By Jove, that's true. I don't know indeed who'd have one at all, except old Hindes the blacksmith, who rather fancies himself on the tools he has in his shop, half of which he doesn't know anything about."

Hindes was according interviewed. It was quite out of the question that he could himself have been the culprit, so Heddrow asked him at once if he had any tool which might have been used, and if he had lent it to anyone, or if it had been lying somewhere where it could have been taken easily.

"No, sir, I don't think I have, 'ceptin' the little crowbar, and that Wilkins borrowed of me to open the packing case Miss Josephine's new saddle come in yesterday."

"What was that like?" queried Bob, with an assumption of the legal ferret air, which he fancied rather became him as a full-fledged barrister, but which was sufficiently ludicrous.

"That's it there, sir. He brought it back this morning. You can look at it for yourself."

"Look here, Heddrow!" exclaimed Hare, excitedly, pointing to the flattened end of the bar, the dented edge of which and some white particles still adhering to it showed that it had been used to chip stone.

"I want to borrow this from you, Hindes," said Heddrow, with an

air of nonchalance which Hare, in his unprofessional excitement, had quite forgotten to preserve. And the two friends left the blacksmith's shop, bearing with them the implement which a comparison with the marks on the tombstone soon satisfied them was the very one with which the great act of desecration had been accomplished.

"You'll be Lord Chancellor yourself, Bob, if you go on as you've begun. And then, perhaps, you'll see to it that there's a paid legal sharp to do the J.P. business for each village, instead of its having to complicate existence for every fellow who comes into a property. Well, what am I to do now? Look here, suppose you go on with the thing to the end; it's your business!"

"All right, old man; only understand, I'm not going to be in the row between Aunt Josephine and Wilkins! If it's my business, though, perhaps I ought to be instructed by a solicitor."

"Oh, shut up, and don't footle, Bob! I tell you I'm in earnest about the thing. Tell you what I'll do—I'll bet you a pony you can't find out all about it!"

"Done with you, then," replied Bob, the sporting instinct in him gaining the upper hand of barristerial dignity. "It's non-contentious business, anyway."

* * * * * *

The account of his proceedings which Bob Hare received from Wilkins not a little surprised that embryo Erskine. Miss Josephine herself had sent him to Hindes to borrow the bar which she said she had seen in his shop, and he had simply done so and handed it to her. That morning he had received it back from her, and returned it to Hindes.

This was, to say the least of it, extraordinary. The implement with which something calculated to wound Miss Josephine's feelings had been done, had been in Miss Josephine's own possession during the very time when it had been used for that purpose. Theories of a probable kind to account for this fact did not readily present themselves to Hare's brain. Madness and somnambulism seemed the only ones affording an adequate explanation of so extraordinary a fact, if it were one.

However, if the solution of the mystery was not yet discovered, Bob Hare felt well assured that he was on the high road to it now. His liberal tips, good humour and good looks had made him a prime favourite with all the servants at Rotherdene House, and it was therefore an easy matter to gather complete information regarding Miss Josephine's movements on the previous day. So anxious indeed were all of these to do something for him that Miss Josephine's French maid brought him down a heap of correspondence which that lady had left on her dressing table, and was quite surprised that Monsieur should not desire to examine it, and indeed should seem rather indignant than obliged to her. On the paper lying on the top was a draft of the epitaph for the tombstone, and this Hare read with interest before he comprehended that it was Miss Heddrow's private papers that were being offered for his

inspection. As soon as he did comprehend, of course, he told Thérèse, as nearly sharply as he ever spoke, to take the papers back; and congratulated himself that all he had looked at was something that had been already given to the world.

The information he had gathered only tended to perplex Bob Hare the more. It simply seemed to make it more inexplicable than ever how anybody could have got possession of the crowbar, for it appeared Miss Heddrow had had it sent up to her own room as soon as Wilkins had done opening the packing case, and had actually remained in her room all the evening afterwards, complaining of a headache.

On leaving the house for the purpose of going once more to view the *corpus delicti*, Bob was accosted by the Beadle, who wanted to know what he had better do about the piece chipped out of the tombstone, which had been found by someone in the shrubbery and handed to him; would he mind seeing the Squire about it?

Bob promised to do so; and the Beadle handed over to him the fragment of stone. The explanation of the mystery which it afforded, in conjunction with what he had heard from the servants, and the draft of the intended inscription he had seen, will be sufficiently indicated by the following colloquy between him and the Squire, which took place that evening:—

"I'll trouble you for that pony, Squire."

"Hold on. You'll have to explain the thing to me first."

"All right! Heddrow, it was you who attended to the matter of the tombstone in London, wasn't it?"

"I should think it was; and an infernal nuisance it was too. Aunt Josephine made life a burden to me for a week before I went up, with her bothering instructions about it; and when I got to town, I couldn't enjoy myself for trying to remember what I had forgotten about it. I lost the confounded paper too that she had written out the epigram (or whatever you call it) on, but she had read it over to me so often that I couldn't forget how it ran, so my mind was easy about that at all events."

"Yes, Tom, but I rather think you remembered just one word more than was in it; it ran, 'is erected by her surviving sister, in token,' &c."

"Certainly it did; 'in token of her affection for the memory of a noble type of womanhood."

"Yes, Tom, quite right, only when the stone came home it had *twin*-sister on it, instead of sister."

"Well, what if it had? What difference does that make?

"Tom," said Bob in solemn tones, "that headstone included the date of your deceased aunt's birth. It is the word 'twin' that is chipped out."

"Good Lack, Bob; you don't mean to tell me——"

"I don't mean to tell you another word unless you refuse to pay that pony. You don't want to prosecute Aunt Josephine, do you?"

M. F. J.

Plays of the Month.

"A FANCY FAIR."

An original comedietta, by RALPH LUMLEY.
First produced at the Lyric Hall, Ealing, on Thursday, 22nd September, 1892.

The Hon. Ronald Dorleigh.. Mr. FRED. KERR. | Lilian Carberry .. Miss MAUD MILLETT.

"A Fancy Fair" is, of course, composed of trifles—trifles of an unusually trivial, and also of an unusually diverting, order—and was suggested apparently by the Chinese Mandarin episode in "The Dancing Girl." In that highly-coloured drama it will be remembered that Mr. Tree engaged in a wise and witty address to "a nid-nid-nodding Idol from Pekin." His Grace of Guisebury also adopted a similar method of relieving an o'er-charged bosom, and made pathetic confession to one Bully Boy, a dog. These examples, no doubt, suggested a promising course of action to the Hon. Ronald, when Miss Carberry had rejected him six times, and he found her canvassing at a local bazaar for his opponent at the forthcoming election. So he purchased a doll, and stuck it up like an Aunt Sally and hurled heavy denunciations of the sex at its waxen head, and soothed himself after this violent exercise by vowing eternal fidelity to "Dolly." Whereupon Miss Carberry, who had been giving one pearly ear to some of this talk, conceived that he was addressing a certain Miss Dorothea, a rival belle, and promptly revealed the true state of her heart. After much warmth, the result of the lovers firing off numberless verbal squibs at each other, the identity of "Dolly" is disclosed, and they are reconciled; and Miss Millett and Mr. Kerr retire with the assurance of having added one more diverting little sketch apiece to their respective collections of impulsive English maidens and more or less equanimous English youths.

"THE AWAKENING."

A new and original Comedy, in three acts, by ARTHUR BENHAM.
First produced at the Garrick Theatre on Saturday evening, 1st October, 1892.

John Peyton..	Mr. HERBERT WARING.	Carter	Mr. DOUGLAS BRUCE.
Hon. Cecil Darbishire	Mr. ARTHUR ELWOOD.	Lady Gertrude Harley	Miss VANE FEATHERSTONE.
Reginald Harley.. ..	Mr. SANT MATTHEWS.	Archie Ripon	Miss NINA BOUCICAULT.
Montague Nicholson..	Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.	Nurse	Miss WILLIAMS
Doctor Mason	Mr. LEONARD CALVERT	Helen Peyton	Miss ESTELLE BURNEY

Helen Peyton is the heroine, and for two acts endeavours to get taken seriously as a kind of English *Frou-Frou*. She has a husband, something in the city, for whom she does not seem to care—like Frou-Frou. She has a child whom she neglects—like Frou-Frou. She sports a lover whose advances flutter her timid breast deliciously—like Frou-Frou. She is given to dress, to making a show, to snubbing her husband, to turning up her nose at carpet slippers and a cosy evening by her own fireside, to *risqué* stories and society "just a bit off colour"—all like Frou-Frou. And we fully expect her to take a Cook's excursion to Venice, in company with a young man of prepossessing appearance—like Frou-Frou. But just when she is on the verge of the unpardonable sin, the time comes for "the new

and original" (and also the "comedy") in Mr. Benham's play to make itself visible. The moment arrives when Mr. and Mrs. Peyton are at a "small and early" at Mr. Harley's in Mayfair. Mrs. Peyton has grossly insulted her husband, sung (without much point) a Parisian music-hall song, whisked her gown up to her knees, and threatened to burst into a (presumably Parisian) dance, when the word is passed that her baby is sick. What is known in fiction as the "mother's heart" stirs in her bosom; and, sobbing "Take me home, John," the inexcusable little sinner jumps at the hysterical joys of repentance. She has nothing to confess. She is confident that she always loved John; and never—no, never—could have loved the sleek, smooth villain, Darbishire. In word and deed she is blameless. But she is one of those women who must make a fuss about everything. So she whines, and screams, and cries to God that if He will only spare her child, she will be so, so good all the rest of her life; until you might suppose that she really had been to Venice, and could not be the immaculate person she had only five minutes before protested she was. With the application of a remedy, most humorously—and luckily—"thought of" at the last gasp by a comic doctor, and some favourable symptoms observed in his little patient, comes the agitated heroine's "awakening," and with a soul purged of something or other—innocence, guilt, or hysteria—she is conducted to the child's cot by the magnanimous partner of her foolish and frivolous life. Where lies the play in this artless arrangement, mere average eyes cannot see. A "drama" in which nothing happens, in which, as the claret-drinking farmer complained, "You get no forrarder," is a contradiction in terms. The first-night audience took this view, and expressed their opinion with impolite but expressive emphasis. Portions of the comedy disclosed promise, however; some of the dialogue was smart and cynical; and one character, that of a husband-hunting girl who sticks at nothing in competing with her men-monopolising married sisters, was drawn with much vivacity. The acting of this part by Miss Nina Boucicault was delightfully quaint and daring, and stood out as the one living thing among a crowd of saw-dust dolls. Not even the dignity and quiet strength of Mr. Waring could make anything of a lay figure like John Peyton; nor could Mr. Matthews, Mr. Aynesworth, and Mr. Elwood do more than deliver their lines—under which circumstances the first and last might, as a treat, have spoken them distinctly. Miss Burney may have a future before her, but to qualify for it she must unlearn everything she has learnt. Voice, gesture, manner, all are unpleasing, and, in a part intended to resemble Frou-Frou, place the actress at an almost tragic disadvantage.

"A LUCKY DOG."

A Farcical Comedy, in three acts, by W. SAPTE, jun.
First produced at a *matinée* at the Strand Theatre, Monday, July 4th, 1892; re-produced at Terry's Theatre on Monday evening, 3rd October, 1892.

William Woodcock ..	Mr. G. W. ANSON.
Harold Winyard.. ..	Mr. JOHN TRESAHAR.
Milton Jones	Mr. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY.
John Lucas	Mr. CHARLES FAWCETT.
Cheevers	Mr. F. GAYTIE.
Joe Wiggs	Mr. F. HAMILTON-KNIGHT.
Benjamin Barrable ..	Mr. FRED. THORNE.
Letitia Winyard.. ..	Mrs. CANNINGE.
Marion Winyard ..	Miss HELEN FORSYTH.
Jane	Miss EVELINE FAULKNER.
Atalanta Woodcock ..	Miss NORREYS.

In the August number of THE THEATRE, this farce received several kindly pats, such as "A Lucky Dog" might deserve and appreciate. Mingled with the praise was a little—a very little,

because it always appears unpalatable—sound advice. That advice has not been followed, with the saddest consequences. What the play wanted was breadth and force. The *matinée* company, composed of very clever players, was a little thin. Its blood ran sluggishly. A rattle-brain, like Mr. Yorke Stephens, was wanted to enliven it, and a droll like Mr. Blakeley to distract attention from its occasional tendency to ramble. Unfortunately the other course was adopted, of still further refining what was already too fine. One change for the better there is, but only one—the substitution of Mr. Anson for Mr. Cyril Maude. The older comedian, but just returned from a trip to Australia which lasted seven years, has vigour, power, and experience in excess of his young rival. Upon occasion he can fill a stage and divert an audience for minutes at a time, and if Mr. Sapte had written up the part of Woodcock, in Mr. Anson he would have found his best apology for the absence of Mr. Penley, Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Roberts, or any other of the select band of personalities indispensable to farce of this kind. Woodcock is not, however, given enough to do, and this fact, combined with the painfully obvious want of a stage manager, the timid touch of Miss Norreys, once so brisk and inventive in light comedy parts, and the under-playing of every soul in the cast—save Mr. Anson and Mr. Tresahar—accounted for the piece hanging fire as it constantly did on the first night. Mr. Tresahar threw himself with do-or-die energy into his work, and by sheer personal dash carried the play over several dull wastes, and the vast resources of Mr. Anson stood him and his author in excellent stead. With the exception of these determined comedians, and pretty Miss Forsyth, whose charm is always welcome, there was no one to appreciate the spirit of the piece—and unless the company is well whipped up and a Criterion tear-and-tumble adopted as a model, the very promising *dèbût* of Mr. Alport as manager and Mr. Sapte as farce-writer will not bear the fruits quite reasonably expected of it.

"DOROTHY VERNON."

A drama, in four acts, by J. W. BOULDING.

Played for the first time in London at the Savoy Theatre on Thursday afternoon, October 6th, 1892.

Sir George Vernon ..	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.	Groom	Mr. LAURENCE HANRAY
Sir Thomas Stanley ..	Mr. LAWRANCE D'ORSAY	John Manners	Mr. PHILIP CUNINGHAM
Edward Stanley	Mr. ORLANDO BARNETT	Luce	Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS.
Ben Shaw	Mr. HENRY BEDFORD.	Cecily	Miss ST. MAUR.
Will Dawson	Mr. A. WOOD.	Dame Maud	Miss GLAMOYE.
Praddle..	Mr. ROGER ROBERTS.	Margaret	Miss MARION LIND.
Podger	Mr. ANNING.	Dorothy	Miss SYDNEY K. PHELPS

Mr. Boulding gracefully ceded to Mr. Grundy and Sir Arthur Sullivan his rights in the title "Haddon Hall," so Mr. D'Oyly Carte, in his turn, gracefully put the Savoy and its beautiful scenery at the disposal of Mr. Boulding. Hence the *matinée* of "Dorothy Vernon," without which the stage would have been none the poorer. For one thing alone can the author have credit. He sticks to his history book. Some authorities now aver that Dorothy never made off with her masquerading woodman, Manners. But these are they who would make out a saint in Richard of Gloucester, and a French adventurer in Robert the Bruce. Tradition is the true history in such a case; and to tradition Mr. Boulding is constant. All his leading personages figure in the chronicles of the Dukes of Rutland. Moreover, they do in general the deeds associated with their names. In one respect, perhaps, they outrage history—they speak blank verse. But that fault is venial. For their historian is by way of being a poet. Would that he were more! Would he were a dramatist. Then

many curious sights would have been spared us, notably the endless processions of characters, always in couples, as though bound for the Ark, with which, indeed, in one or two other respects, they seemed connected. But why dwell upon the nakedness of the land? Mr. Boulding can write, but between writing and writing a play lies a whole world. Till he has traversed it, may he henceforth leave his critics undisturbed. 'Tis better so for all parties, including actors, who in disjointed, formless things like this can only tamper with their hard-won reputations. Several on this Black Thursday served their author loyally, but impressions, at once agreeable and distinct, remain only of the crisp comedy of Mrs. Phelps as Juliet's—that is Dorothy's—Nurse, fervid Mr. Cuningham's gallant bearing as the hero, and the picturesque outside of Mr. Robertson's Elizabethan noble. And for the sake of these, towards the defaulters, whether of the player or the penman class—*absit invidia.*

"AGATHA TYLDEN, MERCHANT AND SHIPOWNER."

A new play, in four acts, by EDWARD ROSE.
First produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Tuesday evening, 18th October, 1892.

Hugh Ainsworth ..	Mr. LEWIS WALLER.	Christopherson	Mr. RUDGE HARDING.
Graham Macfarlane ..	Mr. CYRIL MAUDE.	Jabez Thompson ..	Mr. W. CHEESMAN.
Lord Cyprian St.Osyth	Mr. W. T. LOVELL.	Agatha Tylden	Mrs. LANGTRY.
Evans	Mr. F. A. EVERILL.	Winifred March.. ..	Miss MARIE LINDEN.
Max Sondershausen ..	Mr. EDMUND MAURICE.		

Mr. Rose has sought the unconventional, but only in a weak sense has he attained it. His background of business and banking is novel and not unattractive, and the figures he has ranged in front of it possess characteristics in a notable degree dramatic. Yet so clumsily has the author contrived their movements that, after the first scene, they appear neither life-like nor dramatic, and what at the beginning promises to be a fine struggle between conflicting passions sinks in the "great" act into a dull business duel and the bathos of bankruptcy. Here are the lines of the story. Agatha Tylden inherits a gigantic undertaking, and determines to conduct it with her own hands. Fired by ambition, she rejects the love (and brilliant abilities) of Hugh Ainsworth, and declines the proffered commercial alliance of her only possible rival in Blackport—the cannie Macfarlane. The latter vows vengeance. The former quits the town to replace his worship of Agatha with the worship of gold. Already, at the close of the first act, the piece is full of big possibilities. What with the soaring ambition of Agatha, her blossoming love for Hugh, that forlorn lover's bitter disappointment and consequent sordid devotion to Mammon, and the malice of the Scotch merchant, there should be some big knot to be untied. Half-a-dozen strong realistic dramas suggest themselves as the natural outcome of certain developments in one quarter or the other. But Mr. Rose has turned his back upon them all, and chosen for his theme the undramatic instability of his merchant heroine, the uninteresting procurement through her rejected lover of that proud protestant's signature to a petition in bankruptcy, and the re-establishment of her credit through a peculiarly flagrant "god out of a machine." In an unvarnished description lies the play's heaviest condemnation. In money pure and simple there is no drama. Bankruptcy is a mere word; and carries with it no overpowering sense of consequences. And this a man of Mr. Rose's perception would assuredly have observed had not his judgment been blinded by a passage in one of Björnson's plays, upon which he founded his culminating scene.

Acted with great vigour and even more than her usual sagacity by Mrs. Langtry, and by Mr. Waller with a discretion and power for which scarcely any praise could be too high—so difficult and thankless was his part—this third act appeared to arouse interest in spite of itself, and the first-night verdict was eminently favourable. Mr. Maurice distinguished himself by an exceedingly clever sketch of the German of commerce—and the comic papers—and Mr. Harding, with a capital touch of character, almost enlivened a dull fourth act, but Mr. Maude was rather over-weighted. His make-up was admirable, but, partly owing to his author, his griping Scotchman was an inconsistent person, and the actor surrounded him with no atmosphere of evil significance such as the play required. Sad was the plight of Mr. Lovell, Mr. Everill, and Miss Linden. Sincerely were they to be condoled with, for they were treated like Israelitish brick-makers in captivity; and over them Mr. Rose should be induced to permit the bowels of his compassion to yearn.

"THE GUARDSMAN."

A farcical play, in three acts, by GEORGE R. SIMS and CECIL RALEIGH.
First produced at the Court Theatre on Thursday evening, 20th October, 1892.

Sir James Bramston..	Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.
Captain Sir Eustace Bramston, Bart. ..	Mr. ELLIOT.
Archibald Clinton ..	Mr. W. DRAYCOTT.
General Kenneth Blazer	Mr. C. P. LITTLE.
Hanbury Hakes	Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
Martin	Mr. COMPTON COUTTS.
Miles	Mr. R. NAINBY.
Downes..	Mr. E. BERTRAM.
Lady Jones	Miss CAROLINE HILL.
Lucy Greville	Miss ISABEL ELLISSEN.
Daphne Lovat	Miss ELLALINE TERRISS
Kitty Masters	Miss AGNES THOMAS.
Thompson	Miss IRENE RICKARDS.

A mass of misunderstanding, mystery, and mirth—not to be disintegrated, still less described. A jumble of complexity, simplicity, and wit, doing equal credit to its authors' invention, memory, and research. A novelty in which we are re-introduced to many life-long friends, whom we find as fresh to-day as they were who shall say how many years ago. Lastly, a vehicle—like a circus processional car—for the exhibition of a crowd of favourite performers, each in his most popular part. Here, there, and everywhere, we are confronted with a line we know, a character we nod to, or a piece in the puzzle as familiar as Robinson Crusoe. But in farce what does it matter? So long as you laugh, the end is attained. And over "The Guardsman" you laugh pretty frequently. Mr. Cecil starts you off as a funny old judge, who, to help his nephew out of a match with an unknown lady, by anonymous letters compasses the defamation of his character; and Mr. Elliot, as the Wyndham-like nephew, keeps you going by being up to his eyes in love with the very woman upon whom, with his own connivance, the traducing post-cards are showered. Then Mr. Grossmith, as a pickle-proprietor (and terrible "bounder") steps in to quicken the pace, and the authors contrive a pantomime rally in the judge's flat in the last act to keep everyone on the scream. The only grumble possible is that the complications are exhaustingly complex, and that neither clever Miss Hill—an established favourite when most of her comrades were at school—nor girlish and charming Miss Terriss has anything worthy to do.

"IN TOWN."

A musical farce, in two acts, by ADRIAN ROSS and JAMES LEADER. The music by OSMOND CARR. First produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Saturday evening, 15th October, 1892.

Captain Arthur Coddington	Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS.	Benoli	Mr. H. GRATTAN.
The Duke of Duffshire	Mr. ERIC LEWIS.	Shrimp	Miss JENNIE ROGERS.
Lord Clanside.... ..	Miss P. BROUGHTON.	Duchess of Duffshire	Miss MARIA DAVIS.
Rev. Samuel Hopkins	Mr. E. BANTOCK.	Flo Fanshawe	Miss SYLVIA GREY.
		Kitty Hetherton.. ..	Miss F. ST. JOHN.

To fit Mr. Roberts all that the dramatist has to do is—to leave plenty of room. A fit of this kind has been splendidly achieved in "In Town." As a military "masher," curiously resembling Mr. Arthur Roberts, the tireless comedian is, in one act, set upon his feet in a London hotel, and in another behind the scenes at the Ambiguity. That is the plot—and the play. What remains is Mr. Roberts, at his funniest, liveliest, daringest. He jokes, he dances, and he sings, all to a running accompaniment of laughter. Miss St. John, too, sings admirably, and thereby calls attention to the very neat and finished lyrics of Mr. Adrian Ross. Mr. Eric Lewis, with his polished comedy, is lost amid so broad, impulsive, and spontaneous a crowd. He is an actor, not a droll, and scarcely holds his own. Nor does Miss Phyllis Broughton, as a very comely boy, nor Miss Sylvia Grey, with only one dance for every dozen her audience would have of her. Indeed, there is apology to be offered for almost everyone but the head and front of it all, but then the piece was devised for him, so who can grumble? Mr. Roberts is "In Town," and that is the whole idea.

"THE DUCHESS OF MALFI."

The famous tragedy, in five acts, by JOHN WEBSTER, re-arranged for the modern stage by WILLIAM POEL, and presented at the Opera Comique by the Independent Theatre Society on Friday evening, the 21st, and Tuesday afternoon, 25th October, 1892.

Ferdinand	Mr. S. BARRACLOUGH.	Infant Son to Antonio and the Duchess ..	Master A. DEANE.
The Cardinal	Mr. BASSETT ROE.	Daniel de Bosola.. ..	Mr. MURRAY CARSON.
Antonio..	Mr. F. R. BUCKLEY.	Julia	Miss ALICE DE WINTON.
Delio	Mr F. H. WESTERTON.	Cariola	Miss HALL CAINE.
Castruccio	Mr. G. H. KERSLEY.	Nurse	Miss GAUNTLETT.
Roderigo..	Mr. REX SHIRLEY.	The Duchess of Malfi	Miss MARY RORKE.
Silvio	Mr. C. W. PERKINS.		
Grisolan	Mr. ALEX. BRADLEY.		

Upon Webster's great tragedy the great men of the earth have spoken as with one voice, and their verdict stands. To echo them would be only less presumption than to criticise their judgments—for a mere chronicler of playhouse work, at any rate, condemned by his trade to intellectual sterility in the prosaic atmosphere of the modern stage. The drama speaks for itself, with well-nigh unrivalled eloquence to those in whom imagination is not yet dead, with merely depressing power to the fool. Mr. Poel's version, however, is a new one and invites comment, deserving little that is not laudatory. At times the play appears disjointed, but on the whole the action is steadily progressive, and in the third and fourth acts advances with a solemn, stately march impressive in the extreme. Nothing so truly tragic has the present generation witnessed as the scene of the Duchess's torture and death. Nearest in effect stands perhaps the hideous close of "Thérèse Raquin," but the sordid horrors of Zola were contrived by the hand of a butcher, whereas Webster's are the offspring of a poet's brain. Much was due, no doubt, to the tact and the faultless eye for the picturesque employed by the director of this awe-inspiring spectacle, and the gruesome series of terrors designed to drive the Duchess mad can never have been realised with more horrible effect, but above and beyond this pictorial excellence was

the overpowering imagination controlling the scene. Even giggling actresses were hushed, and shallow "realists" silenced, as gibbering madmen stole into the moonlit prison, and to the ghastly dance of skeletons succeeded the hooded Familiars, with noiseless step stealthily heralding the Duchess's doom. It was an experience to note how hushed the house became, how completely in the thrall of the dramatist even the most antagonistic among a none too reverent audience were held. With better all-round acting, the play would have proved yet more engrossing. Miss Mary Rorke, though lacking a little in distinction and in facial play, did indeed excite sympathy by a touching rendering of the tortured heroine; and Mr. Murray Carson proved a tower of strength as Bosola. In suppleness and subtlety, in well-restrained intensity, in resonant declamation and inestimable ability to grip his hearers by sheer nervous force, this admirable young actor, in truth, has never exhibited equal resource. And another striking success was gained by Miss Hall Caine, who raised a trivial character into artistic importance and dignified an unessential passage by fine sensibility and true emotional power. But these were the minority. In particular, the crafty Cardinal of Mr. Bassett Roe was wanting in authority; the arrogance and uncontrolled impulse of the Ferdinand degenerated into want of discipline in his actor; and Mr. Buckley was amiability itself, and little more. Luckily the leaders were strong enough to restore the balance, and to them and the handsome mounting of the play (for which Mr. Irving was in part responsible) was due the interest that was maintained even through an irrelevant act and up to the fall of the curtain.

REVIVAL OF "THE BELLS" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE ON THE 24TH SEPTEMBER, 1892.

"Never was man so incorrigibly dramatic!" So Mr. Henry Richmond writes of his pseudo-royal sire: and the comment is one that might have been most fitly applied to the haunted Burgomaster in Alsace, as that gaunt figure is presented by Mr. Henry Irving in "The Bells." Mathias, from the first moment he appears on the scene, muffled in furs and besprinkled with snow, an affectionate, red-handed murderer, until the final curtain falls upon him choking in the imaginary noose, ghastly and horrible, is "incorrigibly dramatic." He is himself the personification of drama. as ever he nears and nears a climax, ceaselessly alternating between his baser and his worthier natures—vivid and fascinating every moment of the time. And the student of acting will observe how mere picturesqueness may hold an audience spellbound. The brief illness of Miss Terry was rendered a bearable calamity by being the occasion of this revival, which furnishes anew a standard by which the "coming men" may be judged. No character in modern drama supplies so satisfactory a test of artistic resource for actors claiming imaginative power; and Mr. Irving's pre-eminence is yet more clearly seeu when in fancy his would-be rivals are pitted against him in this part. Mr. Willard and Mr. Forbes Robertson may be conceived, more or less fitly, burdened with the haggard load of Mathias' misery, but the former alone has humour at command, and without his sardonic moods Mathias would be but half the man that Mr. Irving makes him. Even Mr. Willard, however, out and away the most pliable of the younger men, and unquestionably equal to the fearful strain of the final act, cannot be pictured as holding his own, in the second most masterly scene, against the great actor with whom the part will remain associated as long as the memory of those who have seen him in it shall endure. A simple catalogue of the emotions the murderer has to portray would suffice by itself to indicate the hugeness of the demands the part makes upon the actor, if he would raise it above the level of ordinary melodrama; and that Mr. Irving succeeds—at the least—in placing Mathias on the plane of (extra-)ordinary humanity, even his detractors admit. Incorrigibly dramatic the man remains, but he is yet so human that for the moment the

bewildering complications of his nature appear intelligible, and the mists of melodrama are dispersed by the warm glow of an ardent imagination. This is Mr. Irving's triumph; this, and not merely that he succeeds in thrilling the souls of his audiences with horror. And it is this investment of the contradictory character with living reality that will tax the genius of the inheritors of his mantle, when—at some far distant day, be it hoped—they seek to don it in "The Bells."

REVIVAL OF "THE PINK DOMINOS" AT THE CRITERION.

Vanished is Mr. Wyndham. Vanished is Cremorne. And yet is "Pink Dominos" revived. Why? To prove how incombustible is even such highly inflammable stuff as this, if the right kind of "spark" be not applied? That was the one reason demonstrated on the 10th October, when a tame first act was—thanks entirely to Mr. Alfred Maltby as the amorous towel merchant, and Mr. Sidney Valentine as the larcenous Mr. Brisket—succeeded by a second of intermittent briskness and fun, and a third which sent a goodly few spectators yawning home to bed. The policy of casting Mr. Frederick Kerr for the riotous, roystering Greythorne excites a mild surprise. Mr. Kerr, the rigidly self-contained, the two- (or, at the outside, three-) gestured, the languidly reserved: Mr. Kerr, the inimitable prig of "Judah," the insufferable egoist of "The Dancing Girl," the invariable precision—this gentleman to replace the plunging, capering, tripping, frisking, back-slapping, hat-crushing, rib-digging, convulsive, superbly-attollent Charles Wyndham! The idea was absurd. Mr. Kerr is an actor of method, and his very pronounced and diverting method requires deliberation and plenty of pause. An instant's pause is fatal to "Pink Dominos." Therefore Mr. Kerr is not the actor for Greythorne. He was not, however, the only sinner—sufferer, perhaps, would be fairer. Neither Miss Ellis Jeffreys nor pretty Miss Sybil Carlisle had a notion of how to keep the balloon floating, even when Mr. Maltby and Mr. Valentine had got it in mid-air. Nor did Mr. Standing seem of so much use as formerly, though still the best possible type of the stage man-about-town. A word, however, should be said for the Henry Greenlanes of Mr. Welton Dale and the innocent Rebecca of Miss Agnes Hewitt. They were at least energetic, if not actually funny. And occasionally a gleam of character pierced the curtain of words through which Miss Maris strove to dash with the *ingénue* of Cremorne.

Some Amateur Performances.

"GOOD FOR NOTHING" AND "IN HONOUR BOUND" AT BAGSHOT.

Nan's true home is, beyond all doubt, Arcadia. No peremptory "Pass along, please," will reach her there, and the little ragamuffin's star will be in the ascendant until the voice of Lady Bountiful ceaseth in the land. Arcadia is too much occupied with keeping its eyes on the weather to vex its soul by keeping a finger on the pulse of the drama. Arcadia's dramatic creed is as simple as it is steadfast—not to be shaken by hurricanes of contrary opinion. Briefly summed up, it is Lady Bountiful with a black face, and the drama is in the Doldrums or in Excelsis according to the depth and extent of the dirt. To watch her splash and splutter in a pail of genuine water and wind up her toilette with a vigorous application of the blacking brush to her head is a spectacle no more to be resisted by the rustic than is the lather of Sunlight Soap by the mud stains. To enjoy this privilege he will trudge for miles; nay, if the floods be out, like another Leander, he will not hesitate to swim the rural Hellespont—a pitch of enthusiasm to which nothing, save perhaps the rival delirious delights of a Harvest Festival, could arouse him. Therefore the organisers of the performance at Bagshot, in aid of the Albert Orphan Asylum, did wisely and well to place Nan in the very forefront of the fight. They did even better and more wisely in selecting Mrs. Dashwood for the post. Her claims to success proved to be based on something stronger than a frowsy head, a grimy face, or even a gutter accent. Some power, more charm, and, best of all, a strain of originality which constantly struggled to the fore, served as a cloak of charity for some very unequal work. It was a bit of patchwork as strangely contrasted as Nan herself before and after her regeneration. Here was an idea well conceived, carefully thought out, and there a hopeless boggle such as Nan the unreformed would have gloried in. And all for lack of a little care! For once, Nan was backed up by something stronger than a limp affectation of corduroy and fustian. Messrs. Guy and Gerald du Maurier showed themselves staunch and sturdy supporters—democrats to the finger tips. Charlie was as usual in the blues. He is not on strike, and he makes no reference to a disordered liver, yet that pall of depression appears as essential to the part as Hamlet's suit of black velvet. Like Rosa Dartle, we only want to know why? Grundy's flawless little play found everyone on his mettle—as, indeed, it should, could anything put him there, for the poignant simplicity of the story grips actors and audience alike. And, playing shoulder to shoulder, they set themselves to the telling of it in simple, straightforward fashion—Mrs. Dashwood with quiet intensity, Major Simpson with dignity, and Mr. Guy du Maurier with a rare firmness of touch. With the least possible assistance from Mrs. Paterson, Major Simpson did his utmost to play "A Pair of Lunatics" off his own bat—not, however, with signal success.

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS" AND "TO OBLIGE BENSON" AT LEAMINGTON.

"For plays may come, and plays may go, but I go on for ever," sings Spriggins, triumphantly. As regularly as the clown in the Christmas pantomime does he crop up with a "Here we are again!" and his thread-bare clowning. Well, perhaps to us, feasting on the dramatic fat of the land, the dear old farce may not seem much off which to make a meal—little better than bread and scrape; in fact, almost a Barmecide repast. But then hunger is the best sauce—so the cannibals assure us—and, judging from the avidity with which they welcomed the fare provided, the Leamingtonians had undergone a fast calculated to turn Succi green with envy. The most delicate of *Hors d'œuvres*, the most substantial of dramas of the cut-and-come-again description, could not have been more keenly appreciated than was this cold and comfortless repast. But then the Leamington purveyors had mastered the expert's sleight of hand, and so adroitly was the scrape adjusted on the bread—as dexterously

as the sparse locks are dragged over the crown of the bald pate were the dry patches covered up—that it really seemed a dish almost fit "to set before the king." True, Mr. G. W. Harrison was not on the best of terms with Spriggins at the start; theirs was only a bowing acquaintance at first, and there was an inclination on his part towards diffidence, but a very few minutes saw that mended, and they were hob-nobbing to any extent. And Mr. Knight was prepared with a Major whose very eye would have quelled regiments of insubordinates, and Mr. Cyril Hodson with a Frenchman in the genuine spirit of farce. In Miss Tinsley's "slavey" there was all the making of a real character-study, and in Miss Eva Rhodes that of a dainty *ingénue*. Flour is not the sole ingredient in pastry, and pomposity alone does not make a Mrs. Spriggins. That Mrs. Bates has yet to learn. "Benson" is altogether a different matter. That is no case of "much cry and little wool." For the shearer who knows his work there is a rich return, but Mr. Harrison is not over-deft with his scissors, and Trotter, being found an unwieldy subject, was allowed to escape with half his wool on his back. Mr. Evans, too, was not very much more skilful with Benson. Miss Tinsley's pretty Mrs. Benson, however, atoned for much, and Miss Rhodes' really clever Mrs. Trotter for more. And Leamington felt it had fared sumptuously.

"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" AT WITHEY.

The old drama has sung its swan-song in London, and though

> "We seek it with forks and hope,
> We threaten its life with a railway share,
> We charm it with smiles and soap,"

we find it not. We may seek, we may threaten, we may charm as vigorously as the Bell-man's crew, but with as little success. Within sound of Bow-bells it will prove as elusive as the Snark—a distant connection presumably of the mystic Jabberwock. Some rude little boys who had reached the Sixth Standard and fancied it spelt Knowledge, thought scorn of the old plays—they would have their drama brand-new, or, at least, as smoking-hot as they could get it, and made suggestive reference to the waste-paper basket. Whereupon the old drama solemnly arose, and wrapping its cloak around it, departed silently, only pausing to shake the dust of Babylon off its feet. And now it is avenged of its adversaries! For the good folk of Withey, "feeling a vacuum"—like the gentleman in the goloshes—were desirous of filling it with something more satisfactory than the Bath-bun, and bethought themselves of Noll's famous old "Vicar." And behold! on being taken from the shelf and dusted, every whit of the old charm was found in him, and Withey felt almost a second Stanley. That set dangerous doubts and queries agog. Just as Mrs. Lynn Lynton has terrible misgivings as to the future of womankind when her eye lights upon a Wild Woman whisking round the corner, so we asked ourselves was it, after all, so well with the drama of to-day? Was it so certainly on the upward grade that it could afford to scoff at the old "Vicar" as out of date? "Man still man, and woman woman still!" A living, breathing, pulsing story—as genuine a bit of realism as could be found between this and Scandinavia! And how the Witheyites drank in the old Doctor's devotion, Livy's luckless love, the reunion of father and child. How they hung on every word that fell from the old man's lips; how they chuckled over his quaint, quiet humour; how they sympathised with his fatherly pride; how their hearts were wrung over his loss; and how they exulted in the recovery of his treasure. The story might be but crudely told by the actors, but for the sake of what they had to tell, that was forgiven. An electric thrill ran from audience to players, infecting them with its earnestness. Mr. Cyril Graham was not the ideal Vicar—where, indeed, is he to be found outside the Lyceum?—but he has gifts of pathos, of humour, of tenderness. And with those we could understand, and love him as of old. A pretty suggestion of "old world bloom" and a sympathetic style brought Miss May Fisher within measurable distance of Livy. Miss Annie Owen's Mrs. Primrose was apt at moments to run dry. Sophia, too, was inclined to be tame. Mr. Cranleigh was reliable as the Bank of England, and Mr. Frank Hillyard strove to substitute for the Terriss-ian superb self-complacency an extra allowance of bluster.

Musical Notes.

"HADDON HALL."

Light opera, composed by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, written by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY.
Produced at the Savoy Theatre, 24th September, 1892.

John Manners	Mr. COURTICE POUNDS.	Dorothy Vernon.. ..	Miss L. HILL.
Sir George Vernon ..	Mr. R. GREEN.	Lady Vernon	Miss R. BRANDRAM.
Oswald	Mr. C. KENNINGHAM.	Dorcas	Miss DOROTHY VANE.
Rupert Vernon	Mr. R. BARRINGTON.	Nance	Miss NITA COLE.
McCrankie	Mr. DENNY.		

Sir Arthur Sullivan was quite right in selecting a historical subject for his new opera. The bye-ways of history furnish the best possible material for a plot which shall retain a thread of actuality while allowing free scope for fancy in the details of the story. The "Basoche" is, and will probably long remain the perfect type of a light opera book; and its charm is owing in great measure to the fact that its plot is derived from actual occurrences, and that its principal characters are real personages. "Haddon Hall" seems to have occurred to two writers at the same time as a promising subject for dramatic treatment. In fact, it is not quite so promising as it seems, and neither writer has quite succeeded in producing a thoroughly satisfactory play. In Mr. Grundy's version too much happens at one time and too little at another. That is a fault in life, no doubt, but in the artificial life of the stage these little inequalities should be better adjusted. We do not wish to be told, even through the medium of the human voice assisted by orchestra and enlivened by bagpipes, that nothing particular is happening just at present. Mr. Grundy's book is in other respects so good, however, that a little want of proportion may be pardoned, especially as the pauses in the action are made the occasion for some humorous lyrics. The treatment of the Puritan element is more questionable. To displace the date of the story by a century for the sake of satirising, not the Puritans themselves, but certain modern Sectaries who have no real relationship with the Puritans, is a double error of judgment. The anachronism would be a trifle if it did not interfere with the coherence of the story. The protest against certain forms of modern cant would be quite in place in a comedy of modern life; but if satire is to be used at all in opera it ought to be attenuated to the lightest of badinage. The opera opens with a short prelude leading to a chorus, "Ye Stately Homes of England"—sung behind the scenes—in which the composer seems plainly to intimate to his audience that his work is to be as national in character as English music knows how to be. A dance of rustics under the walls of Haddon and a pretty little parable about the dormouse who eloped with a squirrel are followed by a madrigal, which will probably be encored whenever it is heard, though to the musician's ear it violates the proprieties by calling in the aid of the orchestra. The story then begins. Sir George Vernon informs his daughter Dorothy that he intends to bestow her hand upon her cousin, Rupert the Roundhead. (One wonders whether he was christened after Rupert of the Rhine!) Lady Vernon sympathises with her daughter in a duet which appears to present possibilities of pathos not quite realised by the singers, nor, therefore, by the audience. Then enters Oswald, in pedlar's guise, bearing a letter from John Manners to Dorothy. The "patter" song of the pedlar and the duet between him and the maid are in Sir Arthur's happiest vein. Then follows the Puritan diversion, and whatever may be thought of the literary merit of the interpolation there can be no two opinions as to the composer's treatment of the episode. Sir Arthur Sullivan is at his best when he writes in the spirit of parody, and the music associated with Rupert and his followers is not mere tickling of the ears of the groundlings, it is skilful work, thoroughly interesting to those who like to observe how much music may be made to suggest without losing its artistic character. In the second act nothing whatever happens until the *finale*. But the ridiculous intrusion of the McCrankie is pardoned for the sake of the

orchestral *tour-de-force* of which it is the occasion. Of the storm *finale* much had been expected, and so far as the stage-management is concerned expectation is fully realised, but as to the music of the scene all that can be said is that Sir Arthur has not succeeded in a task in which no musician save one has ever really succeeded, and he, it must be remembered, was not bound down by time limits or the exigencies of the stage. The change of scene to the ball-room is such a remarkable spectacular effect that the music becomes unnoticeable, and it is not until Sir George obliges the company with a patriotic song that we can again listen to the orchestra. This song—of the "Brave Old" type—is likely to be a favourite at smoking concerts, but the entry of the Roundheads announcing Dorothy's escape brings us to something more worthy of the composer. The Roundhead trio (a parody of the grand style) and the delicate chorus for female voices after Sir George has set out in pursuit of the errant damsel are both excellent. The last act contains the two best vocal numbers in the work, namely, the contralto song "Queen of the Garden" and the duet "Bride of My Youth, Wife of My Age," which will not lose by the comparison it suggests with Gounod's treatment of a similar theme in the duet between Baucis and Philemon. After this there is a relapse into riotous fun; the Puritans cast propriety to the wings and relapse into a Highland fling, to the great delight of the chorus, the composer and the audience. After this orgie the final restitution of all things is accomplished in a *finale* in which we are glad to hear once more the beautiful theme ("To Thine Own Heart Be True") which adorned the *finale* of the first act. So bright and attractive is the whole of the music, with its moments of more serious interest, that one almost forgets it is not quite what we were bidden to expect. We were promised, upon authority, a work which should be "in no sense a comic opera" but a light romantic opera, a happy compromise between "Ivanhoe" and the "Gondoliers." "Haddon Hall" does not quite fulfil the promise nor will it ever be regarded by the public as anything else than a genuine comic opera, with a sentimental interlude or two. Nor is this to be regretted; Comedy is the genuine home of Sir Arthur's Muse: she can assume the robes of grandeur but they fit her not as her own. Sir Arthur is in fact our English Rossini; nature has bidden him sing pleasant songs, and they are wanting in judgment who would bid him tune his lyre to sterner themes and notes of fire. The interpretation of the work is excellent. Miss Brandram as Lady Vernon has the most interesting part, the only part, indeed, with which one can feel complete sympathy, but Miss Lucille Hill, Mr. Courtice Pounds and Mr. Green do the utmost that can be done with the parts of Dorothy, of the uninteresting lover, John Manners, and of the heavy father, Sir George Vernon. Mr. Barrington cleverly conceals the more repulsive features of the Roundhead and emphasises the drollery of the part. The representatives of Oswald and Dorcas accomplish their task with the utmost spirit. The scenery, mounting and stage-management of the play are superb, and the *dénouement* of the second act is an effect which has never been surpassed.

"THE BARONESS."

Comic opera, written and composed by COTSFORD DICK.
First produced at the Royalty Theatre, 5th October, 1892.

The Grand Duke ..	Mr. C. E. STEVENS.	Angelo	Miss GLADYS REES.
Baron Narcissus.. ..	Mr. CHAS. CONYERS.	Rodolpho	Miss SUSIE NAINBY.
Beppo	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH.	Marietta	Miss C. WALLACE.
Bruno	Mr. FRED EMNEY.	Tancredo	Miss G. HOPE.
Lorenzo	Mr. MAGRATH.	Ralooka..	Miss M. ASQUITH.
Alphonso	Mr. WM. FOXON.	Isabella..	Miss OLGA SCHUBERTH.
Ambrose	Mr. PERCY BROUGH.	Lauretta	Miss JESSIE MOORE.
Hamilcar	Mr. G. GROSSMITH, junr.	Gabrielle	Miss AGNES GIGLIO.

Mr. Cotsford Dick has devised a really excellent plot for his second comic opera. His hero is engaged to the youngest daughter of the Grand Duke of Weissnichtwo, but he cannot marry her until he produces the ducats. On the other hand his two worthy uncles are prepared to endow him with the needful, but not until he is married and settled down. In this dilemma he writes to inform his uncles that he *is* married. They present themselves at Court anxious to see the bride, and, on the spur of the moment, the Baron introduces one sister-in-law to the one uncle and the other sister-in-law to the other uncle. Circumstances induce the two ladies to enter into the deception so heartily that the unfortunate uncles presently find themselves under arrest for an infringe-

ment of the Grand Duke's latest code of behaviour. They are ordered into confinement in a Turkish bath, where the whole of the second act takes place. Ultimately, of course, through the ingenuity of the heroine they are released, the Baron's deception is pardoned, and all ends happily. So far as the outline of the story is concerned nothing could better suit the purposes of comic opera. The book perhaps scarcely does justice to the humorous possibilities of the story; here and there it drags somewhat and its dialogue lacks the crispness and finish which Mr. Cotsford Dick might have imparted to it with a little more pains, or which he will learn to impart if he perseveres in the commendable practice of writing his own libretti. As to the music it is, wisely, simple in character, except in the *finale* to the first act, in which the composer has neatly imitated the conventional *finale* of old Italian opera. The most taking numbers in the first act are the love duet for the Baron and Gabrielle ("Our Troth is Plighted"), a very pretty trio for the Baron, his sister-in-law Lauretta, and one of the uncles, and the strains in which Gabrielle and the chorus intercede for the lives of the uncles—the latter a really effective example of the mock-heroic in music. In the Turkish-bath scene a lullaby for contralto deservedly wins an encore, but the trio in which Gabrielle instructs the uncles in the manners of a town dame obtains a similar recognition more by virtue of the burlesque dances with which it is accompanied than for any musical interest of its own. Mr. Dick is fortunate in his interpreters. His tenor hero, Mr. Charles Conyers, is the possessor of a good stage presence as well as of a good voice and style. Miss Agnes Giglio is not yet an actress, but she is certainly a singer who should have a future before her if she will only conquer one fault, of which she is probably aware. Miss Asquith displays some very beautiful contralto notes in the "Lullaby" scene. Miss Schuberth and Miss Jessie Moore do justice, vocally, to the parts of the two married sisters, and Mr. Foxon succeeds in making effective the phrases which the composer has put into the mouth of Alphonso. The rather mild humours of the two uncles are made the most of by Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Emney; but Mr. Stevens is not quite happy as the Grand Duke, and the parts allotted to Mr. Percy Brough and Mr. Grossmith seem to depress both them and their audience. The chorus is good so far as it goes, but deficient in male voices.

"THE WOODEN SPOON."

Operetta, by MISS HOPE TEMPLE. Written by MR. GILBERT BURGESS.
First produced at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, 26th September, 1892.

Miss Hope Temple's pleasing flow of melody has already made her a favourite in the drawing-room. Her appearance on the stage is welcome, although the present work does not give her any opportunity of showing whether her muse is capable of taking a real interest in human joys and sorrows. There is a taking song for a "retired bull fighter" and a tuneful serenade for a disguised Marquis, who are the principal personages in a slender and inconsequential story. Seeing that the scene is laid in Spain it is a pity that Miss Temple did not endeavour to infuse more of the national character into her score.

"INCOGNITA."

Comic opera, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Written by F. C. BURNAND. Lyrics by H. GREENBANK.
First produced at the Lyric Theatre, 6th October, 1892.

Dom Pedro	Mr. H. MONKHOUSE.	Josefa	Miss AIDA JENOURE.
Dom Guzman	Mr. FRED. KAYE.	Anita	Miss DORA THORNE.
Dom Gaetan	Mr. W. BROWNLOW.	Dolores	Miss E. ORFORD.
Baldomero	Mr. C. GILBERT.	Pepa	Miss C. CRANFORD.
O'Donoghue..	Mr. JNO. CHILD.	Lola	Miss M. ST. CYR.
Dom Fiasco	Mr. A. T. HENDON.	Dona Inesilla	Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN.
Marq. Braganza	Mr. TOM SHALE.	Estrella..	Miss M. A. VICTOR.
Usher	Mr. H. J. NORDBLOM.	Princess Michaela ..	Miss SEDOHR RHODES.

Mr. Burnand is a past master in the art of rendering innocuous the lighter productions of the French comic muse without entirely destroying their gaiety; and he would have been entirely successful with "Incognita" if it were not for his interpolations in the third act. The story is sufficiently interesting for the purposes of light opera, and it is not to its disadvantage that the principal motive has been used before. The heroine, the Princess of South Portugal, is, for reasons of State, to marry the Prince of North Portugal, who has

arrived for the wedding but has not yet seen his intended bride. The Prince has designs of his own. His hand may be promised to the Princess, but he determines to fall in love with some one else, and he instantly discovers that his heart belongs to a rustic beauty—who happens to be the Princess herself disguised as a peasant, but is supposed by him to be Josefa, the Princess's maid-in-waiting. In Act ii. the wedding takes place, the bride's veil being, by stage convention, supposed to be opaque enough to prevent the Prince from recognising her features. Then follows a series of scenes conceived in a spirit of genuine humour. The Prince endeavours to escape from the château but is foiled at every exit by the strains of a band playing the national anthem, and finally, with intent to secure his expulsion, he makes love to a too acquiescent *duenna*. Portugese majesty in a night-dress engages in a game of cross-purposes with Josefa and the Irish sentinel; and finally at daybreak all the characters are brought together and the curtain ought to fall, but is suspended for a whole act in order that the King of South Portugal may disguise himself as a gipsy, burlesque the *habanera* in "Carmen," and carry off the King of North Portugal under his arm, after which, of course, Josefa is discovered as the wife of the Sentinel, the rustic beauty is identified as the real Princess, and all ends happily. The music of the second act is throughout as delightful as anything that M. Lecocq has ever written. There is nothing perhaps quite so infectious as certain of the melodies in "Madame Angot," but the two love-duets, one between the disguised Princess and the Prince and the other between Josefa and her lover, are most excellent, the former especially, being truly original and passionate without overstepping the legitimate bounds of light opera. The song in which the Prince apostrophises his helmet ought to attain here no less popularity than that which it enjoyed in Paris; and the music associated with the State pageant and Court dance is perfect of its kind. Compared with the second act the music of the first is commonplace. The capture of a wasp we have heard better done by M. Wormser, and the Corporal's drinking song though good enough to secure an encore does not gain on repetition. But M. Lecocq is never dull, and when his themes are commonplace his treatment of them generally redeems their triviality. Vocally the brunt of the work falls on the two pairs of lovers. Mr. Brownlow is good as the Prince, though he might make more effect if he would lighten his singing with a little *quasi parlante*, and Mr. Child is efficient in the part of the Irish Corporal. As Josefa Miss Jenoure makes a distinct advance to the front rank of light opera *prime donne*. Nothing could possibly be better than her lively and graceful reading of the part of the "Orange Woman-in-Waiting." The *rôle* of the Princess is undertaken by Miss Rhodes, a young lady about whose acquirements rumour has been somewhat too enthusiastic. We are becoming accustomed to the American *prima-donna* whose voice consists of a beautiful face and two head-notes, but it would be ungracious not to admit that Miss Rhodes yields to none of her predecessors in charm of presence. The light comedy is furnished by the King and the *duenna*, both genuinely comical impersonations. The piece is magnificently mounted, and the solo dance of Miss St. Cyr with the "serpentine" ballet which follows is perhaps a sufficient excuse for the irrelevances of the third act. If, as reported, Mr. Horace Sedger has on this occasion acted as his own stage-manager, he may fairly be congratulated on an achievement little short of perfection.

"EUGENE ONEGIN."

Opera by TCHAIKOWSKI. English libretto by SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.
Produced by Signor LAGO at the Olympic Theatre, 17th October, 1892.

Eugene Onegin	Mr. E. OUDIN.	M. Triquet	Mr. J. APPLETON.
Lensky	Mr. IVOR MCKAY.	Tatjana..	Madame FANNY MOODY.
Prince Gremin	Mr. C. MANNERS.	Olga	Miss LILY MOODY.
Captain Boujanoff ..	Mr. G. TATE.	The Nurse	Madame SWIATLOWSKY.
Zaretsky	Mr. H. BROCKBANK.	Larina	Mlle. SELMA.

Russian operas have not hitherto been successful in England, but "Eugene Onegin" will surely break the spell of ill-fate which hung over the same composer's earlier opera and the "Demon" of Rubinstein. Its story is of the sombre type with which readers of Russian fiction are too familiar. Like Tolstoi, Pushkin seems to write as one living under the shadow of Siberia. The

hero is a youth who has lived just long enough to discover that life is a hollow mockery, but he is romantic in appearance, and Tatjana is romantic in disposition. At the outset Tatjana offers to Onegin a love which he cannot return, and at the end of the last act, when it is too late, Onegin is left the victim of a hopeless passion for Tatjana. Thus the motive of the whole work is of the despairing Slavonic type. A short instrumental prelude embodies what may be taken as the theme of unrequited love. Then the curtain rises on a delightful duet for the two sisters, the heroine and Olga, while the mother and the nurse carry on a domestic conversation *a mezza voce.* After a peasants' chorus of strongly Russian character, Olga discloses her *naïve* simplicity in a ballad, and then her lover Lenski introduces Onegin to the sisters. It will not fail to be noticed that the composer has imparted freshness to his love music by mating the contralto with the tenor, while his hero and heroine are baritone and soprano. The double conversational is very interesting ; there is nothing like the conventional quartet, no attempt to lead up to any musical climax, but on the other hand the dryness of recitative is avoided, and a rhythmic if not a melodic interest is kept up throughout. After a song for Lenski there follows a most powerful scene for Tatjana in which she writes a letter to Eugene avowing her suddenly conceived passion. Though Tschaikowsky is no mere Wagnerian he has in this scene made his own the very essence of the music-drama, and every varying shade of emotion as it passes is responded to voice and orchestra, while the musical coherence of the whole is so deftly preserved that the orchestral parts would be worth listening to without the aid of words or gesture. After this great piece of work the last scene in the garden, where Onegin repels the maiden's advances, comes somewhat as an anti-climax. There is a touch of real pathos in the distant chorus which seems an echo of Tatjana's loneliness. Act ii. may be dismissed more briefly. Its subject is a duel between the two young men caused by a flirtation between Onegin and Olga, in which duel Lenski is shot. The musical points are a burlesque song for the Franch tutor, the impassioned air which Lensky sings before the duel, introducing a phrase of his first love song, and the duet in canon form for the antagonists. Act iii. takes place some years later. Tatjana has become the wife of Prince Gremin, and Olga has disappeared from the story. The air of remorse sung by Onegin and the duet upon his introduction to his old lover prepare us for the last scene, in which Onegin discloses his passion, and Tatjana finally repulses him. This great duet is sufficient to establish Tschaikowsky's fame. It is long, but not a bar too long. It sustains from beginning to end the highest level of passionate expression, yet it is never unmusical. As Tatjana rushes from the room the curtain falls upon one despairing cry from her lover. The interpretation of the two principal parts by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. Oudin is remarkably fine. Both as a singer and as an actress, the former has made a great advance, while the latter fully justifies the expectations which all who saw him as the Templar in "Ivanhoe" entertained of his future. The impression which they make is not to be gauged by the test of mere applause, for the audience are far too intensely interested to interrupt the progress of the work by untimely recalls. That tribute is very properly reserved for the lighter moments, the commonplace song of Prince Gremin in which Mr. Charles Manners displays his excellent low notes, and the French tutor's ditty which Mr. Appleton's delivers with really comical effect. Madame Swaitlowsky in her original part of the nurse sings as though she were glad to escape from her native gutturals, and Miss Lily Moody is praiseworthy, though scarcely kittenish enough, as Olga. The part of Lenski is not made interesting either by Mr. McKay or his substitute Mr. Wareham, but in this play the tenor is for once a mere foil to the hero. "Eugene Onegin" is not only an original and impressive work, it is also a pronounced success, and it is to be hoped that it will more than compensate Signor Lago for other disappointments.

Notes of the Month.

AN evil always with us is the professional "deadhead." The word is one of the few for which we are glad to give grateful acknowledgment to the vocabulary of the great American language. Our gratitude would be greater if the thing itself were kept to roam unfettered through the domain of the native American drama. Mr. Irving has recently had a delightful experience. He received a letter: "I expect it is rather rude of me to write to you, seeing that I do not know you, and I do not think I have even seen you. But what I want to know is, 'Do you give away tickets for seats in your theatre?' If so, I should so like a ticket to admit two to *nice* seats for next Thursday to see 'Henry VIII.'" If one did not know that when a man once has embarked on the career of the deadhead all shame is dead, one would infallibly regard this as a rather clumsy hoax—such impudence would be incredible. But we have seen, and must believe, willy nilly.

EDITORS of papers, particularly of theatrical papers, are constantly pestered in this way by total strangers. To our own knowledge it was no uncommon thing in the experience of the editor of one London paper to receive letters like the following: "Dear Mr. Jones,—Could you manage to get me a box (or stalls for five) for next Saturday night at the Lyceum Theatre. In case you should not recognise my name, you may remember that I met you at dinner at Soandso's some three months ago. I have been out of town since, or should have asked you before." This is as nearly as possible an exact copy of one of these precious documents, which was, it must be admitted, a little bolder than most of them. It had this, however, in common with the others, that it was a demand for first-rate seats at the very height of a successful season at a theatre where the management would have difficulty in keeping open a sufficiency of seats for its own friends. Let us charitably assume that the petitioner is in ignorance of the exact extent of his petition. Even then its impudence is not merely colossal, but awe-inspiring! Yet it is notorious that the deadhead esteems his privilege, when he gets it, at the exact price he pays for it, and there is no more noisy and unreasonable grumbler in existence.

MRS. CRAIGIE, otherwise John Oliver Hobbes, the author of the clever "Some Emotions and a Moral," and the yet cleverer "Sinner's Comedy," and by far the most distinguished planet yet discovered in Mr. Fisher Unwin's Pseudonymous firmament, has always had leanings towards the stage. A few years back she was fairly well-known as a fashionable amateur actress. Between her and her acting friends, however, was a great gulf fixed. Their ways were not her ways; nor was her aim their aim. For she was in earnest, and permitted nothing to stand between her and what she conceived to be art. Once, at Cromwell House, upon one of the last occasions when Lady Freake's private theatre was used, Mrs. Craigie had the

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MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

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courage to challenge comparison with Mrs. Kendal, and gave a very bright and clever reading of Suzanne in the less-known version of "Les Pattes de Mouche." This was her most ambitious, as well as most successful, experiment; for, since her pen has been busy, Mrs. Craigie has acted rarely, if at all. The coming winter, however, is to witness her return to the amateur stage, but not, as might be inferred from the familiar *nom-de-plume*, in masculine garb.

THE first of the photographs in our present number is that of Miss Mabel Love. This lady is a grand-daughter of a celebrity in his day—Mr. Love, the ventriloquist—to whom reference is made by the author of the still-read "Valentine Vox." Her stage history dates from Christmas, 1887, when she made her first appearance at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in "Alice in Wonderland," when she was only twelve years of age. Miss Kate Vaughan at once secured her for her season the following summer at the Opera Comique, when she played one of the Triplet children in the revival of "Masks and Faces." After appearing in the Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden in 1888, Miss Love, in the following autumn, joined the Gaiety company, in which she at once took a place as a popular favourite, remaining there about a year. Miss Love's next appearance in London was in the spring of last year, when she took the part of Polly in "The Harbour Lights" with Mr. Terriss's company at the Grand Theatre. During the whole of the long run of "La Cigale" at the Lyric she only missed taking a part in it on four nights. Miss Love received many tempting offers to visit America at the conclusion of the run, but would not leave London. Last Christmas she was principal dancer in "Humpty Dumpty" at Drury Lane, and in the summer of the present year made her appearance as Clementina in the farcical comedy, "Vote for Giggs," in which she made a distinct success; and she has since appeared at *matinées* and in the provinces in comedy parts. Miss Love was also engaged two or three times as principal dancer at Covent Garden, in the production of grand opera there; and has thus three strings, at least, to her professional bow, with any of which, we feel sure, her success is assured.

MR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, whose photograph is one of those given in THE THEATRE this month, is a grandson of Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, who was Provost of St. Andrew's, N.B., and youngest son of Major-General (Retd.) A. L. Playfair, of H.M. Indian Army, and is a cousin of the well-known parliamentarian recently elevated to the Peerage. He was born in India in 1869, and was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott, near Birmingham, where he early showed his proclivity for theatricals. After a year spent at the Oxford Military College, he decided on adopting the stage as a profession, and applied for and obtained an engagement in the provincial company of Mr. Balsir Chatterton, his first part being the small one of Mr. Chapstone in "Jim the Penman," and the more important part of Captain Redwood in the same play being afterwards assigned to him. In 1888 he was given an engagement with Mrs. Bernard Beere's company at the Opera Comique, playing there Burdock in "Masks and Faces." At the close of the London season, he went on tour with Mr. Charles Terry's company, and played Cecil in "Barbara" and Edward Fairlegh in "Hook and Eye." He then accepted an engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in Manchester for a season, and

was subsequently engaged by Mr. Beerbohm Tree to fill the parts of Marshall in "Captain Swift" and the Judge in "A Man's Shadow." He next played Sir Toby at the Criterion, when "The School for Scandal" was revived there last year, and then came out as a mimic —and was engaged by Mr. Horace Sedger to burlesque Mr. Tree in "The Prancing Girl" at the Prince of Wales', and afterwards to create the part of Giorgio in "The Mountebanks" at the Lyric. While playing the latter part he also studied those of Mr. Monkhouse and Mr. Frank Wyatt, and supplied their places on several occasions, finally succeeding the latter when he left the Lyric. Mr. Playfair is now appearing every day at the Princes' Hall, where he has been engaged to imitate the principal London actors and music-hall artists. Mr. Playfair has secured his place on the stage, and should have a brilliant future before him.

A CORRESPONDENT, Mr. Walter Parke, sends us the following :—

TENNYSON.—IN MEMORIAM.

October 6th, 1892.

The end has come—too soon, tho' long deferr'd !
Our patriarch poet-king has pass'd away.
That magic voice will nevermore be heard,
The hand that on the soul's deep chords could pla
Is cold and still to-day.

The wizard wand, his sceptre, falls to earth,
His regal crown of laurel vacant lies,
We mourn o'er mere remains, of mortal birth ;
Forgetting as we gaze with tear-dimm'd eyes,
That Genius never dies.

Most honour'd, best beloved, sincerely wept
By thousands who have never seen thy face,
With what a steadfast greatness thou has kept,
Thro' thy long reign, thy glorious pride of place !
Scorning the false and base.

No jarring note deform'd thy varied song,
But all was beautiful, and pure and true ;
While firm to guard the right, and crush the wrong,
What Fairylands of fancy, sweet and new,
Thou opened'st to our view !

A great light is extinguished, and the sky
Is poorer by a star ; we miss its beams,
Which brighten'd life thro' many a year gone by
Since youth's glad heart first bask'd in quick'ning gleams
From that fair world of dreams.

Fate has dealt kindly with his favour'd life,
'Time brought more fame, and honours' rich increase,
Some bards, alas ! have sung in storm and strife,
The sweetest songs, in early death to cease ;
His were long days of peace !

And we who sing—tho' humble be our lays—
Combine to-day in Sorrow's brotherhood,
Bring flowers immortal and unfading bays
For our dead chief, whose fame and power for good
Shall stand, as they have stood !

New Plays

PRODUCED AND IMPORTANT REVIVALS in London, from September 20th to October 20th, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

Sept. 24 "Haddon Hall," light opera, in three acts, by Sydney Grundy, music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Savoy.
,, 24* "The Bells," drama, in three acts, adapted from "Le Juif Polonais" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, by Leopold Lewis. Lyceum.
26 "The Wooden Spoon," operetta, in one act, by Gilbert Burgess, music by Hope Temple. Trafalgar Square.
,, 26 "The Shamrock and the Rose," drama, in four acts, by Walter Reynolds. Grand.
,, 26 "The Fencing Master," comic opera, in three acts, by Harry B. Smith, music by R. de Koven. Sadler's Wells.
,, 26 "Delilah," dramatic version of Ouida's novel "Held in Bondage," in a prologue and three acts. Sadler's Wells.
,, 26* "Nemesis," opera bouffe, in three acts, adapted from the French by H. B. Farnie. Parkhurst.
,, 26* "Drink," drama, in seven acts, adapted from the French by Charles Reade. Lyric, Hammersmith.
,, 26* "A Yorkshire Lass," drama, in four acts, by Wilton Jones. Pavilion.
,, 26 "Cousin's Courtship," dramatic sketch, in one act, by Mary Collette. Shaftesbury.
Oct. 1 "A Snowstorm," play, in one act, by Sidney Bowkett. Gaiety.
,, 1 "The Awakening," comedy, in three acts, by Arthur Benham. Garrick.
,, 3* "A Lucky Dog," farcical comedy, in three acts, by W. Sapte, jun. Terry's.
,, 4 "Cinderella." Rossini's opera comique, new version of the libretto of Rophino Lacey, in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Grand.
,, 5 "The Baroness," comic opera, in three acts, written and composed by Cotsford Dick. Royalty.
,, 6 "Dorothy Vernon," drama, in four acts, by J. W. Boulding. Savoy.
,, 6 "Incognita," comic opera, in three acts, by F. C. Burnand ; lyrics by Harry Greenbank ; music by Charles Lecocq. Lyric.
,, 10 "The Great Diamond Robbery," drama, in a prologue and four acts, by Burford Delannoy and W. R. Waldron. Sadler's Wells.
,, 10 "The Dark Continent," drama, in five acts, by H. H. Morell and Frederick Mouillot. (First time in London.) Grand.
,, 10 "Time the Avenger," drama, in four acts, by Tom Craven. Surrey.
,, 10* "The Pink Dominos," comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French, by James Albery. Criterion.
,, 15 "In Town," musical farce, in two acts, by Adrian Ross and James Leader, music by F. Osmond Carr. Prince of Wales's.
,, 17 "Eugène Onegin," opera-drama, in three acts, by P. Tchaikowsky. Translated into English from the Russian by Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Edwards. New Olympic.
,, 17 "The Vagrant," drama, in five acts, by G. de Lara. (First time in London.) Sadler's Wells.
,, 19 "Agatha Tylden," play, in four acts, by Edward Rose. Haymarket.
,, 20 "The Guardsman," farcical play, in three acts, by George R Sims and Cecil Raleigh. Court.

In the Provinces, from September 10th to October 10th, 1892 :—

Sept. 19 "The Forester King," drama, in five acts, by Dr. John Howard. T.R., Macclesfield.

Sept. 22 "A Fancy Fair," comedietta, in one act, by Ralph Lumley. Lyric Hall, Ealing.
" 22 "Djamileh," opera, in three acts, by Georges Bizet. (First time in England.) Prince's, Manchester.
" 22 "Golden Hearts" comedy-drama, in four acts, by George Roy. (For copyright purposes.) Athenæum, Shepherd's Bush.
" 29 "Pharaoh," play, in four acts, by Wilson Barrett. T.R., Leeds.
" 29 "92; or, a Fatal Love," tragedy, in four acts, and "Squire Crossmate's Vow," farcical comedy, by W. T. Macintyre. (For copyright purposes.) T.R., Glasgow."
" 30* "The Senator's Wife," comedy-drama, in four acts, by David Belasco and H. C. De Mille. (First time in England.) T.R., Manchester.
Oct. 7 "The Love Knot," play, in four acts, by Louis N. Parker. T.R., York.
" 8 "Our Family Legend," operetta, in one act, by Reginald Stockton, music by Sidney Jones, jun. Aquarium, Brighton.
" 8 "Othello," English version of Verdi's opera, in three acts. Prince's, Manchester.
" 10 "Royal, the Scout," drama, by George Comer. Royal Court, Wigan.
" 17 "My Wife," farce, by A. E. Cowell. Pier, Eastbourne.
" 18 "Don Pedro," operetta, in two acts, by Mrs. Edward Adams, composed by Frank Idle. Public Hall, New Cross.

In Paris from September 2nd to October 13th, 1892 :—

Sept. 9 "Le Beguin de Nini," comedy, in three acts, by MM. Sanger and Varret. Déjazet.
" 9 "Martyre," drama, in three acts, by Adolphe Emery and Georges Edmond. Porte St. Martin.
" 15 "M. de Réboval," comedy, in four acts, by Eugène Brieux. Odéon.
" 15 "Cœur Volant," comedy, in one act, in verse, by Lucien Gleize. Odéon.
" 15 "M. le Moraliste," comedy-vaudeville, in one act, by Armand Véry. Menus-Plaisirs.
" 22 "Marianne," comedietta, in one act, in verse, by Alexandre Picot. Odéon.
" 26 "La Femme de Narcisse," operetta, in three acts, by Fabrica Carré, composed by Louis Varney. Renaissance.
" 27 "Un drame Parisien," drama, in four acts, by Ernest Daudet. Gymnase.
Oct. 8 "Mariage d'Hier," comedy, in four acts, by Victor Jannet. Odéon.
" 13 "Le Maître d'Armes," drama, in five acts, by Jules Mary and Georges Grisier. Porte St. Martin.

Photographed by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker St., N.W.

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MISS CLARA JECKS.

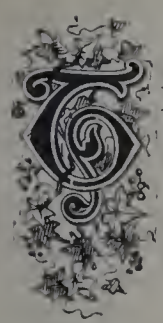
"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."
—RICHARD II.

EGLINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS,
LONDON.

THE THEATRE.

DECEMBER, 1892.

A League of Youth.



THE British Drama, poor thing, is just now in a very bad way. So says the Earnest Student, and he ought to know, for he has done his best to restore it to animation. He has invoked the aid of the latest thing in Vikings and the newest fashion in morbid Belgians, but all in vain; so he tears his hair, and rends his garments, and sends the *débris* to a high-priced review.

The enterprising manager is equally despondent. He can find neither new plays, competent actors, nor profitable audiences. He stands at the stage door, so he says, open-armed, longing to welcome the dramatist of the future—that much-desired creature, who shall be brilliant, unconventional and, above all, cheap. Yet should this paragon appear, the enterprising one would still be unhappy, for he declares that there are not sufficient actors available to do justice to the coming genius. Meantime the British Public, with a natural aversion to decay, fly from the bedside of the expiring Drama, and cultivate *bézique* in the bosom of their families, or doze at the music-halls.

It is a dreary outlook, but we must not despair. When a nation or an institution is in sore need of regeneration, it is to youth we must cry for help; nor on this occasion do we cry in vain, for youth is ready with aid and an explanation. "What is wanted," say the younger men, with a fine natural prejudice in favour of the article, "is new blood. No rising dramatists, forsooth! Why there are dozens of dramatic geniuses walking about London at this very moment, each of whose pockets is bursting with four acts of potential fame and fortune." But, alas! managers are timid and conventional, and decline to risk a little for the sake of much. So the dramatists' pockets continue to bulge, and the type-writing business flourishes.

Then take the young actor, he who has emerged from the obscurity of the provinces, and has passed through the we-do-not-remember-to-have-seen-him stage, but is still included in that peroration of "adequate support" that winds up a first-night notice. Does he believe in the

dearth of good actors? Not a bit of it! His well-shaven lips would curl at the absurdity of the question. Only give him his chance, that is all he wants, and he himself will make the giant Irving quake in his shoes, and drag the idol Alexander from his pedestal.

Youth is certain, youth is confident. Give the budding dramatist a hearing and the young actor an opportunity, and they will speedily regenerate the Drama, or in other words empty the music-halls. There can be no doubt of this, for we have their own personal assurances of its truth. Long have they waited for their chance, but it has never come; and now they have determined to wait no longer, but to make one supreme effort in the interests of art and themselves, and so have bound themselves into a league of youth to elevate the Drama and exploit one another.

It will be no amateur affair, this "Society of British Dramatic Art." No plutocratic hero of a *matinée*, be he actor or author, will be admitted to this Solemn League and Covenant. The amateur, say they, must be left to his club, the nursery of the Drama, until he is histrionically grown up. The eligible candidate must either have toiled in his profession for two years, or he must be the author of an original dramatic work, which has been performed for fourteen consecutive nights—*absit omen!*—in a London theatre, or for one month on tour in the provinces.

Nor will this Society belie its name, for it will be sternly, uncompromisingly British. "Adaptations!" say they, "We'll none of them! Away with Horner and all his works! For us the native Drama and that only." And not only must it be native, but it must have its origin from within the charmed circle. "A Leaguer's play the Leaguer actors give." And truly the trust and confidence of each section of the Society in the other is at once touching and beautiful. "Brother actors," says one, "you and you alone shall find fame and fortune in the interpreting of our masterpieces." "Brother authors," responds the other, "on none but you shall our genius confer immortality." So it is manifest that membership of this Society will be a precious privilege; lucky indeed the eligible candidate. Still the poor playwright Peri need not quite despair, for although the gates of Paradise itself are closely barred, there is without the walls a pleasant court-yard; thither penetrates a faint perfume from the flowers within; there may be heard the plashing of the distant fountain and the far-off warble of the heavenly songsters—in plain words the Peri may become an Associate Author Member. Think of that, thou otherwise ineligible, and thank Heaven fasting for the precious boon! 'Tis true not thine will be the inestimable privilege of serving on the Committee; nor thine the right, as that of the full-blown member, to rap thy play down upon the Council Board with a lordly air, as who should say, "Read me this tragedy, varlets." No, thy manuscript, poor lowly Associate, must be "sent in," and moreover must be accompanied by some trifling guerdon of half-a-guinea; but after all, what is half-a-guinea? Miserable dross—and scarcely that—in fact, a mere drosslet.

Well, having provided for a constant supply of dramatic masterpieces and a host of talented artists who will do them more than justice, what does the Society propose to do in the matter of audiences —a point purely incidental, but still of some slight importance? Of course, were this a League of the Haughty and the Selfish, they might practise in the front of the house the same exclusiveness which obtains on the other side of the curtain, and restrict themselves to the ungenerous joy of delighting one another. Everyone knows that nothing charms a dramatist so much as a brother author's plays, and are not actors the most enthusiastic admirers of other actors, especially when of a like style and standing? But this is no Mutual Admiration Society. No, it will challenge and compel the admiration of the world. Besides, there is another consideration, paltry but important.

Art, that stately Dame, cannot in these decadent days exist alone; she demands the constant services of the humble hand-maid Money. If the public desire its Drama to be regenerated, the public must pay for it, and why not? When our own constitutions are in want of tone, we pay without a murmur for the necessary medicine. Shall we then button up our pockets when it is the British Drama that is languishing for want of a tonic? Never! or there is no hope for Art in England.

The members of the League of Youth are generous. They are open-hearted. They ask so little, and they give so much! In exchange for a certain annual subscription, proportionate in amount to the place in the theatre desired, any member of the general public (even a critic) may acquire an imposing appellation, a comfortable seat, and a proud privilege. He may write after his name, A.S.B.D.A.—Associate of the Society of British Dramatic Art; he may attend all the Society's performances, and be present at all its ordinary deliberations (whatever they may be), and what though he be not permitted to vote at the meetings, he has free permission to applaud at the performances, and that alone should satisfy any reasonable enthusiast.

And now the question remains to be asked, Will this League of Youth succeed; or will it, on the other hand, be speedily consigned to that mausoleum of lost movements where repose the ashes of the defunct Dramatic Students? The League is young, it is energetic, and it is not cursed with any false modesty—that flimsy veil of egoism. If it is indeed true that the Drama is suffering from a want of new talent, and that new talent is really abundant, but unable, under the present conditions of theatrical enterprise, to force its way to the front, then—I say it in all sober seriousness—there is every likelihood that the efforts of the new Society will be crowned with success. But are managers timid? Do they in truth cleave to the old-established playwright, that worthy person, whose stock-in-trade consists of characters who are old friends, situations that are landmarks in our memories, jokes that have been our life-long companions, and plots that came over with the Conqueror? The

managers themselves indignantly deny it. "All we care for," they say, "is Art. Shopkeepers, forsooth! Perish the thought! We are ever on the watch for dawning genius, and are positively panting for the unconventional." But let us for a moment examine the facts. How many managers—with the laudable exception of Mr. Alexander—have had the courage, within the last few years, to produce at an evening performance the work of an unknown dramatist? In the course of a hasty review, the names of only two such productions occur—"Aunt Jack" and "Walker, London"—both, by-the-way, successes. Then ask the poor rejected in what fashion his masterpieces are received, and he will tell you that the ordinary verdict is, "Your play is a noble work of art, perfect in every way, but—there is no money in it," or else "Your drama is characterised by many excellent qualities, but it is a bit risky. Produce it at a *matinée*, and I'll see how it goes." Or in other words, "I am not a good judge of the stuff I deal in, so open a shop yourself for a day, and put your wares in the window; and then if they prove saleable, I'll sell 'em." Oh, that unhappy *matinée*, the beginner's only chance, what a sorry affair it is! A scratch company, slip-shod rehearsals, and a scanty audience—the last-named composed chiefly of critics, who have been taught by experience to condemn almost beforehand the author who appears without credentials! Is it to be wondered at that the young dramatist begins to disbelieve in this single-day shop-keeping, and says to his fellows, "If we must teach the managers their business, let us join forces and open a co-operative store," and that they are therefore founding the Society of British Dramatic Art.

Next, what is the attitude of the manager towards the young but talented actor? Does he, when making up the cast of a new play, say to himself: "There is young Bussock, a very promising young actor; he brought on a letter in the last piece with the dignity of an archdeacon; I'll give him a chance; he shall play the detective, and handcuff the villain in the last act, with a fine exit speech." Is that the ordinary managerial attitude? "Not a bit of it"—at least, so says the young and talented—"Your manager never gives you a chance. It is always: 'Bussock, my boy, I've got a splendid part for you in the new piece, 'Ballast, an Elderly Butler.'" "What," replies Bussock, "servant again?" "Yes, but just in your line; fit you like a glove; fact is we want archidiaconal dignity in the part; a butler is nothing without that, and you will strengthen the cast enormously." So Bussock sighs, accepts, and proceeds to study "Ballast, a Butler." Yet he feels certain that he is a far better actor than all those favourites of the manager, those "safe" men, pets of the critics, who are certain of good notices in *The Daily Phonograph* or *The Morning Muse*. "Ah," sighs Bussock, "if but for one brief evening I could doff the dignity of the butler and assume the dash of the 'juvenile.' I, too, would wring a favourable verdict from those Dramatic Lords of Appeal who sit in judgment on first nights. Unaided, the prospect is hopeless!" "Let us combine," he there-

fore cries, "O Brother Discontents!" "We will," they respond; "the idea is an inspiration." And they proceed to found the S.B.D.A.

And now, messieurs and mesdames of the British Public, mainly with you it rests to make this Society a success. If you will only smile upon the movement, and help it along, you may in sober truth infuse new blood into that which at any rate was once your love, the contemporary British Drama. That it does want new life is, I think, evident. You, as audiences, must admit that there is a great dearth of actors of the first rank. How many good leading men, and how many good leading ladies are there at the present moment on the London stage? Say half-a-dozen of each at the outside. And how many are there of the second or third rank who are ready to take the places of their superiors? Alas! they would not fill an ordinary omnibus! Yet, on the other hand, consider the number of young people of decent education and fair intelligence who have been flocking into the profession during the past few years. And can it be that after this prodigal seed-sowing there shall be no harvest? Impossible. It is even now a-ripening. Go forth, then, into the fields and gather it; or, in other words, pay your money, they ask but little, and join the new Society!

Fear not, messieurs and mesdames, that you will be called upon to witness productions in any way akin to the casual *matinée*—a mere slip-shod rendering of the inept crudities of the play-writing novice. No; the S.B.D.A. will give you something better than that for your money. No play will be produced which has not undergone the searching criticism of a committee of selection, composed presumably of actors and dramatists. The actors will be anxious for good parts, and will scarcely pass a play the characters of which are crude and indefinite; and as the dramatists, with a natural preference for their own pieces, will ruthlessly pick holes in every work submitted, especially as regards its construction, nothing but what is at least tolerable in that respect will be accepted.

The greatest care will also be exercised in the selection of the actors. Talent, wherever found, will be encouraged and helped to the front, but sheer incompetence will at once be sat upon. Names will be as nothing; good gifts the only passport. And honestly, dear British Public, are you not getting a little tired of the old names? Do you not find it a trifle wearying to go season after season to the Protoplasm Theatre, and, no matter what the play may be, to see Mr. Romeo Robinson still making love in the same old manner, with the same old tricks of voice and gesture to his same old theatrical love, Miss Juliet Jones? You will not find this sameness in the Society's performances. There will be no monopolies of leading parts; everyone, some time or another, will get his opportunity. In short, the S.B.D.A. offers you nothing but novelties: new actors, new plays, and a new and original method of bringing them to your notice. Then come forward, dear British Public, and give them your support, and in the days to come, when these un-

known actors shall have become established favourites, and the names of these young dramatists household words, your bosoms will swell with pride as you contemplate a regenerated drama, and remember how much it owes to your timely support.

And now, in conclusion, let me assure the Society that if I have not discoursed upon their aims and objects with the sad seriousness of the leader-writer, it is not through lack of sympathy on my part. But I have it in my mind to warn them, if they will deign to give ear to the words of a humble admirer, that they be not at first too ambitious, too confident. A great institution does not spring into existence in a day; it is the result of gradual development. Let them also bear in mind that, even should the General Public respond to their appeal with a generosity at present undreamt of, success will still depend upon the Society itself. Each individual member must exercise a never-flagging unselfishness, and the governing body a constant tactfulness and discretion; and, above all, must display, on every occasion, a stern sense of justice not in the least tempered with mercy. Moreover, the Society must not fear the attacks of the disappointed; for although it should discover a Pinero every six months and an Irving once a fortnight, it will not satisfy everybody: the rejected dramatist will still bemoan his fate, and the sorrowful "utility" sigh for his chance.

W. R. W.

Some Eccentric Stage Costumes.

IN these advanced days of the drama, when archæological accuracy in the matter of stage costumes and scenic accessories is one of the foremost cares of the managerial mind, as well as one of the heaviest drains upon the managerial purse, it is difficult to realise those periods in the chequered history of the stage when dress was a purely secondary consideration, and when leading actors of admitted intelligence and undoubted genius attired themselves according to their individual tastes and inclinations, and without any regard whatever to dramatic environment or the particular eras in which the characters they represented were supposed to have lived and moved and had their being. Nowadays a wrongly-placed button is likely to call down a storm of protest: the most trifling inaccuracy in the heel of a shoe to kindle a regular conflagration amongst the critics. Every new play that is produced, every old one that is revived, every actor who essays a new *rôle* or brings his intelligence to bear upon an old one, runs the gauntlet of a thousand critical eyes. The tiniest defect is instantly detected, the most minute slip is immediately exposed, and the luckless manager or actor who is responsible for the most infinitesimal shortcoming is speedily brought to book and unceremoniously spitted upon the points of pens innumerable. These are, indeed, dreadful times for the most conscientious workers on the stage, whose little sins of omission and commission are magnified, too often out of all proportion to their importance, and paraded in the press for the scorn or merriment of the hard-hearted public. Fortunate indeed was the lot of those old-time actors who had no tastes but their own to consult, who not only dared to appear in costumes altogether out of keeping with the characters they portrayed, but who, despite such displays of bad taste or overweening vanity, could nevertheless rely upon being received with rounds of applause and oceans of fulsome praise.

We have changed all this, for the actor who would dare nowadays to play Julius Cæsar in a gold-laced coat, cocked hat and sword, or the actress who would have the temerity to essay the *rôle* of Cleopatra in a modern ball dress and white satin slippers would be ignominiously hissed off the stage and metaphorically hanged, drawn, and quartered in pretty well every newspaper throughout the kingdom.

It must of course be remembered in extenuation of the old-time actor's shortcomings in a sartorial direction that theatrical salaries ruled low, and wardrobes, both on and off the stage, were mainly remarkable for their extremely moderate dimensions and the lack of

variety which distinguished them. That good player, but bad fellow, "Scum" Goodman, for instance, rejoiced in the possession of one shirt, and even this luxury does not appear to have been his exclusive property. On the "Box and Cox" principle, he shared the garment with a fellow actor named Haines, the one wearing it one day and the other revelling in it the next. Haines was as careless of his appearance on the stage as he was off it. During a performance of "Cataline" he appeared as a senator, but humble and unimportant as was the part, he contrived to spoil the scene as well as to disturb the equanimity of the audience by sitting in a prominent position attired in a red wig and a very unclassical costume, at the same time smoking a long clay pipe and quaffing the contents of a pint pot obviously fetched from the nearest tavern.

That eccentric individual, Romeo Coates, whose extraordinary behaviour, combined with the grotesque attire with which he was in the habit of clothing himself, brought him into prominent public notice a century ago, was guilty of perhaps the very wildest extravagance that is recorded in the annals of the drama. On the memorable occasion of his appearance as Romeo, Coates wore a sky-blue coat dotted with spangles, red pantaloons, and a vest of white muslin surmounted by an enormously thick cravat. A flowing Charles the Second wig with long ringlets adorned his head, and this in turn was surmounted by an opera hat of the period! As if this strange attire was not in itself sufficient to damn the wearer, the clothes possessed the disadvantage of being just a size too small, and every movement was of a nature to excite the risibility of the audience. The climax, we are told, was reached when a seam in the overtaxed pantaloons parted. To add to the absurdity of the whole thing, the actor applied himself with considerable frequency to the contents of his snuff-box. Romeo taking snuff! The idea is too incongruous. One pictures Juliet quenching her thirst with bottled stout, or the romantic old Nurse following the example of Sairey Gamp and seeking consolation in the alcoholic contents of a little black tea-pot. Coates, it is true, was only an amateur, and so his sins may perhaps be forgiven him. This qualifying postscript likewise frees the dramatic profession from the stigma of his mad vagaries.

Apropos of ill-fitting garments, a good story is told of Buckstone, who, when producing Richard III at the Haymarket, had occasion to borrow some suits of armour from the proprietor of Astley's Amphitheatre. The armour was procured and duly donned, but with curious and altogether unexpected results. One actor raised his arm and could not get it down again, and it remained stuck out at right angles to his steel-clad body, like a village sign-post, during the remainder of the scene. Two other actors, being unable to see through the bars of their vizors, collided every five minutes; whilst a third, overcome by the weight of his capacious equipment, was compelled to sit down and rest, with the result that he was unable to regain his feet, and had to be forcibly hauled off by the stage hands.

Sir Walter Scott mentions that he once witnessed a performance

in which Jane Shore was played by a youthful lady who wore stays and hoops, but neither of those feminine accessories was even dreamt of during the lifetime of that ill-fated damsel. A Crusader, too, we are told, created an immense sensation, which was scarcely surprising, considering that he was dressed in a white military uniform of undoubted French origin. One greatly wonders what sort of a reception such a get-up would excite in these days. Something stormy, to paraphrase Mr. Gilbert's familiar saying, with heavy missiles in it.

Garrick, great actor though he was, seems to have been singularly careless concerning the accuracy or appropriateness of his stage costumes. The picture in the Garrick Club depicting the actor as Macbeth and Mrs. Pritchard as Lady Macbeth confirms this impression very forcibly. Macbeth wears a green coat, embellished with embroidery, ruffles, a scarlet waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, shoes with buckles and a Brobdignagian wig of a pattern calculated to inspire anything but awe. On some occasions according to contemporary prints, he appears to have further embellished his elaborate costume with a breastplate and a high-crowned hat, a combination that must have been singularly effective—from a Fifth of November point of view.

It is also recorded that in 1770 an actor, whose name is unfortunately lost to posterity, appeared as Macbeth in a "mixed" silk coat—whatever that might have been—pink satin waistcoat, breeches covered with silver net, white silk stockings with pink "clocks," pink satin shoes and pearl buckles, high hair, well-powdered and stuffed with pearl pins, and a mushroom-coloured stock covered with point lace. Truly a sight for the "gods." It is to be hoped they appreciated it.

Talking of the costume of actors in Shakespearean tragedy, rather a good story is told of the father of the famous Miss O'Neil, a manager whose panacea for all sartorial shortcomings was an overcoat. On one occasion an actor who was playing the Ghost in "Hamlet" complained of the paucity of armour in the wardrobe of the theatre. "Oh, bother," exclaimed the manager, "if you put on an overcoat you'll do just as well." Whether the actor carried out this highly original suggestion is not stated. It is probable that he did, and it is also probable that the surprised audience applauded him vigorously for the touch of originality he displayed in "dressing" the part in so unique a fashion.

Sartorial eccentricity was not, however, exclusively confined to the men folk. Some of the ladies whose names have gone down to posterity as actresses of great power and genius were equally careless of such trifling details as historical accuracy and dramatic appropriateness. Mrs. Pritchard, for instance, as the terrible Lady Macbeth on murder intent, wore hoops of prodigious amplitude, a bright-hued satin dress adorned with innumerable panniers and other millinery mysteries; her head, too, was adorned with a miniature haystack composed of horse-hair and decorated with a nodding plume. Even the great Siddons possessed the most extra-

ordinary ideas as to how Lady Macbeth should be dressed. It is recorded that she appeared in a black velvet gown with a short waist and a voluminous scarf of brilliant scarlet dangling over her shoulders. Her head-dress consisted of a white handkerchief tied under the chin.

Charles Kemble, with a laudable desire to be correct, played Macbeth in a very "loud" Highland costume, kilt, tartan, bonnet, with an immense feather in it, all complete, the "get-up" forcibly suggesting that adorning the stolid, wooden-faced, snuff-taking Scotchmen who were once familiar outside the shops of tobacconists. Macbeth, by-the-way, was evidently a very hard nut to crack in the matter of costume. Young played the Thane in a green and gold velvet jacket and carried on his arm a shield, which, however, he foolishly threw aside when he commenced to fight. A Scotch actor named Jackson provided himself with a Highland dress, which he invested with more than passing interest by adorning it with a broadsword, shield and dirk, found, we are gravely told, "on the field of Culloden!"

There appears to have been as wide a diversity of opinion touching the costume of Othello. Quin, whose affection for a full-bottomed wig was remarkable, displayed his ignorance and his patriotism by playing the Moor in military uniform of a very British pattern, and Spranger Barry is described as having acted the same part in "a full suit of gold-laced scarlet, a small cocked hat, knee-breeches and silk stockings, conspicuously displaying a pair of gouty legs." Conceive, if it be possible, a tragedian presenting himself before an audience of to-day in that eccentric and decidedly "comic-opera" costume! Yet even the exacting Colley Cibber applauded the actor who openly set all common sense at defiance in this sweeping fashion. Kean, too, incurred the guilt of dressing the Moor as an Albanian brigand of the conventional "penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured" variety.

Effect rather than accuracy was evidently what was aimed at by the actor in the past, or Garrick would certainly not have chosen as a suitable equipment for Richard III a heavy crimson overcoat, trimmed with ermine, slashed trunks, puffed sleeves, buff boots turned down below the calf, and a velvet cap tastefully ornamented with a feather, the dimensions of which would certainly have excited the admiring envy of a Whitechapel lady. Kemble, as Sir Brilliant Fashion in "The Way to Keep Him," thought it quite in keeping with the character to appear in a particularly thread-bare coat, a doublet of obsolete cut and make, long pantaloons, an enormous watch-chain, and a cocked hat. As Hamlet he wore a black Court suit, with ruffles and a powdered wig.

Concerning this latter article of theatrical attire many pages might be written. A provincial manager and actor named Pentland had a particular affection for a wig of capacious dimensions, made after the pattern of that worn by the Lord Chief Justice of England on State occasions. It was of horse-hair, and descended to the wearer's

shoulders. This precious wig Pentland insisted upon wearing on every occasion when he appeared before the public. No matter whether the personage he portrayed chanced to be Hamlet, Othello, Don Felix, or Lord Townley—he wore that wig. And what was perhaps more remarkable, no one seems to have thought one whit the worse of him for doing so. Miss Ward as Octavia thought it necessary to encumber her head with a mass of horse-hair, and Garrick as Hotspur decorated himself with a laced "frock" and a curly Ramilles wig. Wilson deemed it no wrong to finish off Polonius with a sausage-curled wig, whilst Ross is described as introducing a decided novelty into the conventional head-covering of Hamlet in the shape of a wig that, as regards one half of it, was tightly and methodically curled and trimmed, whilst the other half presented a dishevelled and lank appearance. This half-and-half arrangement was probably intended to indicate the strange condition of the Danish Prince's mental machinery. It would be cruel but truthful to say that it certainly served the same purpose as far as the actor was concerned.

Mr. Farren as Orestes donned a breast-plate of antique pattern, and Sinclair, as Apollo, adorned himself with a spangled tunic and bushy side whiskers of the mutton-chop pattern. Fancy a classical deity having to shave every morning! The actor very probably forgot that exceedingly matter-of-fact detail. Finally and to crown all Bartly considered it quite the right thing to play Falstaff in a Charles the First costume!

A revival of these happy-go-lucky times would undoubtedly afford the modern critic many delightful opportunities for the display of his erudition and open up a wide field to the artistic humourists amongst us for the employment of their pencils. But hungry as the actor of to-day is for fame and notoriety, he is far too jealous of the dignity and importance of his profession to give either of those excellent persons a chance of pouring upon his head an avalanche of scathing criticism or cutting ridicule. And it is perhaps just as well that it is so.

Arthur J. Daniels.

A Dramatic Ball.

THE wind sighs and soughs in eddying gusts through the higher branches of the ancient elms, and the creaking boughs sway to and fro, threatening at any moment to fall with a crash upon the ground. The rooks give vent to ghostly caws, uncertain of the stability of the foundation of their homes, and anon they circle round peering through the fast-gathering shadows, hoping to be re-assured of safety before they settle down upon their callow young, now shivering and calling with vigorous lungs for protection from the wind and increasing cold of the evening air.

The solitary house, grey with the storms of time, is lighted up as if in expectation of unwonted gaiety; and yet the doors are close shut, the mouldering gates of the carriage drive are still barred, and no sounds of life or of the hurrying footsteps of domestics preparing for the revelry fall upon the ear.

Within, the deserted rooms are empty, but present an appearance as if they had been prepared for a ball; for the floors are chalked in quaint devices of many colours, and numberless wax candles placed in silver sconces shed a brilliant but soothing light upon ancient armour and waving tapestry.

But who shall be the guests? For the place is far from the ken of cities or of men, secluded even from the ordinary tourist's tread, embosomed in a hollow behind a lofty promontory jutting out into a lonely sea.

Hark! the distant sound of waves beating against the rocky shore can be heard. Even if invited, how can the guests come, when miles upon miles must be traversed, and there is no place of shelter, no hostelry to open its doors to the wayfarers, if they should be wearied on the road?

Pass we through the handsome chambers decorated with the art of a bygone age, and let us enter yonder closed door of dark worm-eaten oak!

The walls are panelled to the ceiling with carved wood stained black by time, but a large portion of their space is covered with shelves laden with books bound in rusty leather, and at a secretaire of the same sombre hue as the rest of the woodwork is seated an adept, whose thin pale hand with its elongated fingers supports his brow, lined and furrowed by the most abstruse studies.

He is in years past the middle age, but still in the prime of life—at that period, in fact, when the brain not only apprehends more clearly than in youth, but is self-reliant after the many and varied

experiences of the past, and has not reached that loss of power which comes at last (sooner or later) to even the most brilliant intellect.

What is it that he appears to be so interested in? Before him are spread out many of the masterpieces of the older dramatists, but he does not read the plays—they are well known to him. He scans with care the lists of *dramatis personæ* at the beginning of each, and occasionally his voice is heard, hardly more than whispering such sentences as the following:—

"Captain Bobadil, thou art but a boaster, but I bid thee come; Brainworm also, be not thou disguised; Sir Epicure Mammon, thou mayest make sport; Frank Wellborn, I will have thee too, with Sir Giles Overreach and Tapwell. How they will like to meet thee is another matter. Aimwell, be here; and Colonel Fainwell—no tricks, if you please! Loveless, bring thy wife!"

His murmurings simply seem a catalogue of names. At last he throws the books from him and exclaims:—

"Yes, I think it will be a success! Although it is not a Shakespearean night, we shall have some interesting guests. But let me listen, already I hear the noise of the first arrivals, and it is fitting that I should be in the guest-chamber to welcome my visitors."

Rising, he moves to the door and enters the spacious suite of rooms set apart for the entertainment, which we have before examined.

"Ah! Mr. Bayes and Mr. Puff, welcome! You are here early, no doubt to take note of the proceedings; the situation to be worked into your next drama, in which you will collaborate, I presume?"

Bayes: "Your most obsequious and most observant, very servant, sir."

Puff: "My dear sir, How is it with you? Mr. Bayes is this? Sir, he is a gentleman whom I have long panted for the honour of knowing: a gentleman whose critical talents and transcendent judgment——"

Bayes: "Sweet sir, your servant."

Host: "Lady Teazle, allow me to introduce you to my Lord Foppington?"

Lord Foppington: Madam, your ladyship's very obedient slave. The beautifulest race of people on earth, rat me! I was overjoyed to think of meeting you here, I was, stap my vitals!"

Lady Teazle; "I vow I couldn't come before. Do you know, Sir Peter has grown so ill-natured to me of late that, upon my word, you ought to pity me. Mr. Tangent, have you heard many scandalous tales of me? Isn't it provoking to have things said of one, and all without any foundation too; that's what vexes me."

Tangent: "Who could have expected to see you in this part of the world? I never saw you look so well! Angelic excellence, call it love, adoration! I'm your slave, upon my soul, I'm in chains! I beg your pardon—but my love is as pure as your own thoughts."

They pass on, and soon the rooms are filled with ladies in hoops and lofty head-gear towering a foot or more above the temples. The

gentlemen, with courtly grace, stroll about, attired in a variety of garb—some with powdered hair, and distinguished for the "nice conduct of a clouded cane," some wearing wigs of most extraordinary dimensions, some with swords, and many with immense bouquets covering nearly the whole front of their chests.

Amanda is consoling herself for the desertion of Loveless by engaging in an animated flirtation with Charles Surface, whose Maria is vigorously dancing with Captain Absolute, while I am ashamed to say that Lydia Languish is sitting out upon the stairs with Tom Fashion—very unsafe company for her to be in, if she values her reputation.

Dashall has button-holed Sir Paul Plyant, who, he evidently thinks, is safe for a loan :—

Dashall : "True, my dear fellow ; but about that trifle of money, the five thousand ?"

Plyant : "Gadsbud, I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Dashall ; I protest and vow you are a very civil person."

Caustic : "Come, sir, despatch ; let me get rid of this business. Dashall's a bankrupt !"

Dashall : "Now this is not fair play ! What a rascally shame, rat me ! What the devil does Fortune mean by it ? Sir Paul, your devoted ! Good-bye, queer one ! What a superlative gig it is ; I never despair ; I've some irons in the fire yet !"

Clementina : "What a horrid, capricious old wretch that Mr. Caustic is ? Come, Mr. Dashall, take me away, or I shall blush in such a style."

Dashall : "Ha ! ha ! upon my soul, and all that, you're a fine creature, and interest my feelings more than any event since Waxy the racehorse won the Derby."

The fun is now at its height, love-making, dancing, and card playing being the principal amusements. Suddenly, Loveless draws his sword upon Charles Surface ; Captain Absolute incontinently attacks Tom Fashion ; Tony Lumpkin begins to beat Bob Acres, who could not help rapping out the oath "odds milkmaids" when he saw Bet Bouncer for the first time ; young Rapid is trying in vain to escape from the punishment promised to him by Sir Harry Wildair ; each one of the male guests appears to be impelled to quarrel with his next neighbour, and while swords are clashing, ladies are screaming and fainting on all sides.

Something must be done, and that quickly. The host, however, is a man of resource ; see, he puts his hand to his mouth, and, without hesitation or delay, imitates the crowing of a cock with such exactness of expression that there is not a ghost of them all who is not taken in, and every one of them vanishes into thin air, thinking that the morning has arrived.

Nothing remains but the empty rooms, the guttering candles flickering towards their end, and floors strewed with scraps of lace ruffles, pieces of broken swords, and patches, wonderful in design, that have fallen from the frightened ladies' cheeks.

And thus ended the attempt of the Recluse to hold under his sequestered roof-tree the long-looked-for, long-desired, Dramatic Ball.

John Philip Burnell.

The Old Stage Queen.

BACK in the box by the curtains shaded,
She sits alone by the house unseen ;
Her eye is dim, her cheek is faded,
She who was once the people's queen.

The curtain rolls up, and she sees before her
A vision of beauty and youth and grace.
Ah ! no wonder all hearts adore her,
Silver-throated and fair of face.

Out of her box she leans and listens ;
Oh, is it with pleasure or with despair
That her thin cheek pales and her dim eye glistens,
While that fresh young voice sings the grand old air ?

She is back again in the Past's bright splendour—
When life seemed worth living, and love a truth,
Ere Time had told her she must surrender
Her double dower of fame and youth.

It is she herself who stands there singing
To that sea of faces that shines and stirs ;
And the cheers on cheers that go up ringing
And rousing the echoes—are hers—all hers.

Just for one moment the sweet delusion
Quickens her pulses and blurs her sight,
And wakes within her that wild confusion
Of joy that is anguish and fierce delight.

Then the curtain goes down and the lights are gleaming
Brightly o'er circle and box and stall.
She starts like a sleeper who wakes from dreaming—
Her past lies under a funeral pall.

Her day is dead and her star descended,
  Never to rise or shine again ;
Her reign is over—her Queenship ended—
  A new name is sounded and sung by men.

All the glitter and glow and splendour,
  All the glory of that lost day,
With the friends that seemed true, and the love that seemed tender,
  Why, what is all but a dead bouquet ?

She rises to go. Has the night turned colder ?
  The new Queen answers to call and shout ;
And the old Queen looks back over her shoulder,
  Then all unnoticed she passes out.

"*Poems of Pleasure.*"—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Origin of Pantomime.

AT the present season, when Pantomime is one of the most fashionable and amusing features of the time of year, it may not be uninteresting to give some account of its origin. Pantomime is a dumb representation of some of the scenes of life, but more of the scenes of fancy—a mimicry of the actions of mankind, and, in a moral point of view, a general satire on the follies of the world. By uniting the most absurd fictions to the plainest truths, it is strongly calculated to please ; and by exhibiting *in fact* the tendency of good or evil passions, is certain to do good.

The inventors of this art were two (up to that time) obscure Romans, Pylades and Bathyllus, who, as we are told by Zozimus, were rivals in its profession in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Pantomime was a name given to the performer, not to the piece ; and the admiration bestowed on this rank and species of comedian was at one time carried beyond that given to any other performer. Cassidorus, indeed, has thus designated them : "Men whose eloquent hands had a tongue, as it were, on the top of each finger—men who spoke while they were silent, and knew how to make an entire recital without opening their mouths ; men, in short, whom Polyhymnia had formed in order to show there was no necessity for articulating in order to convey our thoughts."

Nor was the opinion confined, for we find some of the most eminent characters of this era so devoted to their performance as to prefer them to tragedies and comedies, even of the most distinguished writers. Lucian, for instance, has declared himself a most zealous partisan of these comedians, and took the greatest pleasure in relating such facts as might be an honour to their profession. There is a fund of anecdote on record, handed down by him and other writers, to impress our minds with the favourable opinions entertained of them in their earliest days. If they be true, they must have had more influence and power than can be claimed at the present day.

It appears to be one of the properties of a pantomime to give an intelligible description of an action, and signify by its gesture the words taken in their proper sense, but it would seem by the authorities before us that the Romans presumed even to interpret metaphors and words taken in a figurative sense; for we are told that Hilas, a disciple of Pylades, when executing a monologue after his method, which terminated with the words, "The great Agamemnon," in order to give full and intelligible expression to them, made all the gestures of a man endeavouring to measure another bigger than himself, which Pylades censured by observing that he appeared to make Agamemnon a *big* man and not a *great* man. But, whatever may have been their powers, we should vastly like to have heard them express by signs, or anything else but words, the phrase, "A beastly morning!"—a metaphorical expression very common in England, particularly at the pantomime season. As we cannot, however, obtain anything but traditionary testimony as to the nature of the representation of these pantomimes, we are hardly capable to decide on the positive merits of their art, or in what manner it was possible to bring it to such astonishing and singular perfection.

From this time of the Roman popularity the art flourished for two centuries with marked success, and then finally sunk in the general annihilation of the sciences and literature of that country. It lingered, however, and still does, in Italy. In our own country it has arrived at a state of development we should conceive much superior to that of the ancients, if we except the method of finger-speaking before alluded to, and for it we are indebted to the indefatigability of John Rich, the original patentee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, who, during a life of great industry, rendered pantomime the most fashionable entertainment of a Theatre Royal. Rich was possessed of the greatest taste in this particular department, and spared no expense in his productions. He acquired considerable reputation by his own performance of the motley hero, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Lun Junior" (so designated in the bills of the day and in the titles of the pantomimes which he published); and it is most probable that the great reputation he obtained as *Harlequin* might have arisen in some measure from the splendour with which he produced these pieces, and from his being the first performer who had rendered the character at all intelligible in this country.

To the strenuous exertions of Rich, then, we are altogether indebted for the rank which this species of entertainment has at length assumed in the dramatic amusement of the day. By comparison of our style of pantomime with that of the ancients, we may perhaps draw a very unfavourable conclusion for ourselves, and account in some measure for the preference shown to it by them before tragedy or comedy, for theirs was evidently a composition of fable taken from history and made up of regular parts, by which means it became a considerable feature of the Drama and full of instruction and amusement; while ours is an explosion of fidgetting, skipping, and leaping, the fable of which is substituted by a jumble of mechanical deceptions, obviously calculated for no other purpose than to draw together the great and the little vulgar at the expense of all taste and judgment.

Still in some respects we are like the ancients, for we prefer pantomime to tragedy and comedy; but then the balance is in our favour, for we are made up of buffoonery, and that they never thought of.

That the lovers of this art may not think us too severe with their understanding, we can tell them that once or twice a season we quite agree with them in thinking a pantomime really a treat—*one fool*, they say, *makes*——!

W. S.

"Till Evening Time."

(A STORY.)

I WAS born on the last night of the pantomime of 1860, and my mother died at my birth. I think my father loved and truly mourned his wife; at any rate, at her death he lost an excellent worker and a loyal friend, and I suppose that this fact made him (perhaps naturally) look on my advent with disfavour, and caused him as I grew into childhood to treat me with coldness and some neglect. Also, his duties as actor-manager filled up most of his waking hours, and left him (the inclination being absent) but little time to attend to the infantile wants and fancies of his baby-girl. So I was turned over with scant ceremony to the care of old Mrs. Greet, who had been used to assist my poor mother as wardrobe mistress, and now had entire charge of the department; and hard work she must have found it sometimes to adjudicate single-handed upon the conflicting claims and needs of the many suitors for her somewhat scanty stock of costumes.

It was Mother Greet who taught me to dance, and who persuaded our ballet-master to let me go on in the "Fairy Ring" dance which he introduced in the seventh pantomime after my unhappy birth. How I enjoyed the change, at first, of the brightly-lighted stage, the sweet singing and swift movement, from the dingy, silent lodgings which were my home. Soon, as was inevitable, I grew deadly weary of the nightly repetition of my part, and longed for the peace and quiet of the old days. But there was no more idleness for me; I became a favourite with the public, and even after the pantomime died (it lived longer than usual that year) places were found for me in the tragedies and comedies which took its place. Infant prodigies were rarer in those days than now. I was a novelty; the public of Grimthorpe approved of me, and we began to enjoy full houses and an exchequer free from embarrassment.

But a time came when I had to put away childish things (for hitherto I had lived in the dream-world of a child), and I had to face the world—the hard, cruel, cynical world—alone. My father died, just clear of debt, and that was all; the theatre passed into other hands, and the stock company was scattered far and wide. They were good to me, those old friends of my childhood; out of their scanty funds each and all gave something towards a sum which would serve to support me for a few months, and then, with many a kiss and many a heartfelt farewell, they left me, to seek engagements where they could find them. It was a sad break-up for us all!

Years passed away, and at the age of twenty-three I found that I had won for myself an acknowledged position in the world of mummers. I had only once, it is true, acted in London—that promised land of all good actors—but it was from no want of opportunity that I had not done so. I never felt well or at ease in the big city (I have learnt to love it now), and preferred to accept humbler, but scarcely less remunerative engagements in the provinces.

* * * * * *

February 14th, 1885.—No need to turn to my old diary to verify this date; it is engraven in deep-cut letters on my heart, for it was on this day I first saw him who, thenceforward, has at one and the same time glorified and shadowed my poor life. He joined our company in a hurry, at very short notice, to fill a vacancy caused by illness. It was in Birmingham—dear, smoky, grimy, evil-smelling old town and new-made city—that my love came to me. I suppose it was love at first sight—I find no memory of Laurence as an ordinary acquaintance; we understood each other from the first, and at the end of the tour, in nine months' time, were made man and wife at the old Church of St. Asaph in the City of London. I remember that morning as if it were yesterday—cold and grey, with a damp fog hanging low above the house-tops, which made me shiver in my furs. Our manager gave me away (for friend or near relation I had none), the wardrobe mistress supported me, and the comic man came to see the last of Laurie as a free man. There was a musty, tomb-like smell in the church; the curate who performed the service was afflicted with an uncompromising cold in the head which thickened his voice, and caused him to make various involuntary alterations and additions to the familiar service. I was glad when we got into the free air again, and as we left the old building and passed down the time-worn steps, the red November sun took heart, and feebly piercing the dark, heavy fog, filled the smoky air with a fleeting glory.

"An omen," whispered my dear one. Even as he spoke, a heavier fold of thick darkness rolled over us, and after a faint struggle the feeble sunshine was drowned. An omen indeed of my life as it was to be.

I knew nothing of my husband's family and antecedents; he was a gentleman, in the true sense of the word, of upright bearing and good repute, and—*he loved me.*

November 14th, Folkestone.—We have been married a whole week, and we love each other more dearly than ever. During the perpetual moves and constant worries and irritations of our theatrical life together I suppose we saw the worst of each other's character at the best time (in view of their future happiness) for lovers to see it, *before* marriage; now we are at ease and at peace, and bask in our mutual love. Was ever woman so blest and happy before?

November 15th.—Only twenty-four hours since I wrote those last words, and yet in that short time a shadow has arisen between us—

not a dark, palpable cloud—only a grey, shadowy, hardly-perceptible something; but it has come between me and the sun. It happened thus:—This afternoon we sat out on the Lees and watched the sea, and the ships coming and going like great white birds. The sun was bright, even warm, and we forgot the cold and the winter which was coming. A soldier (a sergeant, I think, by his stripes) passed along in front of us; passed, then turned again, and narrowly scanned my husband's face as he passed us again. It was not *me* he stared at; it was Laurie! It seemed strange to me, and when I glanced at my husband's face it seemed stranger still, for he had turned white to the very lips—an ashy whiteness! No one spoke, and the soldier passed quietly on and seated himself on a bench about fifty yards away. Then Laurie shivered. "It is cold, dear; let us go in," he said, in a strained voice that greatly disturbed me. As we passed through the old churchyard on our way home I turned, and saw the soldier following us quietly but persistently.

While I was taking off my wraps I heard the front door shut as softly as such a cross-grained door *would* shut, and looked out of my window. There in the street below, by the waning light, I saw Laurie and the soldier in earnest conversation. They soon parted; the soldier went off briskly up the street, and Laurie came in. We dined together and my husband was loving and cheerful, but yet bore himself as a man would do who had just had placed on his shoulders some great sorrow, some burden of which even his nearest and dearest can in no way relieve him. I soon went upstairs to bed, for I was weary, and my head ached; or was it my heart?

I heard Laurie moving about in the sitting-room for hours as it seemed to me. Then, as the clock struck twelve, I fell asleep. —What does it all mean?

November 16th.—I know now. Oh! my darling, why did you not trust me with your secret? You would not have been the worse for the help of a woman's wit, a woman's faithful sympathy. As the late dawn was breaking, I woke with a start, to find that Laurie had never come to rest at all. He had entered the room, however, for by my side there was a letter which only he could have placed there. With shaking fingers I opened it.

"My wife" (it began), "I owe you much, but, more than all, I owe you the truth. Do not despise me that I have concealed it from you so long. I have been weak, but it was my love for you which made me so. I was mad, but it was Love's madness. I have told you nothing about myself, and you never asked; you *trusted* me. . . . . I am the second son of a good old family. My father had met with many disappointments and much grief, and was a soured man who saw the best in nothing. Me he designed for the Army—I was nothing loth—but I was idle and weak, and would not work. I failed to pass; my father was angry—justly so, I admit—but his anger and his taunts made me nervous and uncertain of myself. I went up again, and again I failed. This time my father's patience quite deserted him, and he turned me, without a penny, out of my old home into the cold, dreary world. I tried to find work, but what could I do? No one needed my unskilled labour; and, besides, I was a *gentleman*. I starved for a few weeks; then I took the Queen's shilling, and enlisted. Of the months that followed I say nothing. My regiment was ordered abroad to a wild country and wild work. Discipline was strict and severe. I forgot—that I was a soldier and sworn to obedience; others

forgot it too, more completely and more blindly than ever I did; but circumstances seemed to point to me as ringleader. I narrowly escaped being shot, and at the first opportunity was sent home, with the heaviest possible sentence of punishment hung round my neck—a warning to others and a burden to be carried through the best years of my life. My escort was careless, perhaps intentionally so, and in a moment of madness I escaped. To what? . . . . to a life which was a torment and a punishment ten times worse than what my officers had awarded me—the punishment of a haunting fear that my identity would be discovered, my disguise torn off. . . . . I dared look no man in the face. . . . . I became an actor, and . . . . I met you. My weak nature dissolved itself in your strong one; I simply lost myself in you. You know the rest. Last night I saw again a soldier who had been my companion in trouble. His sentence was years lighter than mine, and he has been allowed to work the tarnish off his name. He knew me; he only did his duty—and he has trusted me as one soldier learns how to trust his comrade. Before *réveille* of this day, the first hour of which has just sounded, I have promised to be in Shorncliffe Camp to answer for myself. . . . . Oh, my darling, what can I say to you? Only *forgive me*. . . . . Do not try to see me; you will only add to my burden of shame and grief. Go to America—London—change your name if you will—(the name in which we were married is my true one)—I may die and set you free—many do in the military prisons—and they are not likely to make things easier than they need for me. . . . . Forgive!"

* * * * * *

I have done as he wished. I resumed my old name and went to America. I have become famous—but what is fame and earthly triumph to me now? At stated times I hear of my husband, but his wish is still that I shall not try to see him, and his wishes are sacred to me. If God pleases, nearer that evening time when "it shall be light," we may meet again, and, with the glow of the sunset on our faces, look deep into each other's eyes and see mirrored there—the old love maybe, but a love chastened and purified by its passage through a furnace of most sharp and grievous afflictions.

Louise Hardy.

Humours of Photography:

THEATRICAL AND OTHERWISE.

IT does us all good sometimes, old and young, beautiful and ugly, "to see ourselves as others see us," though the operation is not always as agreeable as it is instructive. Many things may come and go; the advance of civilisation brings greater culture and more widespread refinement; but one thing the human race will always have in bountiful supply—Vanity. And it would be a thousand pities if vanity did cease to exist, for it is a great supporter of many trades, and more than one profession, and, indeed, a good many of us would be sorry to see it even decrease. Let us candidly confess, then, that we are all bitten more or less (chiefly more) with vanity, and that we are practically divided into two classes—those who are conscious of it and glory in the fact, and those who are equally conscious but are ashamed of it. I am compelled to say this much about vanity, because it is the life, soul, and backbone of the photographer's art, but I have no wish, even, to imitate the many great writers who have written the most brilliant articles on this subject, from every conceivable point of view, except perhaps one. There can be no better possible vantage ground from which to thoroughly enjoy other people's vanity than that of the studio of the fashionable photographer. There is an old saying that one should conceal nothing from one's lawyer and one's doctor; but to these should now be added the fashionable photographer, at least if vain people wish to get what they pay for. Under any circumstances, however, the fashionable photographer soon finds out for himself the pet weaknesses of each individual sitter, and as there is no greater fun than to laugh at the folly of others—sublimely unconscious of the fact, as we generally are, that they are doing precisely the same with us—let us go behind the scenes, and imagine ourselves in the studio of a West-end photographer; let us listen to the confidences of members of both sexes; and under the broad glare of the daylight, laugh at the tricks, the artifices, the shams, and in one word, the vanity of our fellow man (or woman) if we can.

Before dealing with individual types of people who visit photographic studios, I should like to say a word about the theatrical world in general, so far as it affects this subject. The stage has no greater supporter than photography. One or two innocent and ambitious photographers have on several occasions humbly endeavoured to point this out to various coming Irvings and Ellen

Terrys, but have soon seen the error of their ways. Even a Gaiety chorus girl, or a member of the Alhambra ballet, honestly imagines that in "sitting" to a fashionable photographer she is making his fortune, and it never occurs to the male or female theatrical mind that there is such a thing as *cost* in producing the portraits, and though the Burlington Arcade is a very fashionable promenade, that the sale even of a ballet girl's portraits must have certain limits. The photographer prints a number of copies—generally at his own risk—on which he gets an infinitesimal profit; what he *does* get is advertisement, and this is precisely what the originals of the photographs get themselves. Members of the theatrical world have a very exaggerated idea of the number of admirers even the best known of them have who care to expend two shillings sterling on a copy of their portrait; and, in point of fact, as a general rule, the benefit derived by the sale of an actor's or actress's portrait is pretty evenly divided between the sitter and the photographer. Members of the theatrical profession are rather hard to please. To make a Juliet of forty-five summers appear in photography something even approaching her appearance at night, is often a herculean task. Fashionable photographers generally adopt one golden rule with reference to portraits of actresses; they proceed to entirely destroy all likeness in the portrait taken, and to build up a fancy picture on what is left; the result is that their photographs are considered charming, and in the green room of the theatre, when the proofs are handed round, the following remarks are frequently heard: "Oh! they are just too sweet;" "*exactly* like you, my dear;" and aside, "conceited little cat, they are no more like her than I am!"

The place of honour among photographic sitters falls naturally to the professional beauty, generally a lady moving in third-rate society, who by achieving the distinction of being connected with some scandal, is naturally looked up to and envied by every other member of her sex. Of course she is beautiful—at first—and equally of course, dresses to perfection, though her husband is either hopelessly in debt, or else she is separated from him. The professional beauty knows infinitely more about photography than the photographer, and, as a rule, graciously condescends to tell him how to take her portrait. This is very nice of her, and her assistance is fully appreciated by the photographer—at its just value. However, as the portraits sell, he is very humble and says nothing. The professional beauty as a rule devotes the best part of a day to a "sitting," bringing with her about seven gowns, two maids, three gentlemen admirers (who come with her into the studio, suggest attitudes, bully the photographer, and generally uphold their important position of lap dogs on duty), and a large trunk of cosmetics, etc.

Now let us have a look at the strictly fashionable society lady, who thinks nothing of doing four "at homes," a drive in the park, one dinner, three receptions, three concerts, four balls, and as many suppers all between four p.m. and three a.m. Talk about business! Why, no city clerk works harder than does the fashionable society

lady during the months of May, June, and July! Like the professional beauty, she is extremely fond of being photographed, though she invariably declares she hates it, and has no objection to her photographs being exhibited in the shop windows, provided they are not in the least like her (but infinitely more beautiful), and also provided she is not asked to pay for the sitting. This lady also knows a thing or two about the art, as the wretched photographer finds to his cost; in fact, in more ways than one she may best be described as the imitation professional beauty. This lady's favourite pose (when she has a good figure) is a bust without drapery, "As a guide for the sculptor, my dear," as she whispers to her friends. When she has not got a good figure, she takes the photographer into her confidence, and comes out just the same.

It is only fair now to take a peep through the camera at a male sitter, who has every bit as much vanity, and sometimes a lot more than the two ladies whom we have been looking at. First take the retired officer. This gentleman has an abundant figure, but in the wrong place. Again does the photographer listen to some very pretty little confidences. Gaps have to be filled up on the head with dark streaks to represent hair, the nose must lose its beetroot appearance, and, most of all, the figure must be literally planed down on the negative. The retired officer goes into the studio a man of full sixty-five, but comes out of it—in the photograph—not a day more than forty-two.

Then there is the subaltern, fresh from the university, who always stammers out to the photographer, how strange it is that his moustache "always comes out so faint in the photograph, don't-yer-know." The heat of the glass room must have a great effect on the growing of hair, for in a fortnight he appears to have a very fine and neatly trimmed moustache (again in the photograph).

To return to the ladies, however; nothing is so interesting to the on-looker as the sweet young mother with her first cherub. The father also often comes on this great day, though he is never seen with the cherub or any other cherub on future occasions, at all events in a photographic studio. Great preparations have to be made whilst baby is got ready, and when it is at last prepared, it is either asleep or weeping dismally. The photographer is supposed to be a saint, however, in the matter of temper, and I pity the poor wretch who ever said anything disrespectful of the little lump of humanity when the mother was by. When the maternal bosom is bent on getting a portrait of baby, what cares she about fifty photographers, or whether the particular one in question loses any amount of business through the baby's ill-temper. No, a vital and most important matter is on hand, and the business of others may go hang. The baby itself has a voice, and generally a pretty strong one, in the arrangement of affairs, and unless everything is to his (or her) perfect approval, well, everybody around knows it, that's all. They have various little tricks, too, bless the little dears, which at all events lend variety to the entertainment. Most appalling accidents

happen sometimes, which cause great delay, and the falling off of the photographer's hair. Everything is just ready, the wretched operator has just made such an awful grimace, that the brat keeps still out of sheer despair of being able to equal it, a deathlike silence prevails, the cap is just coming off, when open goes the mouth, and—well, the photographer's work is spoiled.

But if the young mother is hard to please, how much more so is the maiden lady whose beauty (?) is fading rapidly. This subject is too near to tragedy pure and simple, and terrible, to dwell upon; let us skip it altogether, and get on to the clergy. The fashionable clergyman is a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." He is childlike and bland and never grows old; he has an easy, gentle grace, and a catlike sleekness which is very charming. He also is very fond of being photographed, and never misses a chance of a free sitting. The fashionable clergyman is a humbug no doubt, but he has his clever points. He is particularly good at romancing when he wants a number of copies gratis; the advertisement and recommendation (though he generally abuses the photographer right and left to his fair hero-worshippers) he *promises*, would make anybody's fortune. When the fashionable clergyman becomes a bishop, he only goes to a certain class of studio, devoted chiefly to the two B's—Bishops and Ballet Girls. Why? Well, ask those particular photographers. I don't know.

Another photographic "subject" of interest—either a middle-aged spinster, or a pale young curate! Other unfortunate people of various ages may possibly suffer from the infliction of being cross-eyed, but only middle-aged spinsters and pale young curates actually *squint*. These subjects are very bashful, and will never admit to their infirmity by its true name, but after a deal of spluttering, manage to get out that they hope the eyes will have a "soft expression" in the photograph. As they have to stand sideways to see you at all, the photographer has his work cut out; occasionally he is over zealous, and the parties are horrified to find, on looking at the "proof," that, instead of squinting across their noses, they are squinting round their ears. The interview with the photographer which follows is a particularly lively one, and the unhappy operator returns to his studio to open the safety valves of Anglo-Saxon, while his assistant flies to open the window to enable the smell of sulphur to escape.

There is one event in fashionable life which it would be little short of criminal not to celebrate in photography, and that is a young lady's presentation at Court; though, as a matter of fact, I never heard of any lady, old or young, that did not want to be photographed in every new dress of any note. There is special interest, however, in the presentation dress, and so long as this is properly depicted, the portrait of the person inside it matters very little. One thing is worthy of note *en passant*. Ninety-nine sitters out of one hundred invariably make one and the same remark on entering the studio, and fashionable photographers have now become so

accustomed to it, that I verily believe they would feel inclined to send for a doctor if the sitter did not make use of it. It runs something like this, "Good morning, Mr. ——. You know I do so dislike being photographed, I would sooner have a tooth out." This reference to the dentist is brought out with a proud grin, as if the sitter is conscious of having made a particularly smart and original remark, and the photographer smiles his good old stereotyped smile, and bows with the grace (I am afraid) of a second-hand undertaker.

Of all possible sitters, none give so much trouble as engaged couples. Words fail me, however, wherewith to attempt to describe the ludicrous attitudes they insist on taking; the inane, vapid, stupid expressions on their faces, or their behaviour the moment the photographer quits the studio. Lovers are, indeed, best left alone.

There are dozens of other types of character—far too numerous in fact to mention in detail. There are ladies with thick waists who want to be made slender; there are angular ladies who want a figure made for them; there are people with good teeth who will be taken smiling; there are people with bad teeth and large mouths who contort their features like a clown; there are short people whe want to be made tall; there are people with too much expression, and some with no expression at all. Old and young, ugly and beautiful, they cannot hide their weaknesses and their faults from the strong light of day in the studios, and the fashionable photographer becomes year by year a sadder and a wiser man.

These are but a few of the humours of a photographic studio. If the laugh is on my side this time, remember how often you have had the laugh upon the fashionable photographer.

X. Y. Z.

Art Notes.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OILS.

The exhibition at this gallery is rather above than below the average merit. The walls are not so crowded with pictures as upon some previous occasions, and the general effect is much more satisfactory. Mr. Frank Brangwyn scores a distinct success with his vigorous painting of "Slave Traders" (631), which, if a little forced in effect, is yet a fine piece of colour. The President, Sir James Linton, sends—much to everyone's surprise—three landscapes, and no figure pictures, to the exhibition. It cannot be said, however, that this change of subject shows his work to any greater advantage. Mr. Chevallier Tayler,

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST. *By J. Watson Nicol.*
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 1892.

one of the ablest of the Newlyn men, sends a very clever painting of a girl in a white dress and long white veil, "Confirmation Day" (532); Miss Henrietta Rae, too, is well represented by her fine study of a beautiful girl walking through an orchard in early spring, carrying a great branch of pink apple blossom in her hands (593). Mr. Henry J. Stock is as surprising as ever in his own peculiar walk of art, the "Dream of the Worlds" (447), with an angel standing on a high rock apparently surrounded by glorified soap bubbles, is a picture which will certainly not pass unnoticed by any visitor to the exhibition. M. Fantin-Latour's flower paintings are among the most entirely satisfactory

works to be seen upon the walls. There is probably no other living painter who can even approach him in his rendering of roses and the other exquisite blossoms he so loves to paint. Mr. Shannon, that brilliant young portrait painter, is not seen at his best in his study of a little boy holding a kitten in his arms, "Derrick, son of Julius Wernher, Esq." (97). The painting is thin and

HUNTED DOWN. *By G. Sheridan Knowles, R.I.*

"Thora of Rimol! Hide me, hide me!
Danger, and shame, and death, betide me!"
The Saga of King Olaf.—LONGFELLOW.

Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, 1892.

poor, and unsatisfactory in general effect. Another painter who does not show to advantage at the Institute is Mr. William Logsdail, his little picture of "Th Cross at Sant' Amipeglio, Bordighera" (215) being, to say the least, exceedingly common-place. Mr. Alexander Harrison—who can paint admirably when he chooses—exhibits a totally unintelligible picture of "Moonlight"

(440), which, perhaps intentionally, the Hanging Committee have placed next to Mr. Stock's "Dream of the Worlds." There are many other paintings worth looking at among the six hundred or so upon the walls. A capital picture, a reproduction of which will be found on the preceding page, is an illustration of a passage from the "Saga of King Olaf" of Longfellow. Mr. Sheridan Knowles has chosen that moment when the hunted man has come to throw himself at the feet of "Thora, the Fairest of Woman," begging her to hide him from the avenging pursuers. Mr. Knowles has been fortunate enough to discover a very charming model for his Thora, who stands looking round half-startled at the man who makes his way through the bushes towards her, and altogether "Hunted Down" (457) is a picture worth looking at. "Love's Labour Lost" (158), which we also reproduce, is one of those quiet interiors which Mr. J. Watson Nicol paints so well. The little figure of the boy sitting back in his chair whistling, in the vain effort to make his birds sing, is full of character.

Plays of the Month.

"KIT MARLOWE."

A play, in one act, by W. L. Courtney.
Revived at the St. James's Theatre on Monday evening, October 31st, 1892.

Christopher Marlowe	Mr. Geo. Alexander.	Henry Chettle	Mr. Vane Tempest.
Thomas Nash	Mr. V. Sansbury.	Francis Archer	Mr. H. H. Vincent.
Edward Alleyn	Mr. Alfred Holles.	Nan..	Miss Edith Chester.

In a pot-house at Deptford, on the evening of the 1st June, 1593, the blood of Marlowe—"Marlowe of the Mighty Line"—was let in a petty squabble with a potman, and this episode Mr. Courtney has taken for the subject of a half-hour play. The theme is promising enough. Little does a modern audience know of the Elizabethans, but, provided there is a tale of love, it is always willing to learn, and at the bare mention of Shakespeare it will prick up its ears and listen like a terrier. So much of its weakness and complacency Mr. Courtney has mastered, and, wise in his generation, he puts his knowledge to good use. His tavern is a sorry place, and his company of wine-bibbers a sorry crew. Poverty is writ large over all—poverty and disrepute. But lurking in the dim corners of the barely-furnished room, throwing sinister shadows upon the damp discoloured walls of the moonlit den, are the sketchy figures of a sour-looking host and a comely waiting woman, of whom he is sullenly enamoured, and they promise drama. The promise is

fulfilled. With Kit Marlowe's coming, it is clear that Nan cares for him, and he—poor gay dog—cares in a way for her. With his heart warmed with Deptford wine, and his inflammable brain a-fire, he would even wed her, but at talk of it Master Archer's jealousy swells to murderous dimensions, and a scuffle ends in the handling of a knife, a scream, a fall, and nothing clearly seen but the moonbeams playing upon Marlowe's face glistening with the death sweat, pallid as a ghost. There is the play, eked out with a little heavy chaff bandied amongst the four-strong company of writing men and players, with a passionate denial of atheism from the reputed atheist, the author of "Doctor Faustus," and with a prophetic statement dear to the patriotic gods that there is a youngster amongst them—one Master William Shakespeare—whose fame in days to come will outshine his (Kit is that *rarissima avis*—a dramatist who thinks better of his brethren than himself) as does the sun the moon. This helps the play not a whit, but it pads it out, and thereby does Mr. Courtney service. As a setting for Mr. Alexander's best romantic manner, the little drama is quite satisfactory. He brings to it nearly all it wants —passion, picturesqueness, poetry, and pathos. Some of the protestations sound rather stodgy and theatrical, even in his rich musical tones, but generally speaking he holds the piece together, informs it with a spirit of reality, and keeps the interest alive. His death is treated with an artist's hand. The picture it makes is almost as memorable as that of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Chatterton," though, of course, Messrs. Jones and Herman's work consistently struck a higher level than this. Kit's friends were disappointing. Small wonder that he fell into evil ways and took to drink. *A sociis noscitur.* And a single glance at Chettle, Alleyn, and Nash was enough to prove that he must have affected the company of amateurs —a fatal weakness in a gifted man. Mr. Vincent threw energy and earnestness into his very capable sketch of the amorous tapster, but Miss Chester, with all her prettiness and grace, could not but recall us from Elizabethan days. "Kit Marlowe" was originally played for the Marlowe Memorial Fund Benefit at the Shaftesbury Theatre in 1890, with Mr. Arthur Bourchier in the leading part; but Mr. Alexander's is the first attempt to do the theme full justice.

"DAVID."

A new and original play, in four acts, by Louis N. Parker and Thornton Clark.
First produced at the Garrick Theatre on Monday evening, November 7th, 1892.

Gilliatt Grenfell.. ..	Mr. Bucklaw.	Mrs. Grenfell	Mrs. Crowe (Miss Bateman).
David da Silva	Mr. Herbert Waring.	Dorothy Wendover ..	Miss Estelle Burney.
Doctor Wendover ..	Mr. Murray Carson.	Paget	Miss Lillian Lee.
Colonel Hood	Mr. John Beauchamp.		

Act iv.

He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap:
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

At first we are led to believe that the "he" of the quoted verse refers to David, particularly as the play is named after that handsome Hebrew; but we are mistaken. David does at first loom large. He has a fine dramatic story to tell, and it looks like the story of this drama. His mother, a Jewish singer, has on her death-bed told him of his shameful birth, and uttered his father's name, and has implored him to avenge her desertion. David has received a brilliant training; his friends are among the highest and noblest of his race. He is to use them, to employ his wealth, in tracking down Miriam

da Silva's Christian lover, or, if he be dead, in tracking down the legitimate son who stands in David's place. Into this man's confidence he is to worm himself, to abuse it, to betray him, to ruin him, and oust him from his position, fortune, home. David is, in fact, set upon the very path that giant-hearted Jason trod, and up to the end of Act i. (which closes with the entrance of Gilliatt, the introduction of the two men, and David's anticipated recognition in him of his legitimate half-brother) it seems pretty certain that the authors have derived their inspiration from Mr. Hall Caine's noble romance, "The Bondman." Already the clash of opposing passions fills the air, and in fancy we see Mr. Waring, fine actor that he is, giving powerful expression to the spiritual torture of David da Silva. With the second act, this feeling of expectancy grows. Gilliatt has taken David into his service as steward and *fidus achates*, and it is evident that although Dorothy is betrothed to the former, her heart is given to the latter, in exchange for his. Moreover, Gilliatt's mother now comes upon the scene, a tight-lipped, hard-featured woman, with iron prejudice and iron will stamped upon every feature and in every tone, and from her we gather that her son has but a month to live—his heart is riddled with disease—and that she hates David with an instinctive, unreasonable hatred. We seem in the very thick of an uncommonly human, lucid drama, when suddenly the atmosphere grows heavy, and the only figure left illumined is the Doctor's. He has theories about criminal lunacy. His days and nights are spent with the great poisoners of all time. Having started with the theory that the great men of the earth have always been madmen, he has apparently come to the conclusion that to be mad is to be great, and so fosters the seeds of madness in his own brain. The Borgias fascinate him. Palmer he looks on as an artist. With De Quincey he begins to regard murder as a fine art. And so absorbed in this view does he become, so resolved to prove that all the great criminals were mad, and only failed in crime because a lucid interval of sanity occurred, that he compasses the death of Gilliatt as a crowning proof. He brews a deadly drug, injects it into the invalid's medicine through a fine syringe which pierces seal, paper, and cork without leaving a trace, and, when the stuff is administered to the man prostrated by the shock of learning that Da Silva is his brother, steps forward with the statement that "this glass is poisoned." Gilliatt dies, and his mother suspects David of (a very motiveless) murder, but in the Doctor's case, as in the Borgias', Palmer's, and the rest, there was a lucid interval, during which he had left his phial in a cosy chair affected by the Colonel. This, in vulgar parlance, would be called an insane piece of thoughtlessness, but so unmeaning is the phrase that really it was sanity that was responsible. The Colonel found the bottle, analysed its contents, replaced them with water, and consequently is in a position to clear David, shatter the Doctor's hopes of establishing his theory, and read that gentleman a lesson upon the irresistible force of Providence in combating evil. The defeated theorist is restored, apparently, to sanity, and—the play ends! Its faults are innumerable. This fact hardly needs insisting on. We have two distinct plays, and the authors have chosen the less human and the less dramatic. They have not made their purpose, the Doctor and his theories being nebulous. And in David, in Gilliatt, and notably in the mother with her passionate love and instinctive hate, her loathing of the husband whose deceit and infidelity are at last made clear, they are guilty of prodigal waste of fine material. But scrappy and disjointed as the play is, it is intensely clever, and

promises great things. Mr. Parker as yet sees with several eyes at once. When he is content with a single pair, focussed upon one object, he will write a splendid play. Mr. Carson is the hero of the piece. His Doctor is a courageous bit of work. His study of growing madness is not unworthy of a master of his art. For so young an actor, it is quite remarkable. Mr. Waring and Mr. Bucklaw have only to be manly and impressive, Mr. Beauchamp discreetly serio-comic, and Miss Burney girlish and prettily sincere. To Miss Bateman happily falls something more. Sinister emotion is expressed by her with a force, an eloquence, and a piteous self-restraint beyond the power of any other actress of the day. Her performance of this iron-willed Mrs. Grenfell is a triumph of art—art, however, that does not always conceal art—and it and Mr. Carson's brilliantly-conceived madman will secure for "David" a wider recognition than perhaps its merits as a play strictly deserve.

"THE BURGLAR AND THE JUDGE."

A new and original piece, by F. C. Philips and C. H. E. Brookfield.
First produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday evening, November 5th, 1892.

Mr. Justice Gyves .. Mr. Cyril Maude. | Parkhurst .. .. .. Mr. W. Cheesman.
Joe .. .. Mr. Brookfield.

Is a burglar a person with a sense of humour? Tender-hearted we know he is, for has not that profound student of human nature, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, observed him in the process of being melted even by so conscious a prattler as little Editha? Or, should any be inclined to scoff at the faithful chronicler of the words and acts of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he can seek confirmation from Mr. Anstey, who has depicted with heart-breaking pathos the effect of Baby Bella upon Burglar Bill. And if any further evidence be needed, the chivalrous Mr. Van Bibber, the knightly New York dude who is Mr. Harding Davis's best friend, can produce sheaves of it. But this deals only with the sentiment of the man. Has Bill Sikes humour? There is the story of the clergyman who, one foggy night, felt a tug at his pocket, realised the truth, and, having a ready wit, at once exclaimed, "Waterbury watch; German silver chain!" and heard a hoarse voice murmur "Well, then, the rest of the thirty-nine!" but that story is the only one extant. And granting that Bill is humorous, would his sense of fun take the line it does in the new piece? And granting that it might, should it make us laugh? Saveloy Joe no doubt thinks he is a very funny dog when he gets into the Judge's rooms, eats the Judge's "niffey" cheese and *pâté de foie gras*, compels his lordship to drink rum, smoke a clay, dance a *can-can*, and sing a ribald song. But somehow one expects more than this of an accomplished burglar in the pursuit of revenge. It may be exactly what he would do upon finding himself in the small hours *tete-à-tete* with his mortal enemy, no one within call, and a good five-and-twenty minutes as well as a comforting heap of silver on his hands; but if so, then once again is demonstrated the disappointing effect of nature when regarded as art. For really of all that Joe does and says, there is nothing that would be inappropriate to his cousin Joey, who, even in his refined entertainment with the red-hot poker, cannot be held up as a mirror of nature, or, for that matter, as a diverting buffoon. No; Mr. Philips and Mr. Brookfield have not the power to put themselves in Joe's place. They get hold of a good idea, and develop it through their own witty brains, not through a study of Joe's. The result is that we do not get Joe, but we do get bored. Nor can the actors prevent us.

Mr. Maude has a wretched part, which he plays with pathetic conscientiousness; and Mr. Brookfield's, though flashier, is not much better in reality, besides being quite unsuited to him. So that, if it were not for a few racy bits of slang, we should hardly smile for a whole half-hour—a serious drawback in a presumably comic one-act piece.

"KING LEAR."

Tragedy, in five acts, by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
Presented at the Lyceum Theatre, for the first time under Mr. Henry Irving's management, on Thursday evening, November 10th, 1892.

Lear	Mr. IRVING.	Fool	Mr. HAVILAND.
Edgar	Mr. WILLIAM TERRISS.	Oswald	Mr. GORDON CRAIG.
Edmund	Mr. FRANK COOPER.	Physician	Mr. LACY.
Earl of Gloster	Mr. ALFRED BISHOP.	A Knight	Mr. TABB.
Earl of Kent	Mr. W. J. HOLLOWAY.	A Gentleman	Mr. IAN ROBERTSON.
Duke of Cornwall	Mr. HAGUE.	An Officer	Mr. LORRISS.
Duke of Albany	Mr. TYARS.	A Herald	Mr. BELMORE.
King of France	Mr. PERCIVAL.	A Messenger	Mr. POWELL.
Duke of Burgundy	Mr. BOND.	Goneril } Daughters	Miss ADA DYAS.
Curan	Mr. HARVEY.	Regan } to	Miss MAUD MILTON.
Old Man	Mr. HOWE.	Cordelia } Lear.	Miss ELLEN TERRY.

What Mr. Irving has done with Lear—the man—is briefly told; what for "Lear"—the tragedy—would fill a volume. The greatest of actors is but human, and has his limitations. Mr. Irving's claim to pre-eminence is now and then loftily sniffed at, but is not seriously challenged. In range and in power he is obviously a head and shoulders above any Englishman alive. But great as he is, neither range nor power enable him to get within grappling distance of Lear. This was foreseen. The man in the street foretold precisely where and how he would fail, where and how succeed, and it was as this un-halo-ed prophet declared! One dominating note in the tragedy there is, a note of clamant barbarism. If the old King, who sets the tune for others, cannot strike that, the mighty structure crumbles into words. Now to expect this note of Mr. Irving were to expect a miracle. By temperament, habit, system, he is subjective, intellectual, introspective. To suddenly throw off this delicate mental garment in which nature has clothed him, to assume the shaggy hide of a lion, and act up to it, were to play the wizard; and the days of wizards are past. These early moods of unrestrained fury, a human tempest to match Nature's dread convulsion upon the Heath, are meet for men of brain and lung. The Keans, the Cookes, the Sullivans, Salvinis, Creswicks, they could wrestle with them and keep their feet. But the subtler style of an Irving, the fragile machinery of mind and body which are his, puts him at a disadvantage. Hence for three long acts he is desperately fighting a hopeless battle. There is a fearful strain upon him, which tempts him to excess of action, gesture, emphasis. In the gallant struggle to attain commanding heights of passion he loses self-control. And the figure left impressed upon the memory is mainly that of a noble-looking old man given to ignoble fits of inarticulate rage. Once, however, the melancholy of madness falls upon him, there is no room left for disappointment, weariness, regret. All that Nature denies the actor in the early scenes, she makes up for in the later ones. For the closing acts his mental and physical equipment is superb. There is no touching him between the joints of his harness now. There needs no description! Who has not felt the paternal tenderness of his Dr. Primrose? Who has not thrilled at the notes of pathos in his Charles I? To recall these is to set out upon the path that leads to the noblest beauties in his Lear. His hunger of love, his pathetic humility, his

speechless despair, for these Mr. Irving can find exquisite expression. And his triumph at the close far outweighs his failure in the beginning. So much for what he has done *with* Lear! What he has done *for* "King Lear" is far more noteworthy. He has furnished it with a wondrous

MR. IRVING AS "KING LEAR."

Lear: "No, you unnatural hags, I will have such revenges on you both."—*Act ii, sc. 3.*

background. Were Mr. Irving a draughtsman and a colourist, what pictures might he not leave to the world! He is a master of pictorial beauty. His eye is unerring for dramatic grouping, for an effect in nature which shall throw into relief the human passions being acted

out. What use he makes of his own picturesque personality it would take too long to tell. His first entrance is magnificent, a grim white-haired old chieftain, with fierce restless eyes flashing beneath dark heavy eyebrows, much of the warrior, more of the King in manner, look and movement. Then he stands out hauntingly against the hazy heath, a majestic figure lit fitfully by lightning flashes. But these instances are not quite to the purpose. More so is the windy hill-side—purple black beneath the silver stars—across which Edgar flees from his pursuers. That strip of moor gives life to the character, reality to the flight. Better still is a sunny heath, thick with bracken, studded with Druidical remains, to which the childish madman strays to babble his profundities of wisdom. Such a background for so piteous an indifference to all beauty, all intelligence, heightens the tragedy unspeakably. The mind that conceived it, whether the actor's or his scene-painter's, was the mind of a poet. So again with the last scene, of towering cliffs and rippling sea. It reflects the very grandeur of the poet's mood; reflects and magnifies it. And it is for these wondrously beautiful aids to the imagination, for these pictures of barbaric life, of antique Roman palaces, of savage Viking warriors, for the hundred-and-one actualities which the play always lacked by the fireside—and lacked so much in lacking—that Mr. Irving's revival will be held in honour. Many points of personal interest it has of course. The Cordelia of Miss Terry—after that first preposterous scene which not even she can make reasonable—is a thing of absolute loveliness. It ranks with her Olivia and her Ophelia, slight as of necessity it is, and lends force to the pure humanity even of Lear's regaining of his reason. Then Mr. Terriss plays Mad Tom courageously—inexplicable as it is—and wakes up the play with a rousing fight with Mr. Cooper (whose Edmund looks at first more promising than it eventually proves; and Mr. Craig's comic steward dies admirably); and Mr. Haviland comes modestly to the front with a discreet and sympathetic rendering of the Fool; and Mr. Holloway speaks out bravely as (an exceedingly prosaic) Kent; and the wicked sisters are strongly handled by Miss Dyas and Miss Milton, the latter looking bewitchingly baleful, and a possible sister of Cordelia—a point rarely considered. But these personal elements of interest fade each and all when set against the pictorial beauty of the background, which exceeds in charm all that the Lyceum has ever shown, and bids fair to be one of those things of beauty which are joys for ever.

Notices of "Ma Mie Rosette," "The Old Lady," "The County Councillor," and the revival of "The Arabian Nights," are unavoidably crowded out.

Notes of the Month.

THE dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph* having strenuously denied that Signor Salvini ever played Lear in London, pleaded guilty at the conclusion of a criticism of the Lyceum revival to "an accidental error" in doubting the contrary assertions of others. Upon reflection, he not only remembered that Salvini had played the part but recalled the fact that it was a "most remarkable performance," and further mentioned that "Edwin Booth delighted the London public with his performance of Lear when acting at the Princess's Theatre, and he should, of course, be numbered amongst the famous Lears of theatrical history." In view of the interest aroused by Mr. Irving's revival, and the inexplicable omission from THE THEATRE of any detailed account of the efforts of Signor Salvini and Mr. Booth in this character, we subjoin the criticisms which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* upon these notable performances :—

"It may be assumed that many who witnessed the performance of 'King Lear' on Saturday night were beforehand acquainted with the views which Signor Salvini takes of the character he then embodied for the first time in England. Only a few weeks have passed since the great actor, by publishing in a popular monthly magazine his impressions of the old King furnished a key to the conception he has so elaborately worked out. It is distinctly worth while to go back to the magazine article, seeking these definite reasons for a course which in several important respects runs counter to tradition and ordinary practice. Signor Salvini briefly conveys his ideas of the physical, the mental, and the moral Lear. As to the first, he absolutely rejects the notion that the King, though old, is senile and feeble at his first entrance, and he supports this position by much cogent evidence. Lear rides on horseback, he follows the chase, he is capable of strong emotions and the violent and exhausting expression of them, he can contend with the 'fretful elements,' and at the last declare himself ready to die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. We do not, therefore, watch the crushing of a weak old man under circumstances that call only for pity, but the breaking down of a strong nature which by its resistance excites admiration as well as compassion. Lear, in point of fact, is like 'some historic oak, shorn of its leaves by the fury of wind and storm, but with limbs and trunk still vigorous and unshaken.' The King's mental state is regarded by Signor Salvini from a no less independent point of view. In the division of the realm, the banishment of Kent, and the disowning of Cordelia, with which the drama of ingratitude so impressively opens, he sees no evidence at all of even incipient insanity. History proves to us that it is quite possible for a King to retain his senses and get rid of his crown, while the excess of anger shown by Lear against his daughter seems the natural result of an exaggerated idea of parental authority, just as the treatment of Kent is easily assignable to the working of 'a spirit proud, impetuous, autocratic, violent, knowing no bounds when moved to anger.' Signor Salvini might have put forward another cause for the monarch's violence of language and behaviour, one more to the purpose, we think, since the standard of cold reasoning, founded on observation of real life, is not applicable to the creatures of Shakespeare's imagination. All these are endowed with the poet's own vehement sensibility. They know no half-measures. In love or hate, in war or peace, in pleasure or distress, their natures are strained to the utmost tension ; their speech is, as it were, a torrent of burning lava ; their actions are as unrestrained as the fancy that imagined them. It is perfectly natural for Shakespeare's Lear to send Cordelia away dowered with a curse, and strangered with an oath ; or if

not, Capulet must be mad when, irritated by Juliet's rejection of Paris, he exclaims :—

'Graze where you will you shall not house with me :
Look to't : think on't : I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart ; advise :
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets :
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.'

"Refusing to explain Lear's earlier actions by reference to insanity, the Italian artist further contends that at no time is he an imbecile or a demoniac. We are taught to look upon the outcast King as a monomaniac, whose mind is possessed by a prodigious sense of ingratitude. Signor Salvini's argument here is ingenious, if nothing more. He points out that all Lear's words and actions have this sense of ingratitude in man and nature for their root, and that his mind at once recovers itself in presence of Cordelia's love. 'An imbecile is far more difficult to cure than a madman, and a madman cannot be restored by so simple a remedy.' Carrying out this view, Lear, the captive, with his tender daughter by his side, is 'himself again,' as father if not as King. Happiness has come back to him, and he says to Cordelia—

'Come let's away to prison
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage
. . . . . So we'll live
And pray and sing and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court news.'

"On the moral aspect of the character Signor Salvini indicates three separate stages of development. In the first act Lear is 'always the Royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent.' In the second act, he is more a father than a King, and in the third he—more than father, more than King—stands forth a man, reacting upon rebellious nature.

"Such is Signor Salvini's threefold conception of the great and difficult character he assumed on Saturday night. We might easily traverse many of its points, and bolster up argument by weighty authorities. This is a matter of course. Where is the Shakespearean personage whom the poet's prodigality of fancy has not made many-sided ? Where, indeed, is the Shakespearean speech that does not by its wealth of imagery and idealism offer a score of students as many different lines of research ? Interpreters of the poet are not asked, therefore, to agree everywhere with each other. From the very nature of the case, this cannot be : and all that we have a right to demand is that the exposition shall appear reasonable from the point of view taken up—that it shall be consistent with itself and the general circumstances governing the case, and that it shall be worthy of the poet. The Lear of Signor Salvini unquestionably satisfies these requirements. It is reasonable, it is consistent, and it is such a character as Shakespeare might have intended—we are disposed to add, such as he, in very truth, did intend.

"That the Italian actor embodied on the stage the ideal which he had formed in the study need not be said. We had on Saturday the ripe fruit of five years of thought, and recognised it as presented with the power, and also with the modesty of a great artist, who knows as none other can how infinitely greater than himself is art. Signor Salvini is by no means certain that he has yet been able to make an audience understand his own conception. He has himself declared this in so many words, adding, 'I was confronted with this difficulty at the outset of my labour, and the more I laboured the mightier it became, till it seemed so nearly insurmountable that I could but resign myself to await the moment when all my energies and all my senses should combine in definite shape.' To the consciousness of the artist that moment may or may not have arrived on Saturday, but it is scarcely rash to believe that many among the audience recognised it, when struck by the proportions, the power, and the homogeneousness of the character set before them. The Lear of the *Century* article was easily discernible in the King of the opening act. No weak and feeble monarch ascended the throne to exercise the prerogative of his high authority. True, he had the gait of an aged man, but the firm look, the

imperative gesture, the sonorous voice denied thoughts of weakness. 'Fourscore and upwards,' the hale old chief would put from him the weight of the crown, and enjoy unburdened his remaining years. In keeping with this strength of mind and body was the burst of passion excited by Cordelia's misunderstood reticence and Kent's outspoken counsel. Doubly resentful of a twofold affront, Lear made obvious the point of his own warning—'Come not between the dragon and his wrath!' His sweep down from the height of the throne, with half-drawn sword, had purpose in it besides chastisement. It showed us the royal autocrat, noble, august, irascible, and violent! Lear's only consciousness throughout was of offence against his power as father and King. To Cordelia he said, 'Better thou hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better!' To Kent, 'Since thou hast sought . . . to come betwixt our sentence and our power . . . take thy reward!' Nor was this stern resentment long in blazing up. In the very tone of the old monarch as he said, 'How, how, Cordelia! Mend your speech a little, lest it may mar your fortunes!' there was far more of anger than expostulation. It seemed like the tiger's growl before the fatal spring, while so complete was the display of strong passion that no one could fail to see how great would be the wreck of this forceful nature. A different Lear came on in the scene at Albany's Castle. Flushed from the chase, he called cheerily for his dinner and his fool, and was so charged with content as to discern no significance in the rudeness of the steward, and positively to enjoy and laugh at the sharp home-thrusts of his favourite in motley. A laughing Lear! It was the 'lightning before death'—the death so powerfully suggested by the ejaculations that followed Goneril's cruel speech. With consummate art did Signor Salvini present the King through this scene. Amazement, incredulity, anger, successively found expression in every feature, word, and gesture. Lear was still the passionate Lear, swift to feel and to act, and from him blazing with wrath, it seemed natural to hear the cry, 'Darkness and devils! Saddle my horses!' Then the actor made plain the coming of the thought that was thenceforth to control the unhappy old man. While still calling for the horses he paused, and out flashed the word 'Ingratitude!'—soon to be followed by the memorable curse. Signor Salvini's delivery of these lines, but especially of the invocation to Nature, was a grand effort, and held the house in thrall. It made Lear seem the very embodiment of outraged authority and affection, the minister of vengeance upon evil-doers. But this strength and grandeur did not survive the scene with Regan at Gloucester's castle. The sturdy trunk though still fighting the storm, bent to it. 'I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad. I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewell!' The wounded father spoke, not the angered autocrat, and here Signor Salvini gave first earnest of the pathos which was thenceforth to hold the house mute and sympathising. He accentuated the struggle between this new feeling and the old passion; calling upon the gods to 'let not women's weapons—water-drops' stain his cheeks; while with most admirable art he distinguished by facial expression the moment of change which drew forth the pitiful cry, 'O, fool, I shall go mad.' The climax of this scene had a profound effect. Faithful to his conception, Signor Salvini conveyed, throughout the Heath scenes, the idea of a man who associates the phenomena of Nature with the causes of his own mental distress, and rails against them as his enemies. They were 'servile ministers, That have with pernicious daughters joined,' and in his proud defiance, his bold reproaches, it was easy to see the inherent strength of the nature then slowly breaking down. Not less marked was the revulsion to pathetic complainings, in which Lear recognised the beginning of madness. From this to the effect of Edgar's apparition was, by the actor's art, made most natural. Filial indignation! elemental hostility! what did it matter if man be such a 'poor, base, forked animal' as the pretended maniac? Why not be unsophisticated likewise? So 'Off, off! you lendings! Come, unbutton here!' This last stroke sufficed, the intellect staggered, collapsed; and the old King, reduced to childishness, fell asleep like a child, murmuring, 'Draw the curtains closer.' Throughout the mad scene of the fourth act Signor Salvini was even more powerful. All the wanderings of the King's disordered intellect were shown with singular force, while no chance was lost of putting in relief whatever of raving had appreciable connection with the past. Kingship and fatherhood alternately flashed from a maze of incoherent phrases, and it was with an assumption of more than his old majesty that Lear, ascending a rock and breaking off a tree branch for a sceptre,

exclaimed, 'Ay, every inch a King!' Between this fantastic figure, babbling of many things, and the Lear who finds in Cordelia's tent that love and gratitude still exist, Signor Salvini made a distinction as marked as possible. The King was shown feeble of body and with all capacity gone but that of suffering. Nothing could have been more pathetic than his abandonment to whatever fate had in store, to humility and self-reproach. Indeed, few who were present will forget the delivery of the lines, 'Pray, do not mock me. I am a very foolish, fond old man, Fourscore and upwards, and to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind.' Moving, too, was the recognition of Cordelia, and the pleading on bended knee for pardon: 'Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.' But nothing became Signor Salvini's performance better than the closing scene, which had obviously been elaborated with most patient care. The art was complete, though swallowed up in the nature that reigned supreme. Flashes of the old fire leaped out now and then, emphasised by the actor with studied purpose, as when he said, 'I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.' But these only threw lurid light upon an immense grief, which strayed over the bounds of reason, and drew the heartstrings so tight that they snapped. The actual death of Lear could not have been more impressive: his fight for breath while yet clinging to hope that Cordelia lived and the last sinking to rest across the inanimate form being points of consummate art. We have sought to show that Signor Salvini's Lear is on the stage a counterpart of the ideal he has presented on paper, and now there remains only to acknowledge its greatness as an intelligent study, as a perfected embodiment, and as a moving force. In all these respects the impersonation is memorable. The great artist was fairly well supported by Signor de Rosa, who had perceived the character and significance of Kent's devotion to his master; by Signor Pasta, whose Gloster was not wanting in pathos; by Signor Udina, a really excellent representative of Edgar in his state of pretended madness; and by Signor A. Piamonti, by whom decided character was given to the part of Oswald. Amongst the remainder of the cast more or less of weakness reigned, but under the circumstances this mattered little. The large audience had come for Lear only, and with Lear, as loud applause showed, they were supremely content."—*Daily Telegraph*, Monday, 3rd March, 1884.

"The King Lear of Mr. Edwin Booth, in order to be appreciated as it deserves, must be separated at once from many of its unfortunate surroundings and distractions. It requires genius of no uncommon (*sic*) order to reconcile the ordinary spectator to the fitting contemplation of a character in which Edmund Kean was admitted to have failed, and which gave Macready from first to last such self-communings, hesitations, and distrust of his natural and acquired power. It requires the greatest exercise of faith to commit nerve, brain, and energy to a play which Hazlitt boldly declares cannot be acted at all. No doubt we expose the superb creation to a rude shock when we exhibit the tottering decay of the grand old man to the careless jests of minds dead to any impressions of the beautiful. It is a great risk to plant before the footlights the Shakesperian Fool, with his snatches of apparently meaningless song; the simulated frenzy of Edgar, which becomes absolutely unintelligible to the majority of the spectators; the faithful Kent humiliated in the stocks; and all the weird and terrible solemnity of that scene in the exposed desolation of the tempest and the storm. There is but one short step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Shakespeare ventures very near the edge of his own cliff in Lear. But how much more daring is the venture when we find a Lear unassisted by the machinery that drives his passions into action, and left helpless in a crowd of feeble Gonerils, undignified Regans, and weak Cordelias! It is a deplorable strain on an actor's activity, and a cruel wrench of his mental fibre, to work singlehanded in this fashion, and search for the interest of an audience that is squandered in the contemplation of incompetence. So much more, however, to the credit of Mr. Booth that he won a complete victory after all. Down to a certain point in the play the success of the actor was purely theatrical. It was an actor's triumph, adorned with intelligence, but unenlightened with inspiration. We shall be told that after the curse of Goneril, and the lament over the infidelity of Regan, Mr. Booth was called again and again before the curtain; that he roused the audience to enthusiasm, and stirred them to excitement. Quite true; many actors have done the same thing in the same situations. Probably Edmund Kean did the same, although Hazlitt de-

clared that his curse was 'spoken in a fit of drunken choler,' that it was undignified, excessive, and torn to rags and tatters. Mr. Edwin Booth certainly does not make his curse 'a piece of downright rant.' He is admirably contained, and at odd instants approaches inspiration; his fury is preluded by the grumblings and ominous sounds of an approaching thunderstorm; every nerve is strained to the utmost power of tension; but it remains a speech of hate without any relentings of tenderness. Already in premature decay Lear has given ample and sufficient signs of dignity. He banishes Kent with something like majesty; and already we can understand the undying ardour of the man who in his madness can fancy he is in battle, and who, regaining for an instant the electricity of youth, lifts himself from the dead body of Cordelia with the triumphant shout, 'I killed the slave that was a hanging thee.'

"In picturesqueness of appearance, expression of eye, and simulated grandeur of age, there is literally nothing to be desired in the Lear of Edwin Booth. It is 'every inch a King'—an expression that the actor, in imitation of his father, speaks in tones of pride, and not, as is very often the case, in accents of contemptuous and withering sarcasm. In spite of the weight of these fourscore years and the gloom of his intolerable sorrow, there is no mere peevishness or cracked childishness in the wrecked monarch. Diversifying the system of most Lears, however, Mr. Booth does not exhaust himself at the outset, but grows with his subject. Edmund Kean, when he had failed to become effective in his transports of passion, was said during the remainder of the play to have been 'curious and quaint rather than impressive and natural.' Not so Edwin Booth, who gives to his audience in that difficult scene with the blind Gloster an intellectual treat that has rarely been equalled in the history of modern acting. No ordinary skill is required to present in an adequate manner what Shakespeare calls 'matter and impertinency mixed; reason in madness.' It was here in the deep philosophy of the part, in its subtlest undercurrents, that the actor surpassed all that he has hitherto attempted. The dialogue was conceived in the most scholarly spirit: the whole scene cannot receive a higher compliment than by being called purely and in essence Shakespearean. A lengthy and closely analytical essay would be required to describe with proper effect the actor's design in veiling with the folds of madness those pregnant truths concerning justice that stamp the play as a masterpiece and the character as a mystery. With a sudden flash of brilliant effort the artist won back his audience to contemplation, and the impatience to applaud could with difficulty be restrained. From that point Mr. Booth rose step by step to the conclusion. We had found but few notes of sympathetic tenderness in the scene between Bertuccio, the jester, and his daughter, Fiordelisa, a few weeks ago, but the whole of the speech, 'Pray do not mock me: I am a very foolish fond old man'; the unutterable despair of the words 'And to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind'; and the earnestness shown at the point where the clouds are uplifted and the reason returns with 'Do not laugh at me; for, as I am a man, I think this lady to be my child Cordelia,' seemed deeply to move the audience. Here at this moment the artificial manner disappeared, just as it did when Bertuccio is prostrated with an hysterical scream, and the recovery to sanity was pure nature throughout, the touch true and the scene inspired. Once tuned to this pitch the key was never lost, and the final scene over Cordelia's body struck every note of doubt, bewilderment, sorrow, and despair. There was indignant passion to the very end, 'Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, And thou no breath at all?' and then, after a sudden spasm of convulsion, the ruined king stands erect and grand only to fall dead—a monument of fallen greatness. Amongst all the clever and consistent work that Mr. Edwin Booth has exhibited none will so impress the thinking mind as the final passages of his Lear.

"There are, unfortunately, but few exceptions—and they are honourable—to be made to the general condemnation that the cast must receive, when it is pronounced uneducated and unworthy of the dramatic times in which we live. The steady, well-trained, and pungent reading of the text by Mr. John Ryder, as the Earl of Kent, was, of course, to be expected; as, indeed, was the well-sounding elocution and Shakespearean manner of Mr. Alfred Rayner, and the clever conception and distinct utterance of Mr. F. Charles as the Fool, one of the most difficult parts in all Shakespeare to render with justice and effect. Amongst the actors of a younger generation Mr. William Redmund, as Edgar, alone distinguished himself, and this was, indeed, a performance of

remarkable promise—bold, manly, and original. Head and heart worked together to secure a very favourable result. As for the rest, they might be implored to go to school again, if, indeed, there were any Shakespearean schools in existence to which pupils could be safely recommended. The tragedy of 'King Lear' is seldom acted, no doubt; but actors and actresses by profession scarcely need tradition or example to guard them against the crudities and imperfections here exhibited."—*Daily Telegraph*, Wednesday, 16th February, 1881.

Miss Clara Jecks, whose photograph is given in the present issue, is the only daughter of Mr. Charles Albert Jecks, business manager of the Adelphi. Mrs. Jecks was the well known actress, Miss Harriet Coveney, and from her her daughter early took histrionic lessons, though at first it was thought that music was likely to be her profession eventually, her childish aptitude for the piano having been very remarkable. She made her *début* in the Drury Lane pantomime of Aladdin, as the Genie of the Lamp, remaining there for three years, during which she played a round of small parts varying from pantomime to tragedy. She then obtained an engagement at the Adelphi, where, with only occasional absences, her entire theatrical career has been run. Her first part there was Lord Eden in "Formosa," in which she immediately achieved a success. After accompanying her mother on tour with the "Sorcerer"—understudying the part of the Charity Girl, and sustaining one nightly in the curtain raiser, "Breaking the Spell"—she returned to the Adelphi, where she played François to Hermann Vezin's Richelieu, The Middy, in the "Middy Ashore" (one of her most sucessful impersonations), Joseph ("Never Too Late to Mend"), Tilda ("Nicholas Nickleby") and Sam Willoughby, besides many parts in farce. She then sustained a part in the Covent Garden pantomime, returning to the Adelphi in 1882 to play Dan in "The Streets of London." A provincial tour intervening, she next appeared at the Adelphi, in "Love and Money," in which she succeeded to Miss Sophie Eyre's part. In 1883 she scored heavily at the Globe as Starlight Bess in "Flowers of the Forest," afterwards appearing at Drury Lane as the Stowaway in "A Sailor and his Lass," and at Covent Garden in the pantomime of "Little Red Riding Hood," proceeding thence to the Novelty with "Nita's First," and—after a short engagement at Her Majesty's—understudying Miss Farren at the Gaiety, where during that lady's absence in 1884 she met with much success as Sally Scraggs ("Stage Struck"), Laertes ("Little Hamlet"), Lady Aqua Tofana ("More Than Ever"), afterwards playing Miss Farren's part with Mr. Edward Terry at the Standard and the Grand. Jessie ("The Great Pink Pearl") at the Prince's succeeded, and then Miss Jecks returned to "the dear old Adelphi"—her long absence from which was due to the extended run of "In the Ranks" in which there was no suitable part for her—to commence the series of impersonations in melodrama with which her name is now identified, and of which Louisa Ann Ferguson ("The English Rose") will perhaps be the best remembered, though in all of them she has had numerous admirers. In the *matinée* performance of "Her Oath" by Mrs. Henry Wylde, in 1891, she was of great assistance. In the too rare appearances which Miss Clara Jecks has made in tragedy and high comedy, she has given evidence of unusual powers; and it will be a source of regret to many if her great popularity in the class of parts in which she has been generally seen should cause her to devote herself entirely to melodrama; as there is not to-day too great a "wale" of actresses of the

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MR. J. NUTCOMBE GOULD.

"He that neither coveteth to please men,
Nor feareth to displease them, shall enjoy much peace."
—THOMAS À KEMPIS.

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highest attainments.—The remaining portrait in this month's number is that of Mr. J. Nutcombe Gould, the popular actor of the St. James' Theatre, an account of whose stage career was given in the July issue of The Theatre of this year.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Co. have again sent us a large parcel of their Christmas cards and other novelties. The cards, etc., are excellent in general design, and most beautifully printed, and a better selection surely could not be published. The prices range from a few pence to some shillings.

New Plays

Produced and Important Revivals in London, from October 21st to November 18th, 1892 :—

(*Revivals are marked thus* *)

Oct. 21 "The Duchess of Malfi," John Webster's tragedy, re-arranged, in five acts, by William Poel. (Independent Theatre performance.) Opera Comique.

" 27 "Beef Tea," operetta, in one act, by Harry Greenbank, music by W. Bendall. Lyric.

" 29* "Uncle Tom's Cabin," adapted from the novel of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Charles Herrmann. Princess's.

" 31* "Kit Marlowe," play, in one act, by W. L. Courtney. St. James's.

" 31* "Withered Leaves," comedietta, in one act, by F. W. Broughton. Terry's.

" 31* "Old London," dramatic version of the late Harrison Ainsworth's novel "Jack Sheppard," by W. Muskerry and A. Shirley. Surrey.

" 31* "The Honourable Herbert," play, in four acts, by Haddon Chambers. Grand.

" 31* "Shadows of a Great City," drama, in five acts, by Joseph Jefferson and L. L. Sherwell. Parkhurst.

Nov. 3* "The Martyr," farce, in one act, by Templeton Lucas. Vaudeville.

" 5 "The Burglar and the Judge," farce, in one act, by F. C. Philips and Charles H. E. Brookfield. Haymarket.

" 5 "Monsieur Jacques," musical play, in one act, by Morris Barnett. Opera Comique.

" 5 "You Mustn't Laugh," farcical comedy, in three acts, adapted from the Russian. Opera Comique.

" 5* "The Arabian Nights," farcical comedy, founded upon the German play, "Haroun Alraschid" of Von Moser, by Sydney Grundy. Comedy.

" 5 "Auld Lang Syne," comedietta, in one act, by Basil Hood. Prince of Wales's.

" 7 "David," play, in four acts, by Louis N. Parker and Thornton Clark. Garrick.

" 7 "A Caprice," play, in one act, adapted from the French of Alfred de Musset, by Justin H. McCarthy. Garrick.

" 7* "Jane Shore," drama, in a prologue and five acts, by Max Goldberg. Lyric, Hammersmith.

" 7* "The Colleen Bawn," drama, by Dion Boucicault. Sadler's Wells.

Nov. 9* "The Wife," play, in five acts, by Sheridan Knowles. Pavilion.
" 10* "King Lear," Shakespeare's tragedy, in five acts. Lyceum.
" 12 "Who is Sylvia?" comedietta, in one act, by Austin Fryers. Opera Comique.
" 14 "Bonnie Boy Blue," burlesque, in two acts, by Victor Stevens. Parkhurst.
" 14 "The Grip of Iron," drama, in five acts, by Arthur Shirley. Lyric, Hammersmith.
" 16 "The Statute of Albemarle," farcical comedy, in one act, by Mrs. Bernard Whishaw, with music by F. Whishaw. *Matinée.* Trafalgar Square.
" 17 "Ma Mie Rosette," opera-drama, in two acts, adapted from the French by George Dance, music by Paul Lacome, re-arranged by Ivan Caryll. Globe.
" 18 "The County Councillor," farcical comedy, in three acts, by H. Graham. *Matinée.* Strand.

In the Provinces, from October 19th to November 14th, 1892 :—

Oct. 13 "The Setting of the Sun," comedietta, in one act, by Charles Hannan. Court, Liverpool.
" 21 "After Ten Years," play, in one act, by Percy H. Vernon. Metropole, Birkenhead.
" 24 "The Father's Oath," drama, in four acts, by Fred. Gould. Princess's, Glasgow.
" 28 "Marriage, 1892," play, in three acts, with an epilogue, by Clyde Fitch. Royalty, Glasgow.
" 31 "Trooper Clairette," comedy-opera, in three acts, adapted from the French by Charles Fawcett, music by Gaston Serpette and Victor Roger. Prince of Wales's, Liverpool.
Nov. 7 "Bess," play, in three acts, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. T.R., Peterborough.
" 7 "Midsummer's Madness," musical comedietta, by W. Percy French, music by W. Houston Collisson. Leinster Hall, Dublin.
" 8 "Dayes of Olde," comedy, in two acts, by Fred. Jarman. T.R., Leamington.
" 14 "Our Coastguards," drama, in four acts, by Joseph Warden. St. James's, Manchester.

In Paris, from October 14th to November 5th, 1892 :—

Oct. 15 "La Tournée Ernestin," drama, in four acts and seven tableaux, by Léon Gandillot. Cluny.
" 20 "Le Brillant Achille," operetta, in three acts, by Charles Clairville and Fernand Boissier, music by Louis Varney. Renaissance.
" 21 "La Rivale," comedy, in four acts, by Camille Bruno. Théâtre d'Application.
" 25 "Rabelais," comedy, in four acts, by Dubut de Laforest and Oscar Méténier, music by Louis Garine. Nouveau.
" 26 "Celles qu'on Respecte," comedy, in three acts, by Pierre Wolff. Gymnase.
" 31 "Les Cadets de la Reine," drama, in five acts and eight tableaux, by Jules Darnay. Ambigu.
Nov. 3 "Le Grappin," comedy, in three acts, by Gaston Salandri. (For the Théâtre Libre.) Menus-Plaisirs.
" 3 "L'Affranchie," comedy, in three acts, by Maurice Biollay. (For the Théâtre Libre.) Menus-Plaisirs.
" 4 "Sainte Freya," comic opera, in three acts, by Maxime Boucheron, music by Edmond Audran. Bouffes Parisiens.
" 5 "Champignol Malgré Lui," play, in three acts, by Georges Faydeau and Maurice Devallières. Nouveautés.

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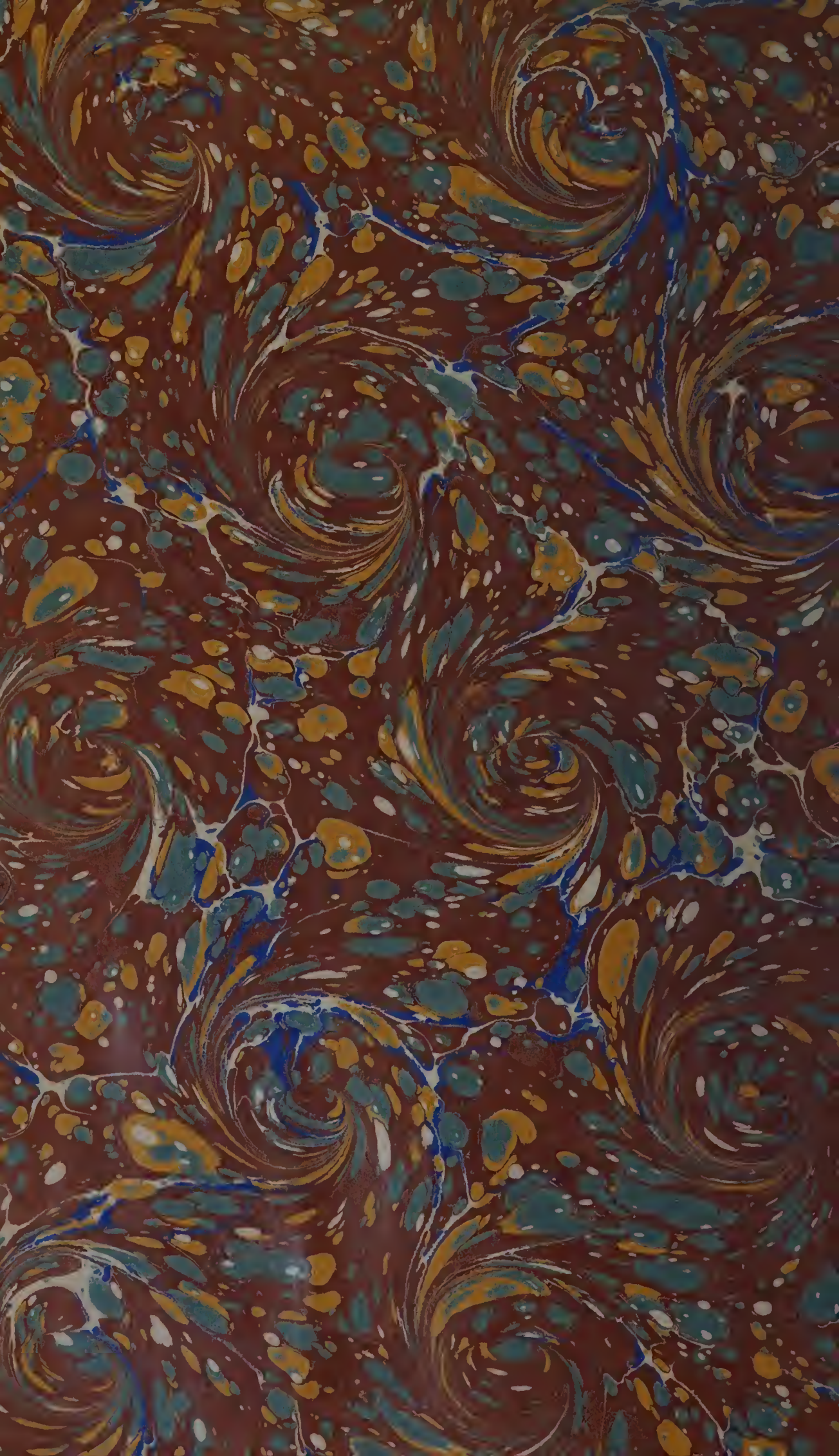
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